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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Canada's Magazine for Canada's Women

SPECIAL SUMMER FICTION NUMBER

JOHNNY'S LUCK, BY KATHERINE TYNAN, IN THIS ISSUE

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FIFTEEN
CENTS

LUX

Guards her Treasure Chest

For washing all those dainty fabrics which delight the eye and give a true atmosphere of charm to the wardrobe and the home, there is nothing to compare with Lux—the purest essence of soap in satiny wafer form.

Ladies know and appreciate its powers of keeping the sheerest blouses, the fluffiest woollens and the daintiest lingerie fresh and charming.

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The Ground Floor

Take That Bandage Off Your Eyes

And Dare to Look at Life as It Really Is

IF the Boys who go over the top for us wore a bandage on their eyes—if *they* refused to face the facts of Hun reality—what chance would *we* have against the Beasts of Berlin'? If David had worn a bandage on his eyes when he went out to meet Goliath, Bible history would, of necessity, have taken a sudden detour. It is considered an old granny's notion to hide in a feather bed when the heavens thunder and lighten. The ostrich buries his head in the sands when he is alarmed and we don't think much of the ostrich. We pull out his tail feathers and wear them in our hats.

Now bandages and ostriches and granny notions may have their place, but they block progress. Those of us who march straight ahead, looking life fearlessly in the face, are those who have torn off the bandage and walked bravely over customs and traditions. Some people would have us go softly—they want us to go slowly. In other words they want us to stand still.

The First Road

THE first road the Pilgrims built was only twenty miles long. They said they had opened a path into the wilderness as far as anyone would *ever* want to go. That self-satisfied, complacent narrowness persists to-day. How many of *you* have built a road of Truth and Knowledge longer than the Pilgrims' first road? How many of you know that the road before the House of Life is beaten to a dust by the feet of children and of young men and women? Is your boy or girl, your brother or sister, among that young host marching towards the rising sun.

Who Will Tell Your Children?

WHO will tell your children the truths that shall set their course right upon the voyage of life? Who will guide them between the world of fairies out into the world of fact? Who will walk beside them when they meet their first adventure? Who will receive their first confidences? Will it be *your* counsel and guidance they accept or will it be the suggestive whispering of strangers? The Spartan mother who put her babe out upon the bleak hillside to survive or perish would not be received with cordiality among you to-day, yet how much better are you when you leave your children unprotected from the wolves of disease, pestilence and sin? Can your children in later years say of you as Lincoln once said: "All that I am and all that I ever hope to be I owe to my mother"?

Where Do You Stand?

THE smug "I am holier than thou" policy of branding unmarried mothers with everlasting disgrace and ignoring the father, has done nothing to lessen moral evils. Children criminally untaught in the vital things of life—are they to be held responsible for what they did not know? Before the white tribunal of Everlasting Justice, your sins of omission will be greater—far greater—than the sins of ignorance.

Through our churches we try to "rescue the perishing." We might as well save a house afire by shooting a half inch stream of water into the flames. We imprison criminal boys and punish fallen women. We pass laws to hang by the neck those who break our laws. We treat human nature as bad—we punish and redeem and get nowhere. We seem to have learned but little through the centuries.

We still play on the safe side and still the teaching of Christ moves slowly on. The Man, born in a manger, trained as a carpenter and executed as a criminal, is still pointing the way. In Heaven's name let us follow His example and not only preach but *Teach* it as well. The majority of us are not redolent with righteousness but the man or woman who leads in prayer-meeting and rails against prostitution, sex knowledge and sex education and lets the youth of the community go forth untaught, mentally and morally unprepared and unprotected, encumbers a too patient earth.

"Because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot I will spue thee out of my mouth," spake the Voice. The "servile souls are not worth the trouble and expense of damnation," says Billy Sunday.

Youth Challenges You

THERE is only one thing better than a cure and that is prevention. Yearly we destroy the souls of our boys and girls through persistent ignorance. We let our young manhood be bartered for the price of silence. We let our girls be sold for a Judas price into the life of harlots. We pierce the homes of the nation with the seven-edged sword of sorrow, because we cannot bear the knowledge of Truth. The Past rides on the back of youth as the Old Man of the Sea rode on the shoulders of Sinbad the Sailor, throttling the soul with his thin grey arms. But in this, the Twentieth Century, we rise to shake off tradition. Like Siegfried, we attack the flames that surround our ideals and find only a theatrical and harmless myth.

Prejudiced Puritans

IF the women of Canada knew or understood the cruel facts of prostitution and social diseases accruing from ignorance, lack of interest and prudish puritanism; this hydra-headed evil would be lessened 25 per cent.

The sob of a mother whose baby must go through life blind because of someone's selfish silence and criminal carelessnes, is an argument for sex education that defies the most rigid "conscientious objector."

Men and women must be made of iron and stuffed with straw who remain deaf to the need of saving the youth of the nation from the sins of ignorance. Saving them from disease, betrayal and suffering by the simple process of placing in their hands the proper educational literature. Ignorance is never bliss. It is cowardly criminality. What you know is not yours to keep. It is only yours to give away.

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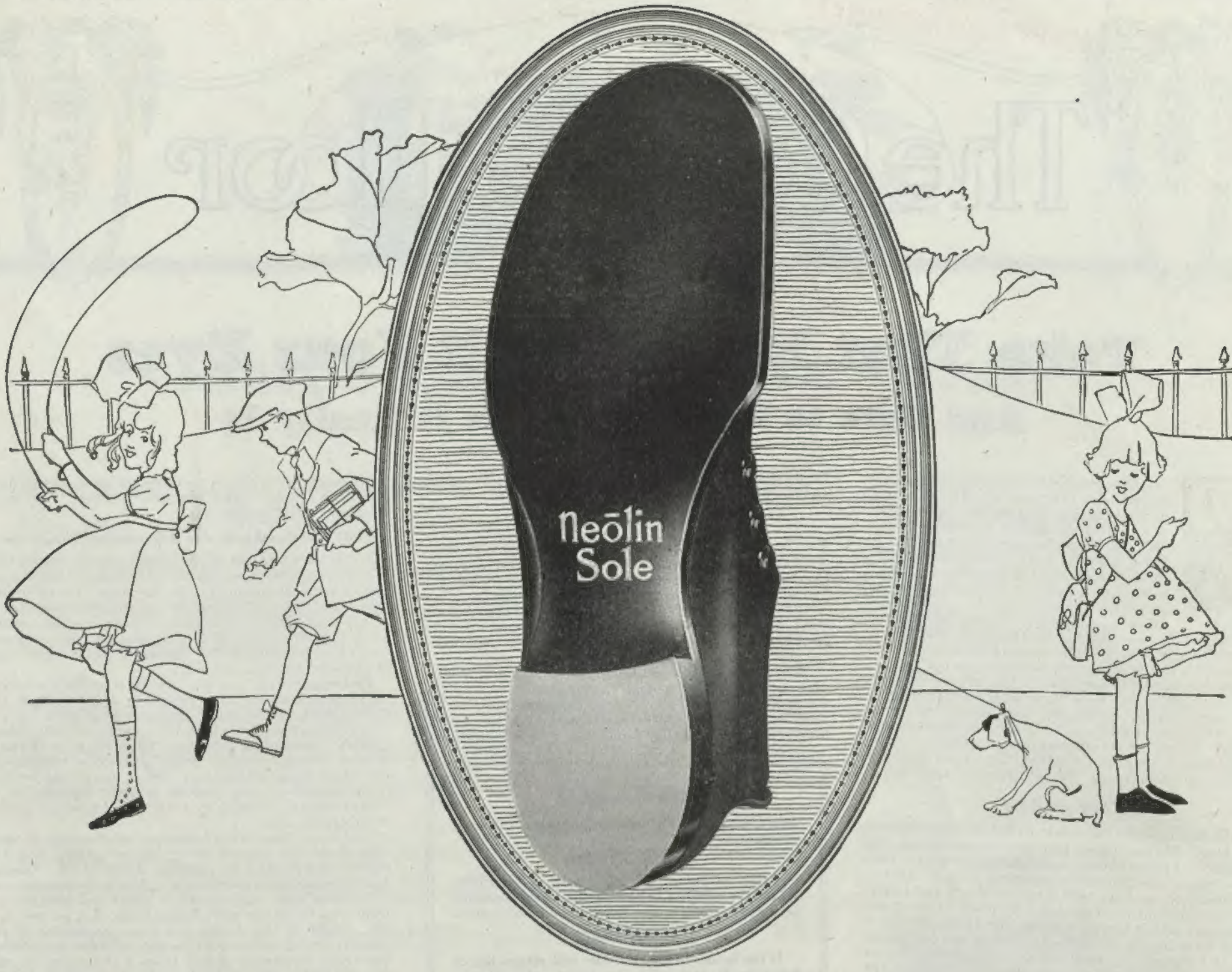

School Shoes Need Neōlin Soles

School-days are coming—and new school shoes will be needed. School shoes, even more than others, need Neōlin Soles.

School shoes get the roughest use—school shoes are tramped through wet—and yet school shoe costs keep rising.

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And to children Neōlin flexibility brings not only comfort, but the opportunity for *proper foot development.*

Neōlin waterproofness prevents many a wet-foot cold. Holds shoes in shape, too.

All the qualities which make Neōlin Soles desirable on shoes for men and women—flexibility, waterproofness, durability—are of *magnified importance* in the case of children's school shoes.

You can have full-soles or half-soles of Neōlin put on worn shoes by repair men.

Buy Neōlin Soles for the whole family. Get them for waterproofness, comfort, economy.

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The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited

Most merchants have shoes with Neōlin Soles. But you are sure of getting them wherever you see this price-ticket in the window.

But when you buy Neōlin Soles be sure you see the Neōlin trademark underneath. If it is not there the sole is not Neōlin.

Neōlin Soles

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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

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Mary M. Murphy, Managing Editor
Jean Blewett, Companion Editor *Katherine M. Caldwell, Food Editor*

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Vol. IX., No. 2 **EDITORIAL** **August, 1918**

Get Your Kit and Go Holidaying--'Tis Patriotic!

"WELL, Benson, what's your trouble? Sick?"

The medical officer surveyed a lean young Canadian over the white cloth of the dressing station table with an appraising eye. Bronzed and hardened by three months of trench warfare, the hue of health contrasted strangely with the sagging muscles of his jaw. War had written its hard creed where youth had been but a few months before. The tired eyes were world weary, but the closest scrutiny revealed nothing of the malingerer's shifty gaze.

"No, sir! I'm not sick, sir, just fagged."

"How long have you been in, Benson?" queried the officer.

"Five months, sir."

The officer's keen eye twinkled. "Which will it be, a pill or a trip down the line?"

"Leave, if you please, sir." The young fellow's shoulders drooped and a smile that bespoke a reasonless sort of expectancy deepened the lines about his eyes.

"I think you have it doped out just about right, Benson. We'll give you a ten-day holiday. You'll be a better man when you come back, and its damn little good you'd be in a scrap now. Get your kit!"

There's something in this little glimpse of the front line for the fagged business man, the house mother, the settlement worker, the teacher, for folks in general, possessed of patriotism and a conscience which insists that holidays in war time are for slackers.

"Get your kit!" A patriot 100 per cent. efficient who does his job for fifty weeks each year is worth more to the Empire and the Allies than a "fagged" man for fifty-two. Someone who knew has said that the nation will ultimately win in this world struggle who could best use her men again. Experience has already taught us that keeping fit is half the battle of the war to-day and all of the aftermath of industrial strife.

IT may be the mountains or the shore; a fishing trip for the office man or a whirl at the city for the isolated farmer; a change for everybody and all off to a good start smiling. Life is pretty much like an elastic band, the more you stretch it, the more you get into it, and just as long as your hand is on it, it won't snap back.

If Mary with the short nose and twinkling eyes has a notion that it would rest her to dance away every night of her vacation and fraternize with the moon, let her have her holiday. She may be a bit tired of foot when she goes back to the office, but youth will have a new lease on life.

Summer Wind

Come from the gates of the dawning with the sunrise on your wings,
Call to the dreaming waters till the sea awakes and sings,
Till the waves with madcap laughter go dancing upon their way,
And the arms of the white sea-maidens toss in the flying spray.

We have grown spent and weary with glare and dust and heat,
Come from the cool of the woodlands, from green shades, dim and sweet;
Glades where the brown elf lingers, pools where the nixie lies,
Bringing the magic fern-seed to sprinkle on our eyes.

Come through the boughs of the orchard, whispering soft and low,
Shaking the cherry blossoms down on the grass like snow,
Dappling the ground with shadows from every branch that swings;
Come from the gates of the dawning with the sunrise on your wings.

NORAH M. HOLLAND.

And mothers—not many mothers are ever granted that boon of freedom from worry and household cares which every other member of the family gets? Couldn't Mother be "understudied," and father and the boys be cared for while she runs away from the routine of life a week or so? However much she loves her children, however inexhaustible her patience and sure her smile, only those who have hit upon the wonderful scheme can vision the added charm, the youthful animation, the unchartered dimples which complete rest will discover in the dear Centre of the Household.

There are vacations which cost fortunes, and holidays fully as effective in restoring folks to their best selves which cost next to nothing. In some cases, vacations have been made even to pay. There are now several species of "leaves" known as patriotic vacations in which the employees of offices, factories and the great city stores as well as the workers in small towns may turn their holidays to direct national service. Fruit picking and canning, dairying, haying and just every day farming are the centre of interest in large camps located in the different sections of the country. Here hundred of men and women are spending their "usual two weeks" in adding to the nation's store of food stuffs.

THE old Dominion, which looks for all the world like a moth-eaten patch quilt in the atlas, is rich in lakes and waterways. The stage is externally set for a woods' holiday, and the canoe is richer in possibilities than the steam cruiser with its shining brass and mahogany. Small wonder that the champion canoeists of the world have been Canadians.

Sometimes, we think the magic of rejuvenation is brewed over a sputtering, crackling camp fire—and to think that there's not a man in Canada for whom the open spots are "out of bounds."

Take your vacation seriously if that's the only way your conscience will let you have it, and come back with a laugh which will be all on yourself. Get into training for two weeks. Put yourself "in the pink" as the British Tommy has it. Take a daily hike with a lunch in your pocket. Get the soldier's outlook and his tan; get his hearty appetite and healthy weariness; put a new point on your funny bone and tune up your nerves. Get in condition to take up your pack at the beginning of the new working year and double the output. Whatever you do, close your ears to the man who says that you are too busy to rest. You have custody of so much of the national strength. Take care of it. If the army can spare a man from the front line, you can be spared for a few days.

"Get your kit! After Benson!"

If summer sun and dust have begun to coarsen your skin, the special Woodbury treatment for this trouble will make it fine and soft again. For full directions for this treatment see the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

Your skin needs special care in summer

to keep it soft, attractive, free from blackheads, blemishes and the coarsening caused by exposure

THINK how constantly your skin is exposed to sun and dust in summer. Strong sunlight coarsens its texture—irritating dust every day carries bacteria and parasites into the skin, causing blackheads and other blemishes.

Are you using the right cleansing method for your skin? Or the proper treatment to keep it fine in texture? You can live out-of-doors as much as you like, and yet keep your skin active, healthy, clear, radiant.

Take your hand mirror to the clear daylight, and examine your skin closely. See whether it is not already showing the effects of summer exposure.

If you find blackheads or blemishes, if your skin is beginning to grow coarse, begin at once to see what the right method of cleansing will do for it, and the proper treatment with a soap specially prepared to meet the needs of the skin.

Try this famous treatment for blackheads

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice.* Dry the skin carefully.

Use this treatment persistently. Make it a daily habit, and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the wash-cloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Treatments for all the common troubles of the skin are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake to-day and begin to-night the treatment your skin needs. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury Facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send 5c for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 7508 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

If neglect has made your skin sallow, sluggish, lifeless, it needs stimulating. Try the famous Woodbury treatment for rousing sallow, sluggish skins, given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

MADE IN CANADA

These Three Things

By Victor Rousseau

Illustrated by T. V. McCARTHY

IN the late forties the day of the feudal lords had really passed, though they still ground the villein's corn for a tithe, and had the village crier proclaim the rentals in kind at the church door one Sunday in the year. Nevertheless, Alphonse de Betincourt kept up his country house in the style of his father; he gave a caribou hunt every November before returning to Quebec for the winter; and, if his pomp was wearing a little thin, he covered it the more with the cloak of ceremony.

Everywhere throughout the Province the rising tide of democracy was sweeping the old landmarks away. In a few years tithe and due, rental and manorial right were to be swept into the limbo of the past. De Betincourt knew it, but no whisper of it crossed his threshold. And, because there was more human kindliness in the old order than there is under the new, he had resolved that the most promising of his servants, Jean Robichaud, should be trained in Laval, at his expense, for the priesthood.

There was the golden key to opportunity. For, once he had wrapped himself in his cassock, Jean would be the equal of any man in the land. Already the shadow of celibacy—or the illumination, whichever you will—enveloped the young man; so that, from groom, he had become a sort of trusted secretary, and saw Hermine de Betincourt for many hours daily. He saw her at breakfast and at supper, he said good-night to her, and good-morning; he saw her in various moods; and the whole thing was incredulous to young Louis Dussault, who had driven out from Quebec for the caribou hunt and ball, and could not conceive how any man should have the privilege of such felicity.

When a youth is marked for the priesthood all women are one to him, so that he never needs look at the same one twice. This is generally known. That is why the Seigneur de Betincourt, knowing and suspecting nothing of the conflicting passions in Jean Robichaud's heart, was glad to provide his daughter with the services of a smart attendant, who could ride with her, and carry her purchases, and dig her flower-garden.

Now to the old question why one man is born to riches and rank, and another to degradation, a wise answer has been suggested. Namely, that the former is born with the possession of certain knowledge which the latter must acquire through the lessons of life. Jean Robichaud lacked knowledge of three things, and the first was self-control. He learned his first lesson on that night of the ball.

For the Seigneur had had a miserable chase, and was in a carping humor; he looked at his daughter, standing among the young men, and speculated which might prove the best for her husband. He could find no satisfaction in any of them. He had heard a report that Pierre Dussault, the father of Louis, had lost a fortune in a lumber deal. Just at the height of his vexation Jean Robichaud, passing with a tray of spiced wine, and trying to look more like a courtier than a waiter, stumbled over a chair, and let the tray fall, breaking the glasses and sending their contents all over Hermine's gown.

De Betincourt strode forward and cuffed the young man soundly on each ear.

"A fine cure you'll make, Jean, if you trip over your soutane every time you go up into the pulpit!" he exclaimed angrily.

There was the youth's first opportunity. The Seigneur's act was outrageous; but de Betincourt was an old man, and Robichaud had shot up suddenly from a little boy. And the chase had been bad, and Pierre Dussault's suspected losses had worried the Seigneur. Next moment, he had placed his hand upon Jean's shoulder.

"Forgive me for that, my boy!" he said, with the pride that knew how to stoop to self-abasement.

Jean Robichaud stood up, white from forehead to throat. What he might have said he never knew afterward, but at that moment, he saw Hermine's flushed, miserable face, and pity in her eyes. And either her father's act, or a long rankling sense of inequality, or both, stung him to fury.

He shook his fist in the Seigneur's face. "I leave your doors to-night," he stuttered. "And I'll make you suffer for that blow—mark me, I'll never forget it!"

Young Dussault tittered, and he swung round upon him.

"And you, too!" he shouted, and waved his arm in fierce gesticulation toward the company. "You, and all of you."

He strode out of the hall toward the habitant cottage beneath the knoll, in which he had been born, in which he kept the few possessions that he had, living alone there since his mother's death a few months before. He put on his fur cap and his coat, and took the road toward Quebec.

Inside the hall, after a few moment's pause, the dance was resumed. Hermine de Betincourt smiled at Louis Dussault as they moved in time to the music. The sight would have sent the blood coursing furiously through Jean Robichaud's veins, had he been there to see.

OLD Michael Jardine, the draper, wanted an assistant. He always wanted one, being a crabbed, cross-grained old man who could never keep a boy long. As soon as he had hired one he had to begin looking round for another. The placard was perpetually in the window of his shop on St. Jean Street. Jean Robichaud saw it the morning of his arrival, after a tramp of thirty hours, broken only by a snatch of sleep and a bite of food in a peasant's hut.

He stood outside the shop, gathering courage to enter. He had already spent a year in Quebec, but that was in the Little Seminary, a sort of preliminary school, where he had been kept rigidly housed, and allowed out only when the scholars marched in pairs through the streets on their enforced walks, under the watchful eyes of the teachers. So Quebec was really as much of a closed book to Jean as life itself.

Hermine sat down on the lowest step of the stairs and laughed

Old Michael Jardine saw him through the glass as he arranged his little parcels of woollen and linen goods. He guessed his purpose—Michael was a shrewd judge of a man—and liked his looks. So, after letting him wait, and tarry, and go away, and come back, he went to the door and called him.

"Ye'll be wanting to buy something, my laddie?" he asked, with the malicious sarcasm that had become second nature to him. "Or mebbe ye've never seen such a fine display of goods in a window before?"

"I'm looking for a position, sir," faltered Jean, who had, of course, not understood a word of the old Scotchman's remarks.

"Come in," said Michael, in Jean's own language. "You're wanting a position, eh? Can you read, write, cypher, run errands at half a mile an hour, and not take anything bigger than a halfpenny out of the till when you're wanting sweeties?"

The bitter, taunting tone struck the young man dumb. He made a movement to leave the shop; and then he stayed. He raised his head and looked the old man in the eyes. Michael Jardine liked that.

"I'll try, sir," he said.

For Jean Robichaud had already learned his first lesson, although he did not know it.

"Ye're a besotted Papist, I don't doubt," said the old man. "Where's your references?"

"I've never worked in town before, sir," answered Jean. "I was raised on the Seigneury of Monsieur de Betincourt. I left him Tuesday last because he struck me for upsetting a tray of glasses. And he was going to train me for the priesthood."

Michael liked the young man's candor better than ever.

"I don't know," he said doubtfully. "Mebbe I'll write him a letter to find out about ye. If you're honest I don't so much mind your being clumsy. They're all that. Come back a week from to-morrow and I'll see about it."

"Won't you take me for a week for my board and lodging, sir? I have nowhere to go, and no money," pleaded Jean, trying to keep back the tears of shame. "I'm sure he can't give me a bad reference—about being honest, I mean—but—but I'd rather you wouldn't write to him."

"The devil with references!" exploded Michael. "Don't you know, my lad, that you're carrying yours about with you?"

On the fourth day thereafter Michael took down the placard in his window.

Jean was clumsy, but so were all of them, thought Michael. On the other hand, he was honest. Michael had tested him with a silver piece, dropped under the counter, and then with a gold piece, stuck into a corner of a shelf, just as it might have fallen out of the till. Andhe was going to tell him, and compliment him, but, just as he was about to speak, he thought it better not to.

It was a little store, but Michael had a good trade. Most of the fashionable ladies dealt with Jardine's, and Jean was sent constantly to their houses, to deliver parcels. One day Michael called to the young man as he was getting ready to close up the shop.

"Ye didn't see Mademoiselle de Betincourt when she was here this morning," he said. "I'd sent ye to the warehouse, I remember. There was some of the new stockings that she'd be pleased to see any time I could send them. Ye'd better take the bundle to her house and see if ye can sell them."

JEAN ROBICHAUD took the package, which old Michael had in readiness, and started on the climb up the hill toward St. Louis Street, where de Betincourt had his city house. All the way his legs felt weak under him, but he was no coward; he knew that a man cannot face dangers unless he is strong enough to face humiliations. Holding the bundle under his arm, and miserably aware of his cheap clothes and insignificant appearance, Jean rapped at the door and asked the maid for Mademoiselle Hermine.

She neither told him to wait nor asked him in, and they met at the open door of the parlor. Inside a bright fire burned in the open hearth, and there were ladies in rustling gowns and furs, chattering and clinking teacups, all ignorant of the blackness that the disparity cast over Jean's soul. Hermine uttered a little cry and put her hands on his shoulders.

"Jean! My poor Jean!" she said. "How often I have thought about you since you went away! Come in and tell me—no, not into that room, into here! You were so foolish, Jean! What have you in that parcel?"

"Silk stockings," faltered Jean Robichaud. "You see, I work for Monsieur Jardine, Mademoiselle, and he sent me to you to choose those which you wanted to buy."

"How many pairs—how much—I'll buy them all, Jean," said Hermine de Betincourt, beginning to sob, and then beginning to laugh, and then catching her breath again.

"I do not know, Mademoiselle," said Jean, removing the string from the bundle and opening it.

It slipped out of his hands, for Jean was always clumsy, and they tumbled to the floor, black stockings, blue stockings, white and striped stockings. Jean stooped and began to pick them up and fold them. Hermine sat down on the lowest step of the stairs and laughed uncontrollably.

From within the parlor the young ladies, their curiosity aroused, came cautiously out, and seeing what had occurred, stood with linked arms, laughing at Jean also.

Jean folded up the stockings very deliberately—he had quite learned his first lesson by now—wrapped up the package and handed it to Hermine.

"Perhaps you will make a selection at your leisure, Mademoiselle," he said.

"Ah, Jean Robichaud, you will kill me if you don't stop!" cried the girl, holding her sides.

Jean went quietly out of the house. When he had closed the door behind him he stopped a minute in the blinding snowstorn. and all at once the germ of his idea, born on the night of the blow, became clear in his brain.

"I know now that rich people are quite heartless," he said. "Money—that's the thing! Money! When I am rich I'll never rest till I have humbled you."

After that Jean saved every penny. Five years later, when his employer was suffering from a reverse of fortune, he was able to lend him enough to tide him over, and win his way to a partnership. The firm prospered and grew. Old Michael was content to leave the direction of affairs to his energetic young assistant. When (*Continued on page*

The Lessons of Life

MOST people have lessons to learn in the school of life. The teacher is generally Experience!—a hard master, some folks say.

Jean Robichaud had three lessons to learn before he attained his goal. The third of these was that love is never given in vain.

Let Victor Rousseau tell you how he learned them!

Victor Rousseau has related many delightful romances—some in Everywoman's World, some in the Red Book, some—oh, in dozens of journals, but none more interesting than "These Three Things."

A large stout man whom she had never seen before.

The Heart of

Ten Years was Long to Wait, but Matt

By EDITH G. BAYNE

Illustrated by George D'Arcy Chadwick

THE pony-cart bowled smoothly along the pleasant shady road in the direction of the village a mile or so away, and its sole occupant, Miss Honora Hall, slim and upright, the reins held tightly in her black-gloved hands, leaned forward from time to time, peering anxiously ahead to watch for the first hint of train smoke. Not that the approaching railway-crossing held any terrors for one of her admirably circumspect nature. No flight of the imagination could have pictured Miss Honora taking even a two-hundred-yard chance with the slowest freight on the line. Her present quandary was born of a doubt as to whether her clock had been fast or slow or just right, and of whether the four-fifteen might not pull in before she could reach the depot.

Clothed according to her custom in the fashion of a bygone era, Miss Honora nevertheless presented a distinctly attractive appearance. It may have been sheer personality, or it may have been just the little suggestion of lace at the throat of her rather dingy frock, or the general impression she always gave of being well brushed. At any rate, she wore her garments "with an air."

The countryside was wrapped in the sleepy calm of a mid-afternoon in June. A few farmers had already begun the cutting of their hay, but beside the far away sounds of this industry nothing else gave audible signs of life unless it were the drowsy hum of bees. The St. Lawrence, quiescent and deserted save for one or two silvery sails in the distance, seemed to sleep too. The islands looked like emerald gems on a sapphire gown. Miss Honora however scarcely noticed these things. She was preoccupied with thoughts of her little "orphelin de guerre" who was coming on the train this afternoon. Would Edme like her? And above all else would she, Miss Honora, prove herself capable of properly bringing the child up? Fond of children as one may be, that fact in itself hardly implies success in dealing with them, hardly indeed constitutes the right to adopt one. Yet, already she had seemed to shed a number of years. So potent is the influence of youth! Miss Honora's rather severe expression softened every time she thought of the child and she decided that she must grow young again for Edme's sake.

So fields of daisies, and fields of ripening grain and apple-orchards and groves of sugar maple whirled by and Miss Honora saw nothing of it all. She was planning school and even college and a bit of travel for little Edme! The child should have everything. She should have everything that she herself had missed. Only six weeks ago an unexpected legacy had fallen into Miss Honora's lap—through the death of an almost forgotten uncle—and she was now on the street called Easy, though by no means in "the plute class" as Jimmie Guthrie would have said. Her rather vague intention of someday adopting an orphan became, therefore, crystallized. The protege idea was within the bounds of possibility at last! So, reasoning to herself that it was virtually her duty to do unto someone else even as she had been done by, the morning after the news of the legacy had come she had written to the prefect of a small town in France and had asked him to send her an orphan, "a girl orphan and of a gentle and tractable disposition, pretty if possible though of course that is quite secondary." What a time Miss Honora had had with the French replies! What a searching of old school French-English dictionaries! And into what a state of seething excitement the village and neighborhood had been thrown! Miss Honora's act was approved by some and censured by others. Some thought her losing her grip. Others pitied the prospective orphan-protege, and only hoped Miss Honora realized her responsibility. All domestic feuds were shelved *pro tem*, and every gathering sat upon the deliberations, commenting, prophesying and "calc'lating"; and some there were who thought it odd that only Miss Honora Hall should have been philanthropic enough to act upon the hint given in the advertisement in the Family Star: "Get your orphan now and start him right with a good Canadian education!" So many wealthy farmers round too! Oh, well, most of them were too durn tight, that was what—closer than a bark to a dog (or was it a tree?)—but Miss Honora had ever been generous-dispositioned "jest like her Paw before her," though she was said to be getting sourer and more "sot in her ways" every day, living all alone like that.

Miss Honora was early enough after all, for the very good reason that the train was a trifle late. So, as she approached Matthew Stubbs' place just outside the village she slowed the pony to a walk and straightened the hat-of-a-dozen-seasons into place. Suddenly she caught sight of Matthew himself just turning out of his gate in his new car and she jerked on her lines and stopped the pony dead, on the pretext of arranging part of the harness. This ruse was made in order to avoid having to bow to Matthew. Miss Honora never did more than bow to him, had not held speech with him since a certain summer evening ten years back. And he never varied in his punctilious and cold return of that bow.

"It's lucky that Guthrie boy called out to me about the train being late," she said to herself. "I'm sure I'd have run right into Matthew. . . . Now I wonder what's taking him out in the middle of the afternoon like this, and half his early hay yet to cut . . ."

But she didn't have to speculate long as to his probable mission. He drove straight to the depot and she maintained a steady, leisurely speed—at least the fat pony must have thought it speed on such a warm day, for he was a lazy little brute and needed the spur of a gentle whip-flicker at most times—in Matthew's wake.

WHEN the train arrived there was the usual group of villagers and station loungers to surge forward on the platform and watch the exciting, though daily, entertainment of the mail bags being thrown off and on. Some of them seemed to spring from nowhere at the last. To-day there were more than usual, and Miss Honora, greeting friends here and there, began to weave her way down to the passenger car at the end, with difficulty. People pushed and jostled her. Twice she got in the way of a truck full of milk-cans. By this you will judge, and quite correctly, that Miss Honora was unaccustomed to meeting trains.

There was the usual group of villagers and station loungers.

Little Edme, the last letter had stated, would be in charge of a nurse who was on three months' leave and who was bringing a number of war orphans out to Canada. Therefore Miss Honora watched for a nurse-like person first.

There were a number of children to get off, it appeared. At least half-a-dozen of them were little girls, but these were each accompanied by a parent or big sister and proved, before long to be summer visitors to Maplewood. Miss Honora couldn't see any child who resembled the picture the prefect had sent her—until turning at last in disappointment she found herself face to face with two tots of about five to six, a boy and a girl. The girl was undoubtedly Edme. She had the same flower-like face and long dark curls of the photo. But the boy?

The nurse had hurried up.

"Is this Miss Hall? Well, these are the children." she said, and next moment had to run back, for trains do not tarry long at stations such as Maplewood.

Miss Honora was all of a tremble. She stooped and kissed the children hurriedly.

"I speak English—a little," offered Edme, bashfully. "This is Marcel (pulling the still more bashful boy forward) and he is a good boy, *mais tres* he is —what you call weary. You must excuse."

Edme smiled, and in her bewilderment Miss Honora didn't know that the smile was a direct reflex of something in her own face which had struck a responsive chord in the child. It was a trusting smile.

What followed immediately is better told by Mrs. Butler, who was occupying a point of vantage in the forefront of a staring group nearby.

"The train starts to pull out an' the nurse calls out somethin' about a letter which would 'explain,' but Honora gets flustrated an' makes as if to lift the little boy on board again. But he yells an' takes on so she can't do nothin' with him an' the little girl chatters a perfect stream o' French. Away goes the train with that nurse smilin' an' wavin' her hand an' lookin' sorta relieved that two o' her young charges are safely placed. 'Dear me!' says poor Honora, 'I only wrote for *one* child. There must be a mistake.' She looks real puzzled an' I was just goin' to step up an' offer to take the wee boy home with me when who should come tearin' up like an amiable tornado, but Matt Stubbs! 'Sorry I'm late,' he puffs, 'but I ran across to the blacksmith shop. This is the boy, I suppose?' Honora straightens up, but habit is strong on her an' she says nothin'. Matt asks the boy his name an' says: 'Aha, you're the little man who's to come an' stay at my house.' An' believe me, that kid looks up an' quits howlin' an' puts his chubby paw in Matt's. The little girl who is clingin' to Honora's hand leaves her an' goes over an' takes Matt's other one."

The narrator paused here the better to enjoy the expressions on the faces of her audience—which was the Maplewood Ladies' Knitting Club, meeting in her home next afternoon.

"Well, Honora breaks the silence o' ten long years," she continued, fairly purring in her importance, "by askin' Matt what is the meanin' o' this, an' Matt speaks up very cheerful an' offhand: 'Why, I believe, as far as I can make out, they've sent us a brother an' sister.' '*Us*?' says Honora, stiffly. 'Uhuh,' replies Matt, coolly. 'Surely you didn't think you had a monopoly on French orphans!' Well, Honora's face is sure a study, an' Matt himself wears an onscrutable look, kind o' stubborn, an' a dreadful silence falls on them for maybe five minutes. The kids play tag round them, but always keep closer to Matt I notice, an' bye-an'-bye Honora makes an impatient movement, pulls down her veil again an' picks up the small satchel o' the children's. 'Hold on!' says Matt, 'maybe the *boy's* things are in that too.' Honora turns on him: 'Matthew Stubbs, you don't mean to say that *you* propose to look after a five-year-old child!' she cries, 'a child that's liable to get whooping-cough an' measles, an' chicken-pox, an' maybe fall into the well besides! What do *you* know about children?' 'I know as much about them as you,' he returns. 'I've had as much experience.' Then he tells Edme to go with the lady there, but she shakes her head."

DURING this narrative there was, of course, very little knitting done. One or two of the club members dropped stitches steadily and Miss Gates attempted to put a toe where a heel should have gone, while one and all they hung breathless on the words of Mrs. Butler. She continued to relate how Edme and Marcel refused to be separated, of how Matt Stubbs bribed them with quarters, of how Honora entreated them with tears, of how the loungers gazed and grinned and nudged each other and of how, finally, it was decided that the children go with Miss Honora until the little boy should be induced to leave his sister. Matt bundled them all into the pony cart, promising that he would come for Marcel in a day or two, when the big rush of the haying was over. At this Marcel lifted up his voice again and Matt had to take it back and talk instead of the big swing he was going to put up in the barn, and of the nice pair of collie pups he had, and of the Jap cook at his place who was so fond of little folks, and who could make the grandest cookies with sugar on top.

Well, as Mrs. Butler observed when the club its first curiosity appeased, began to gather up the dropped stitches, Honora Hall actually managed to smile on poor

Miss Honora

Stubbs was a Good Waiter!

And it Took Two Juveniles to Make Honora Appreciate Him

She found heself face to face with two tots of about five and six —a boy and a girl.

Matt—though to be sure it was a wintry sort of smile—and Matt watched the outfit drive off with the most curious expression on his face that he's ever worn! It was like as if he had just come to out of some kind of a trance and couldn't believe it had really happened—this adventure with Miss Honora and the orphans!

There was no doubt about it, Matt Stubbs had a way with him. Not a youngster in the village but would run to jump on the back of his car or buggy, and be certain of an invitation to "get right in," and go for a drive. He was queer in some ways but pretty human, far more human and approachable, the club agreed, than Honora. And it certainly was odd he had never married for he could have had his "pick" of the countryside. Of course he was homely as mud. But then, with a man that is never a serious handicap in the matrimonial race.

So the club's tongues and its needles clicked, fast and furious, all afternoon on the latest developments of this latest bit of choice local news, and strangely enough up on the hill Miss Honora's ears failed to burn. Perhaps she was too deeply engrossed in caring for the physical well-being of her small guests. They had made themselves quite at home, although they had scarcely been under her roof twenty-four hours. She liked their soft chatter and their truly French manner, half quaint, half gay, and altogether charming. Events had come upon them so quickly and they had lived so intensely these past few weeks, seen so many new sights, experienced such a motley crowd of new sensations one on the heels of another, that those first awful things associated with the Huns' invasion of their home town were now but a vague and diminishing memory—so merciful is life to the very young. The ugly dreams that had tortured them would not sear their little hearts any more. Already the pathetic questioning in their dark eyes was giving way to something that resembled happiness.

Some such thoughts as these busied themselves in the mind of Miss Honora as she "ran up" on the sewing-machine a pretty pink gingham dress for Edme and a blue Russian blouse for Marcel—the material had been in the house for weeks—while the children played outdoors, their merry laughter coming to her through the the vine-shaded windows looking out on the garden.

She wondered when Matt would take it into his head to call for the boy. There were some items to be cleared up. For instance, what was that about a letter that would "explain" and where was the letter? How had he been able to keep the knowledge to himself that he was getting an orphan?

"Drat the man!" she exclaimed aloud. "If it had been anybody but him. . . . After all these years!"

Her lips drew to a straight and uncompromising line.

"I'll have just as little to say to him as I can," she reflected, bitterly. "He needn't think that just because I was forced to speak to him at the depot that that will establish a precedent for my future attitude."

There was no doubt about it, Matt Stubbs had a way with him.

And when he came she wouldn't unbend even to the extent of asking direct questions, but she'd find out what she wanted to, oh yes, indeed! One thing particularly must be made quite clear—Marcel being her Edme's brother, was entitled to as good a bringing up as Edme herself. The children came of a refined family. Matthew Stubbs was "well fixed" and had no ties whatever, so he was quite able to give the boy a gentleman's education. In her heart Miss Honora felt that Matt intended to do this very thing, but she mistrusted the clumsy, manlike way he would go about it. He was the soul of generosity but what in the world did the man know of such things as discipline and the new training for children? Discipline, huh! If he himself had had the benefit of a little more of that commodity in his own youth, he wouldn't have—well, he wouldn't have done some of the things he had. Matt had been "wild."

In the meanwhile, Miss Honora was placed in a peculiar situation. She was obliged to refer to Matthew as "the kind gentleman who is going to be a big brother to Marcel and who wants him to go and live in the big stone house where the collie pups are."

Once the boy asked her if she liked "Monsieur," and she had been compelled for diplomacy's sake to so far perjure herself as to nod affirmatively. Two days later Matt drove up to the lane-gate in his car.

"I'll take them for a spin first," he called to Miss Honora, who had come part way down the path in her stately way to inform him that the boy was crying at the idea of leaving Edme.

So she put both children into the tonneau and stood watching the machine drive off, shading her eyes with her hand, and noting in a casual way that Matt was getting rather stooped.

MATT at the wheel meanwhile was doing his best to perform the double duty of guiding the car and endeavoring to understand the shrill French of his passengers, which in the form of a broadside of questions and exclamations assailed his ear without intermission. Occasionally Edme struggled with English.

"Mademoiselle Hall—the lady at the white house—says you are a kind,—a bon homme," she observed once.

"A—a what?" demanded Matt, turning about halfway, quickly.

"She likes you."

The car must have struck a culvert just then, else why should Matt have risen three inches out of his seat?

"She does, eh?" he growled, and the car narrowly missed skidding into the ditch. "She takes a funny way of showing it, then!"

But the children were exclaiming over the sight of a pond whereon a myriad young ducks were assembled.

Matt opened his lips, seemed about to speak, thought better of it apparently, and finally as they debouched upon a particularly smooth stretch of pike, opened the clutch and "hit her up" at thirty miles. The children screamed in delight.

When they arrived at Miss Honora's gate again Edme refused to get down without her brother. So Matt, signalling silently over their heads at Miss Honora that he would take them to his house and bring the little girl back, drove on, leaving that lady sorely provoked and standing bare-headed in the hot sun, for she had run out without a sun-bonnet.

"Matthew Stubbs is a perfect fool about children," she muttered, as she walked back to her verandah, "Letting them have their own way like that! He should put his foot down."

But evidently the foot-putting feat was beyond Matt, for as seven o'clock approached and still there was no sign of the car returning, Miss Honora was moved to go to the telephone and call Matt's house to ascertain whether he intended to keep Edme all night.

"Sorry," he growled, curtly. "Can't persuade the little beggars to separate. Better leave 'em here to-night and I'll run the little girl home in the morning."

Miss Honora almost stamped her foot. Hanging up the receiver with a snap she turned about to find Miss Elmira Gates standing in the open doorway, knitting-bag on arm.

"I declare, you look like you'd been givin' someone a piece of your mind, Honora," she observed, with her native shrewdness.

"You're wrong for once," returned Miss Honora, as she pulled forward a chair for her visitor. "Not but what I'd like to though—this particular person."

"Matt? Oh, I just guessed," and Miss Gates smiled with a deal of vinegary satisfaction. "Heard tell you two was getting real thick again, Honora. . . . What? You're not? Well, now don't it beat all how folks will talk! Why, some on 'em has got you engaged again an'—an' *everythin'*. I—"

"Elmira," and Miss Honora's dignity of bearing was most impressive. "There are people who will make tales up out of whole cloth if they can't find anything else to—"

"Well, I didn't believe no sech thing, Honora, myself. An' I'll tell you why: that pretty widow from over the river that's supposed to be a cousin of Matt's—Mrs. Parker or Parcher, or somethin'—"

"Porter," corrected Miss Honora, still very rigid.

"To be sure. (Sech a memory as I got.) Well, she come to pay a visit to Mis' Butler this mornin' an' she'll be here for like as not sev'ral weeks. You know she does fine sewin'. Mis' Butler has been expectin' her for over a month now—she always does her summer sewin' you know—an' of course it's no secret that she's been after Matt Stubbs for the last five years, or ever since she lost her husband."

"I don't see how it concerns me."

"No, of course not, Honora. I was just tellin' you though so's you'd know one of us at any rate don't put no stock in this here gossip regardin' you an' Matt. For I wouldn't be a mite surprised if she got him, an' before long too! She's a swell dresser an' you know the old sayin' that a mere man is helpless when a widow goes after his scalp—or his heart. They'd make a fine pair, too."

Miss Gates then adroitly changed the subject to that of the two interesting little strangers, and Miss Honora, much against her will, was obliged to explain their absence.

"'Course, Honora, you can't deny that Matt had a way with him," remarked Miss Gates, as her needles flashed. "No wonder them kids are crazy over him, but I'll wager he'll find 'em a nuisance after the novelty wears off an' with him tryin' to court the widow, he'll find 'em harder to shake than a book-agent. Guess maybe you're wonderin' why I landed in so onexpected-like this evenin'. Well, it was all on account of the little whist drive Mis' Butler is havin' over to her place to-night for her visitor an' Matt. She wanted me to make up a fourth hand, but I says to myself, 'Elmira, you ain't goin' to play Jack-on-the-pinch for no flashy widow.' Besides, I wanted to finish this here sweater. So I made up the excuse that I was comin' up to see you. . . .No, 'tain't much more than a hen party. The rest is all married women an' most of 'em don't know one card from another."

The next morning quite early, as Miss Honora was baking in the outer kitchen Edme and Marcel came tumbling in upon her like a pair of small cyclones.

"Gracious sakes alive!" cried that lady, hastily removing her arms from the flour-bin, and trying to ward off their demonstrations of affection. "How comes it you're both back?"

When Edme could be made to understand, she explained in the charming broken English which tripped like musical water-drops from her little tongue that "Monsieur Stubbs had gone right away *vite, vite*, as he had to go driving back in what you call the countree."

"With the Widow Porter," reflected Miss Honora, knowingly.

Furthermore, it appeared that Marcel had behaved "*tres mauvais*," flinging himself on the ground and squealing and kicking and altogether behaving like "a naughty little pig" when the nice kind monsieur had tried to drive Edme back alone. Pups and swings and even the so pretty cakes with sugar on top had availed nothing. Marcel wasn't going to be parted from Edme.

"But what *does* Matthew propose to do about it!" exclaimed poor Miss Honora, dropping into a chair and fanning her heated face with an end of her crisp blue percale apron. "This foolishness has to stop somewhere, sometime."

She gave the children each a handful of cookies and sent them off to play.

"Of course we could be underhand and separate them by strategy," she said to herself, as she went to work again. "But somehow that doesn't appeal to me. I don't hold with treating children like that. Act honestly with them if you want them to do the same with you."

(*Continued on page 22*)

"My Lady Caprice"

By JEFFERY FARNOL

Illustrated by T. V. McCARTHY

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New Readers Begin Here

SIX months' respite is demanded by Aunt Agatha before Dick Brent shall declare his love for Lisbeth. Aunt Agatha, meanwhile, exiles the girl to Fane Court in the hope of wedding her to Horace Selwyn, a richer man. Dick follows, meets Lisbeth and wins the goodwill of her small nephew, the Imp. Through the machinations of the Imp he becomes entangled in an altercation with Mr. Selwyn, coming off with flying colors. Later, Mr. Selwyn fails to keep his engagement to take Lisbeth upon the water and is supplanted by Dick. Lisbeth attends a ball, and the Imp, incarcerated for his misdeeds, sends to Dick a plea for rescue. This is effected, and Dick and the Imp enter by stealth the grounds where the ball is taking place.

"PETER, are you sure you loves me more than that Susan thing at the doctor's?" A corduroy coat-sleeve crept slowly about Betty's plump waist, and there came the unmistakable sound of a kiss.

"Really and truly, Peter?"

"Ar!" said Peter, "so 'elp me Sam!" The kissing sound was repeated, and they walked on once more, only closer than ever now on account of the corduroy coat-sleeve.

"Those two are in love, you know," nodded the Imp. "Peter says the cheesecakes she makes are enough to drive any man into marrying her, whether he wants to or not, an' I heard Betty telling Jane that she adored Peter, 'cause he had so much soul! Why is it," he inquired, thoughtfully, as he watched the two out of sight, "why is it, Uncle Dick, that people in love always look so silly?"

"Do you think so?" I asked, as I paused to light my pipe.

"'Course I do!" returned the Imp; "What's any one got to put their arm round girls for, just as if they wanted holding up—I think it's awfull' silly!"

"Of course it is, Imp—your wisdom is unassailable—still, do you know, I can understand a man being foolish enough to do it—occasionally."

"But you never would, Uncle Dick!"

"Alas, Imp!" I said, shaking my head, "Fortune seems to preclude all chances of it."

"'Course you wouldn't," he exclaimed; "an' Ivanhoe wouldn't—"

"Ah, but he did!" I put in; "have you forgotten Rowena?"

"Oh!" cried the Imp dolefully, "do you really think he ever put his arm round her?"

"Sure of it," I nodded. The Imp seemed much cast down, and even shocked.

"But there was the Black Knight," he said, brightening suddenly—"Richard of the Lion Heart, you know—he never did!"

"Not while he was fighting, of course, but afterwards, if history is to be believed, he very frequently did; and we are all alike, Imp—everybody does sooner or later."

"But why? Why should any one want to put their arm round a girl, Uncle Dick?"

"For the simple reason that the girl is there to put it round, I suppose. And now, Imp, let us talk of fish."

Instinctively we had wandered towards the river, and now we stood to watch the broad, silver path made by the moon across the mystery of its waters.

"I love to see the shine upon the river like that," said the Imp, dreamily; "Auntie Lisbeth says it's the path that the moon-fairies come down by, to bring you nice dreams when you've been good. I've got out of bed lots of times an' watched an' watched, but I've never seen them come. Do you think there are fairies in the moon, Uncle Dick?"

"Undoubtedly," I answered; "how else does it keep so bright? I used to wonder once how they managed to make it shine so."

"It must needs lots of rubbing!" said the Imp; "I wonder if they ever get tired?"

"Of course they do, Imp, and disheartened, too, sometimes, like the rest of us, and then everything is black, and people wonder where the moon is. But they are very brave, these Moon-fairies, and they never quite lose hope, you know; so presently they go back to their rubbing and polishing, always starting at one edge. And in a little while we see it begin to shine again, very small and thin at first, like a—"

"Thumb-nail!"

"Yes, just like a thumb-nail; and so they go on working and working at it until it gets as big and round and bright as it is to-night."

Thus we walked together through a fairy world, the Imp and I, while above the murmur of the waters, above the sighing of the trees, came the soft tremulous melody of the violins.

"I do wish I had lived when there were knights like Ivanhoe," burst out the Imp suddenly; "it must have been fine to knock a man off his horse with your lance."

"Always supposing he didn't knock you off first, Imp."

"Oh! I should have been the sort of knight that nobody could knock off, you know. An' I'd have wandered about on my faithful charger, fighting all sorts of caddish barons, and caitiffs, an' slayin' giants; an' I'd have rescued lovely ladies from castles grim—though I wouldn't have put my arm round them, of course!"

"Perish the thought, my Imp!"

"Uncle Dick!" he said, insinuatingly, "I do wish you'd be the Black Knight, an' let me be Ivanhoe."

"But there are no caitiffs and things left for us to fight, Imp, and no lovely ladies to rescue from castles grim, alas!"

NOW we had been walking on, drawn almost imperceptibly by the magic thread of the melody, which had led us, by devious paths, to a low stone wall, beyond which we could see the gleam of lighted windows and the twinkle of fairy-lamps among the trees. And over there, amid the music and laughter, was Lisbeth, in all the glory of her beauty, happy, of course, and light-hearted; and here, beneath the moon, was I.

"We could pretend this was a castle grim, you know, Uncle Dick, full of dungeons an' turrets, an' that we were going to rescue Auntie Lisbeth."

"Imp," I said, "that's really a great idea."

"I wish I'd brought my trusty sword," he sighed, searching about for something to supply its place; "I left it under my pillow, you know." Very soon, however, he had procured two sticks, somewhat thin and wobbly, yet which, by the magic of imagination, became transformed into formidable, two-edged swords, with one of which he armed me, the other he flourished above his head.

"Forward, gallant knights!" he cried; "the breach! the breach! On! on! St. George for Merrie England!" With the words he clambered upon the wall and disappeared upon the other side.

For a moment I hesitated, and then, inspired by the music and the thought of Lisbeth, I followed suit. It was all very mad, of course, but who cared for sanity on such a night—certainly not I.

"Careful now, Imp!" I cautioned; "if any one should see us they'll take us for thieves, or lunatics, beyond a doubt."

We found ourselves in an enclosed garden with a walk which led between rows of fruit trees. Following this, it brought us out upon a broad stretch of lawn, with here and there a great tree, and beyond, the gleaming windows of the house. Filled with the spirit of adventure, we approached keeping in the shadow as much as possible, until we could see figures that strolled to and fro upon the terrace or promenaded the walks below.

The excitement of dodging our way among so many people was intense; time and again we were only saved from detection by more than one wandering couple, owing to the fact that all their attention was centred in themselves. For instance, we were skirmishing round a clump of laurels, to gain the shadow of the terrace, when we almost ran into the arms of a pair; but they didn't see us for the very good reason that she was staring at the moon, and he at her.

"So sweet of you, Archibald!" she was saying.

(Continued on page 31)

The Sword of Lir

A Fairy Tale

By NORAH M. HOLLAND.

ONCE upon a time, and it was long and long ago, before ever the foot of the Sassenach had reached the fair shores of Eire, there stood a little hut high up on the sides of Slieve Dearg: Its walls were built of great stones and turf; its roof thatched with the coarse grass and bracken that grew upon the mountain-side. Windows and doors it had none, but a jagged gap in one of the walls served as an entrance and a small hole in the thatched roof let the smoke out and an occasional ray of sunlight in.

In this hut there lived a little lad whose name was Flann. As long as he could remember he had lived there, serving the two grey old women to whom the hut belonged, tending their cow and goat, caring for their hens, hewing wood and drawing water, and gathering the herbs from which they compounded their charms and potions. In return for all these services he received scant food, scanter clothing, and very often harsh words and cruel blows.

But Flann was a hardy, happy little lad, and took hunger and harsh words alike as all a part of the day's work, pleased if at times he could get away from the dark smoky hut into the free air and sunshine outside. Then he would lie among the fragrant purple heather-bells, watching the brown bees as they boomed from flower to flower or flew heavily down some wooded glade to the hollow tree where was hidden their amber store of honey; or laughing at the antics of the hundreds of rabbits that played about the lichen-covered rocks; or the green and gold beetles, with their brilliant coats, tugging away at some heather stem that was twenty times bigger than themselves in the belief that they could root it up and carry it away to help build their nests underground. Sometimes, too, he would climb the long slopes to the summit and sit down in the shadow of the three great rocks that stood there, looking across the swaying tops of the forest to where the white walls of Dun Laogaire gleamed among the trees, with the green Atlantic breaking in foam about their feet. And as he gazed, he would wonder what it must be like to be a prince and live within those walls, with nothing to do all day long but ride a-hunting with horse and hound, or sit at feast within the great halls while men-at-arms shouted out his name over their bowls of brimming mead, and bards sang of his wondrous deeds.

One hot June day, when Flann was about twelve years of age, he was sitting in his favorite spot under the shadow of the three rocks, feeling very sorrowful indeed. That morning old Sheen and Morag had discovered that Sionnac, the great dog-fox whose lair was under Carraig Dhu, had visited their hen-house in the night and had carried off two of their fattest hens. So they had beaten Flann cruelly for his carelessness in not guarding the door better and, thrusting a piece of dry bread into his pocket, had turned him out of the hut and had bidden him not to show his face again until nightfall.

Flann had had but little supper the night before and no breakfast. He was hungry and weary and sore with the blows, so it is not to be wondered at that as he sat there upon the summit of the mountain, a few tears dripped down upon the turf beside him. He was only a little lad after all, and to-day his lot in life seemed a very hard one.

"A good morrow to you, O Flann MacEochy," said a voice suddenly.

Flann turned and saw, standing at his side, a small, slender man, dressed in a tunic of some green, shimmering material, that was clasped at the throat by a round brooch of silver. There were silver clasps upon the broad belt of doe-skin that he wore, and curiously wrought broideries of silver upon his sandals, and in his hand he carried a slim rod of shining silver with a bright green stone set in the end of it. Under the shadow of the dark hair that fell about it, his face looked white and peaked as the young moon that peers through the clouds at night, and his lips were thin and very red. He looked down at Flann with twinkling dark eyes and when he spoke his voice was deep and pleasant.

"It is long the way that I have come," he said. "And it is great hunger that is upon me. Will you not be giving me a share of your meal?"

Flann looked at the piece of bread that he held in his hand. It was not a large piece, and he himself was faint with hunger, but after a moment's hesitation he broke it in two and held out the larger half to the man at his side.

"It is not Flann MacEochy is the name they put upon me, O Stranger," he said, "but Flann only, and it is servant that I am to old Sheen and Morag the spae-women. But it is kindly welcome you are to what I can give, and it is wishing I am that it would be more."

The stranger took the portion offered him and seated himself upon the short green turf by the lad's side.

"My thanks with you, O Flann, that is servant to the spae-women," he laughed. "Yet I do not think it is wrong that I am. Let you be telling me now, is there not a strange mark upon you, that is upon the flesh of your right breast?"

"There is, surely," answered Flann in wonderment, for how should this stranger be knowing of the mark that was upon him.

"And what is the likeness that is on it?"

"The likeness of a crimson blazing star," replied Flann, and the stranger nodded.

"It is, indeed." He spoke with sudden gravity. "That sign is the royal mark of the House of Dara. Your father, King Eochy, had it placed upon you when you were born. It was shortly afterwards he was slain by the Fathac Dhu Olc—the Black, Bad-tempered Giant—that is brother to Sheen and Morag the spae-women, and your mother, Queen Fedelma, was carried into captivity. But you the giant gave to his sisters to be their serving lad."

FLYNN stared at the strange man in bewilderment. What was this wonderful tale that he was being told? He, Flann, who had all his life fared poorly, and known naught but blows and harsh words, could he in reality be the Prince of whom he was hearing?

"Then," he said questioningly, "it is I that am—?"

"Flann MacEochy, King of Dara. And it is you who must slay the Fathac Dhu and release his captives."

Flann sat for a moment in silence, looking out across the waving tops of the forest that lay beneath them. Then he turned and met the stranger's keen, dark eyes with his own grey ones.

"It is only a poor serving lad I am," he said steadily "the way there would be no knowledge upon me of how to overcome the Fathac. But it is glad and grateful I would be, O Stranger, you to be telling me more."

The stranger smiled down upon him. "Let you be hearing me now," he answered. "First of all, you must be getting from the children of Manannan the sword that was forged by Lir, their grandfather, for with that alone can the giant be slain. In secret caverns beneath the sea, Lir forged the blade. Of the magic and mystery of the elements was it welded. He gave to it the sharpness of the winds that blew across the waves; and the strength of the rocks upon which they beat; the curve of the crested billows he gave to it, and the weight of their thunderous fall; and he set in its hilt those stones whose name is of the sea; and there is none that may withstand its power. Then he gave it to the charge of the white-armed daughters of Manannan and safely they have guarded it in their home beneath the waters.

"And how would I be getting it from their hands?" asked Flann.

"You must follow the waves of the Liffey as they ride through the valleys to the sea," replied the stranger. Then you must wait among the rocks until the children of Manannan do be coming to their play upon the beach. Seize upon one of them and hold her fast, the way she will be telling you how to gain possession of the treasure. But watch that you do not lose your hold upon her for one instant, no matter what likeness she may be taking upon her, for if you do, the sword will be lost to you forever."

As he spoke, he rose to his feet "The luck of the Sidhe be with you in your venturings, O Flann, son of Eochy," he said, "for it is the kind heart and ready hand that you have. Farewell to you, Prince of Dara." He laid his hand upon the midmost of the three rocks looking over his shoulder at the lad with laughing eyes, and even as Flann also sprang up from his seat upon the heather, he was gone. The mountain summit once more lay bare and lonely before the boy's gaze.

For some time Flann stood there, dazed with the multitude of new thoughts that crowded in upon him. The sun had climbed the steep arch of sky to its highest point and was dipping to the west, when at last he turned his face to where the little waves of the Liffey danced and rippled across their silver sands far below him, and began to descend the slope with rapid steps.

Down, down he went, across the fragrant carpet of heather; past gorse-bushes golden with bloom and musical with the hum of bees; past pools of brown bog-water that winked and sparkled in the sunlight and lichened grey rocks where brilliant green and gold beetles scurried to and fro; past quaking patches of marsh, where the ceanabhan and shivering marsh-grass grew, and little winds were whispering their secrets to the rushes and the sighing sedge. At last he came to where the trees grew thickly, hiding the sky from him, so that he walked over velvet turf through an echoing, cool, green gloom.

Down he went still, past the silver stems of the birches and the sturdier trunks of oak and ash and beech. Daffodils gleamed golden in the little clearings, nodding their bright heads to him as though cheering him on to the task that lay before him. Little birds flitted through the branches above his head, and his heart and his feet kept time to their singing, for was not his greatest wish fulfilled? He was no longer Flann, the poor serving lad, beaten, starved and abused, but Flann MacEochy, the King's Son, going forth to redress the wrongs of his people, and to free the mother who had long mourned him as dead. So he sang and was glad, although great hunger was upon him and he knew not where he would find food.

AS he reached the foot of the mountain, however, he saw a tiny hut among the trees and at its door a brown-faced woman was standing. She looked with pity at the ragged lad whose laughing grey eyes met her own so fearlessly, and brought him brown bread and warm new milk to drink and he thanked her and went on refreshed.

The dove-grey twilight had darkened into night before Flann had reached the shores of the Liffey and had followed its waters to the sea. It was too late, now, for him to hope to find the daughters of Manannan at their play upon the beach, so he stretched himself upon the warm white sand in the lee of a great rock and soon fell into a deep and dreamless slumber.

When he woke it was to find the sun high in the heavens. The sea was dancing and sparkling beneath its rays; the billows, ruffled to foam by the fresh morning breeze, were creaming in upon the shingle with a pleasant murmuring sound. There was a salt, sweet tang in the air, and Flann was conscious that somewhere close at hand were voices and low (*Continued on page 33*)

Glossary of Gaelic Pronunciations

FLANN	Flonn	
CARRAIG DHU	Corrig Dhoo	Black Rock.
MACEOCHY	MacYohy	Son of Eochy.
FATHAC DHU OLC	Fahak Dhoo Ulk	Black, Bad-Tempered Giant
SPAEWOMEN	Witches, fortune tellers, readers of destiny.	
MANANNAN		The God of the Sea.
LIR	Leer	An older Sea-God, father of Manannan.
SIDHE	Shee	Fairy-folk.
IASGAIRE	Easgara	
FAOILEAN	Fweelaun	Sea-gull.
HY BREASIL	Hy Brassil	

As she rose with a little cry of bewilderment and alarm his arms were around her and he held her fast.

IT is never necessary to comment eulogistically upon a Fairy Tale by Norah M. Holland. But the insistent demand upon the part of discriminating readers for more of this Celtic lore is significant. "The Sword of Lir" will be concluded next month. We vouch for the crowning excellence of the final chapter.

—THE EDITORS.

The Gooderham Fountain

Elaborate Plans Announced for Canadian National Exhibition

THE Grand Stand Spectacle is really the main attraction at any "Fair." "Britannia Militant" will be the pageant presented this year at Toronto, August 26—September 7. It will be historic—a picturesque survey of the Empire's yesterday. Mediaeval knights, the men of Nelson's time, and so on down to the heroes of the present, making in all an artistic harmony of active scenes vivifying the history of Empire. There will be 1,200 participants, attired in the quaint costumes of the periods they represent, while a splendid musical programme will make the entire production supremely worth while.

"LET'S go to the Ex!"

"The what?" we hear you ask.

And we answer, "the Ex—the Exhibition, of course. You haven't forgotten?"

Naturally not. No one forgets, but the invitation was sprung too suddenly. No one realized it is so near.

The Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto, promises, this year, to eclipse all of its former records. You notice the word National? That is what it has always been, but this year it will be more intensely national than ever. It is the aim of the management to make it reflect the spirit and interest of the times, and particularly to show how Canada continues to maintain her position shoulder to shoulder with the Allies. It will demonstrate our newly acquired industrial strength and readiness for the reconstruction period following the war.

To prove that "Made in Canada" is a trade mark of distinction is one of the outstanding objects, and with this thought in mind an effort has been made to make the exhibits more representative of the nation's industrial skill and resource than has been the case in the past. One large group of manufacturers of farm implements and labor-saving devices has applied for 300,000 square feet of space. The management was unable to grant their full demand, but has come as near as possible to acceding to the request. This will be given great prominence as an industrial educational feature. Further, there will be one of the largest displays of live stock and agricultural products that it has yet been the good fortune of the Management to bring before its patrons; while the Governments, Dominion and Provincial, are co-operating with an enthusiasm that is somewhat unusual, in making the entire exhibit a decided stimulus to better farming.

"The Spirit of Canada"—One of the Impressive Monuments

The Wounded Hero's Part

A COMPREHENSIVE demonstration of the manner in which the Government is caring for the war cripple, and how maimed and mutilated soldiers are being re-educated to a self-supporting basis and to hold up their end in competition with fellow workmen who are physically whole will be featured. A large part of the south wing of the Process Building will be utilized for the purpose. There will be at least

Watching the Waterfront Sports at the Canadian National Exhibition

50 returned men at work in at least 15 different industrial processes, including optical work, lens grinding, the finer lines of machinery work, machine repairing, electrical engineering, assaying, silver polishing, jewellery manufacturing, linotype and monotype operating, oxy-acetylene welding, piano tuning by men blind or nearly so, blind men learning Braid, typewriting, basket weaving, etc. Space to be occupied is over 4,000 square feet.

One of the salient points of the exposition, will be the Food Conservation show by Food Controller Thompson's Department, Women's Institutes, Ontario Organization of Resources, and all other branches of the Government here and at Ottawa having to do with the food programme. Experts from Macdonald Institute, Toronto University Domestic Science Department, and Food Controller's Department will demonstrate kitchen economics, food conservation, substitutes, canning, dehydration, etc. There will also be lectures and moving pictures on food conservation and kindred subjects conducted by the Ontario Government.

The Main Building

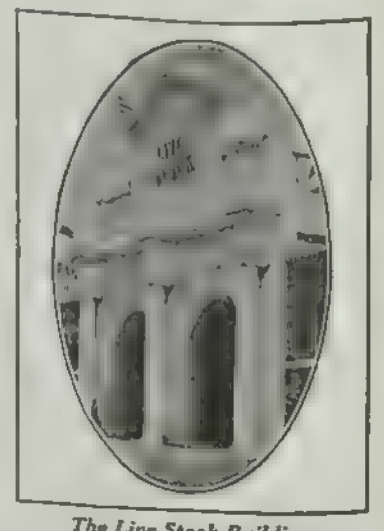
Women to the Front!

AFTER many years' agitation by women, an effort will be made to adequately illustrate her modern activities, particularly her war service. The exhibits in the women's building have been made to better reflect the trend of the times, to put the frills and the non-essentials in the back ground and to emphasize the more necessary articles, handicrafts, etc. In addition, women will be largely responsible for the food conservation show. One day, Wednesday, August 28th, will be dedicated to women and will be known as Women's Day. On this occasion it is hoped to have a pageant demonstrating the many branches of war work in which women are engaged. It is expected that there will be a short parade of 5,000 women embracing farmerettes, Red Cross nurses and workers, V.A.D.'s, munition workers, French and Belgian relief, etc. The Girl Guides, Red Cross nurses, etc., are to give a demonstration of their work in front of the Grand Stand. For the first time on record that day, the noon-day luncheon, which up to now has been sacred to men, will be for women only and some outstanding woman of international importance will be invited to make the speech of the day. One suggestion is that Mary Roberts Rhinehart be that person and an invitation has been sent to her, but no reply has yet been received.

The Recreative Programme

WHILE more than the usual attention has been paid to all those processes on the educative side of the Big Fair, the management has by no means neglected the recreative part of the programme, but as far as possible, even the diversions will be turned to patriotic ends, including the grand stand spectacle, which, as has been the case since war started, will be British throughout.

Creatore's Band will head the musical programme for the two weeks, but for one week he will be overshadowed by the world-famed Guard Republique Band of France. The band, which has 62 pieces, is now in America on Allied propaganda work. Every man has served in the world war, and their leave, as originally arranged, will expire on August 20th. However, Manager John G. Kent recently visited Mons. Guy, of the French Commission, at New York, and as a result, a request was cabled to the French Government to extend the leave of the men for a trip to Canada, one week of which will be spent at Toronto and probably a couple of days at Quebec and Montreal.



The Live Stock Building

The Fine Arts Gallery will have an Allied exhibit made up of selected paintings from Canadian and American artists and a number of French and Russian masterpieces. One of the features will be the monster "Fathers of Confederation," now being painted by F. S. Challener, of Toronto, for the Ontario Government. It is eventually to hang in the Parliament Buildings in Queen's Park.

Government Building and Western Entrance to the Grounds

JOHNNY'S LUCK

By KATHERINE TYNAN

Author of "Kitty Aubrey," "For Maisie," Etc.

Illustrated by R. CAPEL

HIS friends were wont to say of Johnny Despard that he wasn't such a fool as he looked, which was quite true. Perhaps it was only to follow the fashion that Johnny looked a fool, wearing a collar up to his chin and sucking a crook-headed cane like any other foolish young man of fashion. But Johnny's falling in with the ways of his kind did not prevent the Honor-Mary Uniacke, Lord Urlingford's only daughter, from returning Johnny's passion, and declaring to her scandalized father that nothing would induce her to marry anybody but Johnny Despard.

Now Johnny was a young man about town by favor of his aunt, Miss Ormiston. She had brought up Johnny, and was devotedly attached to him. She had a weak heart; and a suggestion of Johnny's that he should do anything for himself invariably brought on an attack. Johnny had just managed to be called to the Bar, with a vague idea that he would be eligible for some fat appointment when his friends came into power. He would have to do something for himself when his aunt died, for nearly all her money died with her; and it had not occurred to her while shackling Johnny's life with her selfish love to put down anything in her luxurious way of living that would enable her to leave Johnny better off. He knew exactly what to expect—about three thousand pounds in money, a cottage at Dorking, and Aunt Jane's household belongings, horses, carriages and personal effects.

A nice match for Lord Urlingford's daughter, who was one of the successes of the London season! Lord Urlingford sighed over the perversity of women. Here was Molly, who might have her pick of the partis of the season, taking up with Johnny Despard, whose only chance when his aunt died would be to marry a rich American or emigrate to the Colonies. And Molly was an obstinate minx. None knew it better than her father. Lord Urlingford, whose easy philosophy it was not to worry over what couldn't be helped, felt a humorous despair concerning Molly's choice.

"Oh, go away!" he said to Johnny Despard, when that youth came solemnly to interview him. "Get something to do before you think of marrying. Molly has a nice little dot from her mother, but not enough to keep a husband in luxury. You'll have to earn something before I give you Molly. Go and get an income."

Johnny, red up to his ears beyond the high collar, stammered that he had never contemplated living on Miss Uniacke's fortune, that he was casting about him for something to do.

"Better get a job from your friends, the Liberals, when they come into power," Lord Urlingford said grimly. "They owe me something. What with their confounded Land Bills and—If you'd been on the right side now I might have been of some use to you."

Johnny as a politician had excited the risibility of his friends. As a Liberal politician too! If he had taken up politics at all one might have sworn that he'd be found among the young Tory bloods. But in his Oxford days, he had chosen to go Liberal and to go it whole-heartedly. If he had been on the right side, as Lord Urlingford said, he would have had a very much better chance. Any interest he could have worked would have been on the Tory side. With the Liberals, who happened at the moment to be nearly all young and brilliant, there was very little real chance for Johnny.

"Go into Parliament," said Lord Urlingford. "Haven't you such a thing as a pocket borough? What about Edgehill? They used to swear by your grandfather, didn't they? Why such a poky little hole should return a member at all, Heaven only knows! You'd better nurse Edgehill. If you win the seat and get a job from your friends at the next election, Molly's yours."

Lord Urlingford thought he was putting it as far away as the Conversion of the Jews; but it was part of Johnny's simplicity of character that he took the thing literally.

"I'll see what I can do with Edgehill," he said. "I knew every old gammer and gaffer in the place when I was a kid. They still sigh for Despards at Sheepcote. If my grandfather hadn't banged away the family fortunes on the turf—"

He paused and heaved a deep sigh.

"Even if I should win Edgehill from Fletcher Maltravers," he said, "I'd never get a job. I'd be of no use to them."

"They might give you something to play with—where you couldn't do any harm," Lord Urlingford said, in kindly mockery. He really liked Johnny Despard. It was a thousand pities he was such a detrimental.

"I'll do my best," said Johnny, with a stern air of resolve.

"He'll never get it," Lord Urlingford said to himself, with a half-ashamed feeling that he'd played it low down on Johnny. "Even if he won Edgehill, a most unlikely thing—he'd get nothing till his hair was white. I don't see Johnny Despard in a Government of All the Talents."

JOHNNY DESPARD, coming from the interview with Lord Urlingford, was drawn into the little room which was Miss Uniacke's own private den. Shut in alone with Johnny, she bestowed on him a warm and tender kiss which made up for many things.

"What did papa say?" she asked.

"He said that if I went into politics and got a job from the next Government, he'd consent."

"Oh, Johnny!"

"And I'm going to do it, too, darling. You don't know what I can do when I try. I was no end of a debater at the Oxford Union. I'm going to contest Edgehill, and win it for the Liberals. After that—well, have faith in me. I know I'm a duffer; but you see, you're the prize."

As it happened, it was a propitious moment for Johnny. Edgehill was regarded as a safe seat. No one troubled about it. Fletcher Maltravers, having sat for Edgehill for some ten years, got a judgeship. Young Fletcher, was to succeed his father as a matter of course. Liberalism never had a look in at Edgehill.

Johnny changed all that. Edgehill was considered to be such a forlorn hope that no one was particularly anxious to contest it. Johnny went to the Liberal agents. At first they were doubtful of his candidature, but local interests and old associations have often turned an election. Mr. John Despard was the official Liberal candidate for Edgehill.

"Oh, go away," he said. "Go and get an income."

His aunt was so pleased that she presented Johnny with a motor car in which to do his canvassing. Johnny made good use of the car. It wasn't needed for long distances. Edgehill is a hole of a place, and there were no outlying voters; but all the old gaffers and gammers, to say nothing of the women and children and infants in the constituency, went for rides in Johnny's car. His re-appearance on the scene where the middle-aged and old people remembered him as an infant and a chubby boy and a white flannelled cricketer, aroused positive enthusiasm. And Johnny had a way with him. He had a good heart behind his good manners. If the men wavered at all, the women to a woman were on Johnny's side.

Miss Uniacke would have liked to canvass for her lover, but Lord Urlingford wouldn't hear of that. However, she really wasn't needed. Fletcher Maltravers never was in it from the moment of Johnny's appearance on the scene. Johnny won the seat with flying colors.

It cannot be said that John Despard, M.P. did very brilliantly; yet his maiden speech had a certain solid commonsense about it that impressed some people very favorably. Sir Richard Burnett, the Liberal Chief, took occasion to compliment Johnny. Johnny was delighted—blushed up to the ears at the praise. Sir Richard represented the goodness of the Liberal party, and had a way of attaching young affections to him. Johnny, looking up into the good, plain, gentle face, felt that he would die for Sir Richard.

Johnny was very popular in the House. He had a stolid good-humor which withstood any number of pranks and jests. There was something about Johnny which made people, especially careless young people, inclined to chaff him; but no one could take a rise out of Johnny. He turned the tables on the jokers by his easy acceptance of the joke.

Somehow it had got about that Johnny was in love with Lord Urlingford's daughter; that his Lordship's consent—and Miss Uniacke, who adored her father, waited on his consent—was conditional on Johnny's political advancement. It had come from an indiscreet confidence—perhaps it would be true to say a careless remark—of Lord Urlingford. His Lordship was one of the happy men who can afford to be indiscreet, because they have no secrets. It would never have come from Johnny.

Political preferment and Johnny Despard! The young bloods in the clubs and the House roared at the idea of Johnny's marriage depending on political preferment. He had no influence. Urlingford, being a beggarly Irish peer, had none. Perhaps in twenty year's time, if Johnny sat tight, there might be a little job found for him. There was abundant laughter over the length of time Johnny would have to serve for his Rachel. The wild Irish charms of Miss Uniacke would have time to fade before then if Lord Urlingford adhered to his condition.

Johnny showed no despondency, such as would have been befitting in a young man whose love prospects depended on a contingency so hopeless. He was, on the contrary, extremely cheerful. Some of the young fellows thought that Johnny deserved a letting down for his preposterous pretensions. One of the golden youths, who had family ties with the Liberal Chief and was privileged, carried him the ridiculous story. Sir Richard smiled, but said nothing. Young Lovelace hardly knew whether he was annoyed or not.

QUITE suddenly the Government went out, as Governments have a way of doing. At the General Election the Liberals came in by a sweeping majority. Johnny had held his seat with an increased majority. He came to Stratford Place, where Lord Urlingford's London house was, to be crowned as a victor.

Lord Urlingford was by this time very kind to the young people. He had grown fond of Johnny, and had also learned to respect him. Time was when he had been a bit surprised and disappointed at Molly's choice. She could have done so much more brilliantly. But now he confessed to himself that Molly had chosen well. If Johnny could only be pitchforked into a job! Not an Under-Secretaryship or anything of the sort. He had put an impossible condition on the lad. But there might be a job found for him outside the House or the party. He only waited for a chance to withdraw with dignity from the position he had taken up.

Miss Uniacke was very full of Sir Richard Burnett. She had met him, since she and Johnny had been parted, at the house of a famous political hostess who had an ideal friendship with the Liberal leader. He had been particularly kind to Miss Uniacke, taking her aside and talking to her with a gentle seriousness about serious matters which was the most exquisite flattery to an inexperienced girl.

"If he only knew, I'm sure he'd do something for us, Johnny," she said. "He's such a dear old man; and they say his own marriage was perfect."

"That's too much to hope for," said Johnny manfully. "I'm afraid we'll have to wait a bit yet. There are ever so many before me, fellows with money and brains and all sorts of things that I haven't got."

"You've heaps of brains, Johnny darling, and you've all sorts of qualities the others haven't got. See how straight you are!"

"No use at all in politics, darling. Not that I'm any straighter than other decent fellows. Be patient, Molly. I'll have to plod on till I've earned something. Perhaps when we've been some years in office—"

All the offices under the new Government were filled except a few very minor ones. Some few people were elated; some others, a greater number, were cast down. Johnny was neither elated nor cast down. He had expected nothing. He was going to deserve something, and then he would get it.

His mood was changed by the receipt of a letter from Sir Richard Burnett, offering him a post in the new administration—a very minor post, but as far above his hopes and expectations as high Heaven itself.

He read the letter through two or three times—it was written in the kindest terms—before he could realize his good fortune. When he had finally come to realize it, he flung his cap in the air. He got up and waltzed round the room, seizing his bull-terrier, and making an unwilling partner of him. He did all manner of things which would have jeopardised his reputation for good sense if anyone could have seen him except the dog, who could be relied on not to give him away.

Having let off the first exuberance of his spirits, he dressed himself very carefully and went off, feeling as though he were treading on air, to lunch with Molly. Lord Urlingford lunched at his club, leaving the lovers together.

Johnny was morally certain that his amazing good fortune had come to him through Molly. Sir Richard's particular kindness to Molly had been significant. He must have known. The story of their deferred marriage had come to his ears.

"It must have been you, darling. Of course he was taken with you, the dear old man! He pitied me having to wait. It's the most amazing thing I've ever heard of. I wasn't in the running at all. It's hard on the other fellows."

It was characteristic

(*Continued on page 42*)

Prof. Farmer—Who Knows YOU

Your Character Is No Secret!

You may Think it is, but there are Dozens of Things which "Give You Away"

Here is a Page of Comments and Answers to Letters from Our Readers Regarding Character, Children, Vocations and Handwriting, Answered by

Professor ARTHUR BLACK FARMER

Head of the Vocational Clinic of Memorial Institute, Toronto

A LITTLE tot of twenty months looked solemnly at the workman painting the house next door. The workman smiled. The little tot, turning to her mother, brightened and said "Nice man."

An old man of ninety at the graveside of a boyhood friend pronounces him "A good man."

Each expressed a judgment of character, the little child a judgment based on a moment's observation, the old man a judgment based on intimate knowledge of a lifetime.

All that is richest and best in life comes to us in our associations with other people, and most of our joys and our sorrows are related to our judgments of human nature.

To understand human nature, to understand oneself and others, is one great secret of happiness and success.

Every feature, every attitude, every expression, every action is a revelation of character to those who are trained to observe.

Human nature is too wonderful, too complex for rule of thumb judgments. Only one rule is always safe. It is always safe to take for granted the existence of finer qualities and greater capacities than appear on the surface. You may be disappointed temporarily, but ultimately—no. Man was made in the image of God, and God is wonderfully good.

Yet it is an undeniable fact that the very characteristics that make for commendation or condemnation, in a man or woman, are evinced through various media—handwriting, the shape of the head, the shape and tendencies of the features and so forth.

The following delineations of character may help you to solve points relative to yourself.

MDE. J. P. W., Ottawa,—
The decided slope of your writing and the marked fullness of the loops especially of the taller letters, indicate a sociable disposition, and very strong attachment to home and country, a head particularly well rounded and full in the part behind the ears, especially on a level with the ear tips. The way you form your capital M indicates a certain degree of self consciousness, and from the greater height of the first part compared with the second and third strokes, I should expect to find your upper lip somewhat short. Your very tall letters and the high position of your t-bars indicate strong respect for authority and antiquity, and a decidedly religious disposition.—Sincerely yours,

A. B. FARMER.

M. M., Sherbrooke,—
The careful spacing of your words and the freedom from any interference throughout, indicate a well trained mind, the habit of clear logical thought. The rather small small letters indicate close observation, and the tendency to separate letters critical ability, love of comparisons and analogies, the two suggesting a type of forehead prominent both at the base and at the upper part, with just a suggestion of a hollow across the middle, such as is often seen in more marked degree in the foreheads of men. Your t-bars are peculiar, their heavy firm pressure indicating courage, while the tendency to place the bar before the letter at times suggests procrastination. Is the dent at the root of your nose somewhat marked, quite different from the classical Greek profile?

T. McC.,—
Your angular writing indicates a muscular build, large hands, prominent knuckles, fondness for muscular activity. Your high capitals indicate ambition, a head decidedly high at the back part of the top. Is there something of a dent across the top of your head about the middle? The tendency of your writing at times to run down hill would suggest it. The indication is either weariness at the time of writing, or a tendency to become discouraged and despondent, while the lack of straight horizontal strokes indicates a tendency to avoid argument and contest rather than seek it, and a head rather narrow behind the ears, with the ears set fairly close to the head. Do you have trouble with your digestion? It is often found in combination with the characteristics noted. Cultivate courage and optimism equal to your ambition and you will succeed.

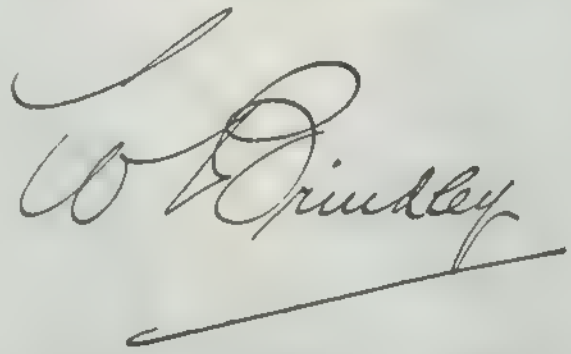
M. R., Ottawa,—
Your writing indicates fondness for athletics and rather athletic build, rather high, square, narrow type of head, short upper lip, with a tendency to show the upper teeth, and a decided dent at the root of the nose, eyes decidedly prominent, characteristics of ambition, thoroughness, artistic taste, a tendency to procrastinate, to put off doing the next thing after you have completed one task, talkativeness and a decided talent for languages.

More rounded writing indicates a more rounded type of head and a broader type of face. It does not seem to be a fully matured writing. There is ambition in the large L, and either weariness or pessimism in the downward tendency of the writing.

GLADYS P. SYLVESTER, Stratford,—
You write like an out-of-doors girl. Your somewhat angular letters and long down loops suggest a muscular athletic build; your open o's and flowing terminals suggest frankness and generosity, a rather long, somewhat narrow face, and a head decidedly high and square in type. Melinda shows originality in the formation of her C, extreme caution in the care with which she puts in the periods in her signature, and very marked sociability in the rather extreme slope of her writing. Is not her head broader than yours through the temples, and is it not extra full and broad behind the ears with marked corners on the upper back head? Katherine's signature looks as if she would be a better cook and financier than you or Melinda, with smaller hands, more rounded build, as suggested by the light rounded letters. Those little initial hooks to her capital letters suggest that Katherine would out-talk either you or Melinda, and would have the largest and most prominent eyes. I should also judge from her very open e's that her head would be very full in the middle behind the ears, and that she would be unusually fond of children, babies, and pets.

A Typical Signature Analysis

By Professor Farmer



THIS is the kind of signature I like to analyse—one which the writer has written often and in which he expresses his character with real pleasure and freedom, and a rather agreeable character on the whole at that. I am glad the Editor has permitted me to reproduce it, as a study for readers of this page. The initial sweep to that W indicates prominent eyes and a good talker; the very large capitals and the stroke under the signature, ambition, love of distinction and confidence, and enthusiasm, a head running up very high at the back part of the top, and quite wide two inches above the front part of the ear; the upward slope indicates optimism. Dotting the i to the left suggests one fault, a tendency to procrastinate. If meeting you, I should look to see if the dent at the root of your nose was a little deeper than it really ought to be, though this characteristic does not appear in the rest of your writing. The disconnections in your writing suggest criticism, a forehead quite prominent in the upper part, and the deficiency of your downward loops would suggest that your ears are set decidedly low and far back, and that your physical strength is not quite equal to your ambition. —A. B. Farmer.

MR. W. I. D., Lebanon, Maine,—
Those tall capitals of yours agree with the somewhat short upper lip and the high head shown in the picture in indicating a great deal of ambition, strong sense of reputation, and a degree of sensitiveness which, while it will stimulate you to great efforts, may sometimes have to be controlled. Your signature also indicates thoroughness, optimism, love of beauty and especially of color, and good platform ability.

Miss Reed's picture and signature indicate efficiency, poise, more modest aspirations and a much greater degree of self confidence, a head for detail and little love for publicity.

MR. W. V. K., Woite, Ont.,—
You are hardly long enough out of school yet for your writing to fully express your character. The next ten years will, no doubt, make a good deal of difference in it. It does indicate a love of literature and languages, especially facility in remembering words and acquiring languages and expressing your ideas, which would be indicated in your appearance by full, prominent eyes, and a forehead smooth and well rounded in the middle section. The way the letters of one line sometimes interfere with those of another indicate a lack of scientific training, and that you would do well to take up some studies like chemistry or botany, that call for exact observation and careful reasoning.

SOPHIA I. BRAUER, Swift Current, Sask.,—
The angularity of your writing and those long down loops suggest a muscular, out-of-doors girl. There is ambition and confidence indicated in your tall S and strong religious feeling, respect for authority, patriotism and love of home in the height and openness of your loops. I would expect to find your eyes large and prominent eyebrows, rather low down over the eyes at the inner ends, head decidedly high and square over the ears.

MISS ETHEL A. M. MACKAY, River John, N.S.,—
A modest, happy, round-faced, home-loving girl, according to your writing, with just a tendency to be superstitious, according to the height at which you cross your t's; at least you should be able to enjoy fairy tales. Your friend Bessie Bailie appears to be much like yourself in general disposition, not quite such a reader, decidedly tactful, and much more reserved. You most likely do two-thirds of the talking when you are together.

E. G. ERICKSON, Eckville, Alta.,—
Superstitious graphologists would say that your writing indicates good fortune. Certainly those large capitals indicate ambition, those big downward loops physical strength, the upward trend optimism, the attention to punctuation, discretion, the free terminals, generosity, the slope, sociability, and the heavy t-bars courage—a strong combination of excellent qualities. The interference of one line with another suggests a certain amount of confusion of thought, and the need of training yourself to exact observation and close reasoning, to avoid loose generalizations. In appearance, I should expect to find you well dressed, muscular, forehead prominent at the base, and on close examination—just see if I am correct—a little dent right in the middle of the top of your head.

CECILE JOYCE, Pincher Creek, Alta.,—
There is a good deal of ambition indicated in your capitals, and physical strength and health, and maybe some sentimentality in those large down loops. Your rather vertical writing with the open loops to your e's and l's suggests that while you are satisfied with a few friends and acquaintances, you do become very strongly attached to places, to home, to children and to small animals, which would also indicate that your head behind the ears is very full in the centre and somewhat flattened at the sides.

MISS ANNIE R. PECK, N.B.,—
Such energetic writing! Things surely have to move when you are around. Seems to me you will do well to cultivate the art of being lazy just a little, of resting for a while after meals at least, before your digestion and your nerves give you trouble. In the mirror I judge you see a rather long face, of somewhat triangular form, somewhat narrow across the forehead, eyes decidedly prominent, forehead prominent at the base, and when you look at it in profile, you will find the nose rather prominent, chin slightly receding, and the line from the ear to the upper lip unusually long. It is a capable and energetic type I have described, but inclined to worry. Don't.

The Letter You Thought of Writing

YOU were just thinking of writing Prof. Farmer when you read that article of his in Everywoman's World a month, or maybe it was six weeks ago. Perhaps you wrote, or more likely you put it off and forgot about it. It is quite possible that someone else thought of the same question and did write in. Perhaps you will find the answer to the letter you intended to write, on this page.

This page is for answers to letters which many writers might have written, for answers likely to be of interest to most of the readers of Everywoman's World who have children to train, educate and advise, friends to understand, or personal or family success problems to solve.

You are invited to write to Professor Farmer, regarding any of the topics discussed in his articles or on this page. Someone else may be puzzled over your particular problem, and you may do that someone a favor by asking the very question he or she wished to ask.

Laugh Time Tales

"Life without Laughing is a Dreary Blank"

His Anniversary

OLD Zeb Johnson, the champion whitewasher, walked down the main street of the village one morning dressed in his best suit, with a large, brilliant buttonhole bouquet and with cotton gloves on his big hands.

"Hello, Zeb," said the postman, "are you taking a holiday?"

"Dish yere," said the old man with a proud wave of his huge hand, "dish yere am mah golden wedding anniversary, sah. Ah'm celebrating hit."

"But your wife," said the postman, "is working as usual. I saw her at the washtub as I passed your house."

"Her?" said Zeb hotly. "She ain't got nuffin' ter do wif it. She's mah fou'th."

Taken on Trust

"OUR product is thoroughly tested before leaving the factory. No man can sell stuff to-day that has not been tested."

"We manage to sell our product without testing it."

"That's odd. What do you sell?"

"Dynamite"

A Bigamous Wish

A VISITOR to the household of a colored man in Georgia was much impressed by the thriftiness of the mistress of the house.

"That's a hard-workin' wife you've got, Joe," said he.

"Yes," said Joe, with the utmost gravity. "I wish I had a couple more like her."

Singing it Out

ANTONIO was overawed by his surroundings when the first draft sent him to the cantonment. And he continued to live in awe, particularly of all officers, during the early days of his training. While standing guard one night he was in such a flutter when the corporal of the guard approached, that he made his challenge in a low voice which the non-com. could not hear.

"You'll have to speak up, my man," said the corporal, "or you'll get into trouble. I'll take your word for it that you challenged me, but when the officer of the day comes around, you'll have to sing it out or you'll get a trip to the guardhouse. Remember, sing it out and sing it out loud."

Antonio vowed that he would make no mistake that would get him in the guardhouse, and when the officer of the day appeared a half hour later, he was greeted with—

"Tra-la-la-la, who coma dere?"

So Sudden!

SHE was pretty and he was handsome and they were very devoted to each other as they sat and held hands and watched the Reds play at the Cincinnati ball park.

"There's Hal Chase on first," observed the youth. "He's a bird. And there's Toney, the pitcher. He'll be our best man before long—"

The sweet young thing gasped. "We-ell I guess he'll be all right—but, Arthur, this is so sudden!"

But How?

CASEY (on retiring): "Whativer ye do, Norah, don't let me overslape in the mornin'. If ye don't wake yourself, wake me, anyhow."

All Talk

PHILLIPS BROOKS sent to a religious paper an article in which he said: "We pray too loud and work too little." The compositor made a neat job, and when the article appeared the sentence read: "We bray too loud and work too little."

"I let it go at that," said the Bishop, in telling the story. "The fact is, I believe the printer was right, and I never ventured to correct him."

Yes and No

"WOULD you call Mrs. Gowitt a good conversationalist?"

"Yes and no. She makes you think of a lot of things to say, but she talks so incessantly you don't get a chance to say them."

Different

ALTHOUGH only seventeen, he had come to "join up," and was in the recruiting office answering some questions that the sergeant was putting to him.

"Look here, my man," said the sergeant, "are you willing to die for your country?"

The recruit opened his eyes in astonishment.

"No, sir," he replied; "I'm joining up to make a German die for his."

Candor

MISTRESS—I am not quite satisfied with your references.

Maid—Neither am I, but they are the best I could get."

A Misunderstanding

A CERTAIN English foreman in one of the Kensington textile factories is in the habit of having an apprentice heat his luncheon for him. The other day he called a new apprentice.

"Go downstairs and 'eat up my lunch for me," ordered the foreman.

The boy—a typical young American, with no knowledge of cockney English—obeyed with alacrity. He was hungry. Ten minutes later the foreman came down. He also was hungry.

"Where's my lunch?" he demanded.

The boy gazed at him in amazement.

"You told me to eat it up—and I ate it," he stated.

"I didn't tell you to heat it up!" roared the irate foreman. "I told you to 'eat it up."

"Well, I didn't heat it up," maintained the youngster stoutly. "I eat it cold."

Mistake Somewhere

"WELL, did you see the great diva?"

"Yes, and I was disappointed."

"How so?"

"Aw, she sung. She didn't dive."

Sinister

MRS. OWENS.—I wonder if the doctor's wife meant anything personal just now.

Owens.—What did she say?

Mrs. Owens.—She said we might at least pay them a visit.

Still a Slave

A GENTLEMAN travelling through Alabama was much interested in Uncle Ned.

"So you were once a slave, eh?" said the gentleman.

"Yas, sah," said Uncle Ned.

"How thrilling!" said the gentleman. "And after the war you got your freedom, eh?"

"No, sah," said Ned gloomily. "I didn't git mah freedom, sah. After de war I done got married!"

A Close Call

HE had long hair and a pensive look. He wrote a poem entitled, "Why Do I Live?" He signed it "Charles Anthony,' and sent it to a magazine. The editor wrote him as follows:

"My Dear Charles Anthony: The reason why you live is because you sent the poem by post instead of bringing it personally."

No Hurry

THE telephone bell rang with anxious persistence. The doctor answered the call.

"Yes?" he said.

"Oh, doctor," said a worried voice, "something seems to have happened to my wife. Her mouth seems set and she can't say a word."

"Why, she may have lockjaw," said the medical man.

"Do you think so? Well, if you are up this way some time next week I wish you would step in and see what you can do for her."

Offended

I TOLD Henrietta that I was proud to see her vote just like a man," said Mr. Meekton.

"Did that please her?"

"No. The choice of phrase was unfortunate. She said that if she couldn't vote better than a man there would have been no need of her troubling about the ballot in the first place."

Strictly Vegetable

THE finest vegetable oils are imported for Ivory Soap. The greatest care is used in its manufacture. Everything is done to keep every cake of Ivory Soap up to the highest standard. Its makers have succeeded in doing this for thirty-nine years. This record should recommend it to you.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

99 44/100 % PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

CONSOLIDATED FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE

National Council, Y.M.C.A. of Canada

(CANADA - ENGLAND - FRANCE)

The National Council of the Y.M.C.A. herewith presents a complete statement of its finances for the year 1917, covering its entire service Overseas and in Canada

The Executive Committee of the Council arranged last November to have a complete statement for the year 1917 ready for publication before the recent Red Triangle Fund Campaign, but owing to conditions arising out of Military operations in France, this has been unavoidably delayed. It is presented now at the earliest date that existing conditions have permitted.

The portion of the following statement which concerns England and France has already been submitted to the Overseas Military authorities. Audited statements of the funds handled have been submitted to the Militia Department at Ottawa and for the past two years regular accounting has been made as well to the authorities in England and in France. In addition to the regular audit in France, the canteen business is checked every month by the Military Field cashiers, to determine the amount which is paid to Military units as indicated in the Expenditures. Printed copies of the audited statements are posted up in the huts for the information of the soldiers.

The General Operation Account shows on the one hand the entire receipts of the National Council; first, from the gross sales of its Military canteens in Canada, England and France, and second, from subscriptions received during the year. On the other hand, there is shown the entire expenditures for the year, including, first, the cost of the goods sold in the canteens and, second, the expenditures connected with the entire service which is carried on under the direction of the National Council.

The Balance represents the excess of receipts over expenditures. Of this the sum of $118,351.43 was the balance at the National Headquarters at Toronto, and the remainder was Overseas. This balance at the end of the calendar year represents the amount available to carry on operations until the time of the campaign in 1918. While the financial statement is drawn up on the basis of the calendar year, the receipts from the campaign of one year have to serve until the campaign of the next year. The above balance at the National Headquarters was by April 30th, just before the new campaign, not only used up but changed to a deficit of $237,930.13. This deficit was, however, offset by the balance overseas, which has to be maintained there as a working balance to carry on operations.

The item of $240,524.86 is a special amount which had to be expended for the purchase of canteen and other supplies in Canada for shipment to France. Beginning with June, 1917, on account of the scarcity of supplies in Great Britain, much of the purchasing formerly done there had to be transferred to Canada. The long period of time required for the shipment of these supplies to France involves the continuous employment of a large sum. The amount expended for this purpose, as at December 31st, has had to be treated as an expenditure and placed in a Reserve Account against the merchandise in hand. It is, however, a possible asset and will, when realized upon, be devoted to other forms of service to the soldiers, when it is no longer required to maintain the canteen service in France.

It was possible to provide for this expenditure only because the amount asked by the National Council in 1917 was oversubscribed by more than the amount required just at the time the Canadian Purchasing had to be undertaken. But for this it would have been necessary either to borrow this large amount or greatly curtail the service in France.

It is to be remembered that the goods at the front in France, where the greater part of the stock is carried, are subject to enormous risks. The English Y.M.C.A. in the German offensive of March and April suffered losses in huts and canteen supplies of nearly One Million Dollars. In the more recent offensive the American Y.M.C.A. has suffered losses nearly as large, and the National Executive have deemed it a matter of prudence to be prepared to meet a similar loss if it should fall on the Canadian Y.M.C.A.

The National Council has from the first declared the policy of devoting to the service of the soldiers whatever balance remains in the Military Fund at the close of the war. This policy has been made known to and accepted by the Overseas Military authorities. The need for the Y.M.C.A. service will continue all through the period of demobilization and the plan of the National Council is to use whatever balance then exists to keep up the efficiency of the service to the soldiers during that important period.

The National Council of the Y.M.C.A., under which the Military Work is conducted, is a representative body of the various Y.M.C.A.'s throughout Canada, but it has no authority over or financial responsibility for any local branch. The funds which it handles have no connection with those of any local branch of the regular Y.M.C.A. It wishes to make clear, therefore, that the funds which are acquired in or subscribed for the Y.M.C.A. Military Work have not been and will not be used in connection with the regular work of any of these branches, but will, according to the policy already announced, be kept in the Military Work and devoted exclusively to the service of soldiers.

The service represented in the expenditures of the accompanying statement covered at the opening of the present year, 96 centres of operation in France and 76 in England, including all regular camps and units, base camps, convalescent camps, hospitals, railway troops, cavalry, London and Paris, and forestry units from the north of Scotland to the South of France.

There were on the Overseas staff 133 Secretaries carrying honorary commissions, 50 of whom were at the expense of the Y.M.C.A. for pay and allowances and the remainder at the expense of the Government. There are also a considerable number of other ranks, non-commissioned officers and men, detailed to the Y.M.C.A. staff by the Military authorities. A number of these, who are given non-commissioned rank because of special responsibility, are at the expense of the Y.M.C.A. for the extra pay over that of their regular rank. Civilian help is also employed where required and where circumstances permit.

In Canada the soldiers are served in 38 centres, including camps, barracks, Red Triangle Clubs, hospitals, naval stations and on troop trains. This has required approximately 100 Secretaries, who work on a civilian basis and are entirely at Y.M.C.A. expense. There is also required a considerable staff of employed helpers, exclusive of the committees of ladies who render their service free.

The scope and variety of the entire service, in so far as expenditures can reveal them, are indicated in the accompanying statement.

Signed on behalf of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A.

G. H. WOOD, Chairman.
F. L. RATCLIFF, Chairman of Finance Com.
CHAS. W. BISHOP, General Secretary.

General Operations for the Year ended 31st December, 1917

RECEIPTS

Operating Balances brought forward from 1916 —		
(a) At National Headquarters	$ 6,730 22	
(b) In England and France	[illegible]	
		$ 66,593 65
Remittances from Canada in 1916 received Overseas in 1917		123,606.67
Gross Canteen Sales:		
In Canada	133,544 03	
In England	594,203 21	
In France	[illegible]	
		2,981,707.31
Subscriptions received in Canada:		
Ontario and Quebec	[illegible]	
Western Provinces	[illegible]	
Maritime Provinces	134,730.48	
Interest earned	4,601.42	
		1,131,331.61
Subscriptions received Oversea		
France	14,528 93	
England	[illegible]	
Interest earned	2,197 71	
		20,518.09
Adjustment of Exchange between Canada, England and France		5,716.62
		4,329,853.97

EXPENDITURES

	Canada	England	France	Total
Cost of Goods sold in Canteens	$ 103,683.67	$462,858.46	$1,801,912.22	$2,368,480.35
Transportation and Transport Equipment for Canteen Goods	.....	7,703.96	13,168.72	20,972.68
Loss from Damaged Goods, Fire, Shell Fire and Submarines	.....	.....	33,386.01	33,386.01
Canteen Equipment	2,161.25	15,202.21	14,130.95	31,493.41
Administration of Canteen Service, including Warehouse expenses	7,214.45	2,340.44	8,058.12	17,613.01
Huts, Hut Equipment, Tents and Decorations	18,312.80	103,418.29	121,031.11	242,762.20
Percentage of Canteen Sales given in Cash to Military Units for Extra Rations, Comforts, etc.	.....	.....	71,587.28	71,587.28
Free Distribution of Drinks, etc., including Service to Wounded	.....	.....	84,807.08	84,807.08
Free Distribution of Athletic Supplies and Prizes	.....	12,179.31	39,509.20	51,688.51
Free Distribution of Stationery, Magazines, Religious and other Literature	9,000.45	21,104.92	37,061.81	70,175.18
Free Cinemas, Concerts, Lectures, Pianos, Music and Gramophones	5,100.36	35,019.24	60,254.23	100,373.83
Automobile and Transport Equipment and Maintenance	1,925.85	8,700.35	23,189.34	33,815.54
Supervision of Military Camps (Canadian figures include Salaries)	11,196.66	4,013.29	.....	18,409.95
Administration Headquarters including Office Expenses (Canadian figures include Salaries)	14,106.52	8,777.40	4,544.82	27,428.74
Pay and allowances of Overseas Secretaries, not on Government pay; extra pay and rations of non-commissioned officers and men on Y.M.C.A. staff Overseas; wages and board of civilian help Overseas, and salaries of Secretaries in Military branches in Canada	40,976.68	47,640.03	33,509.54	122,126.25
Rents, Rates, Heating and Lighting	5,766.82	10,469.44	15,828.34	32,064.59
Office Equipment	.....	3,204.27	.....	1,264.27
General and Sundry Expenses including Travelling, Postages, Telephones, etc.	16,913.78	7,333.03	2,731.65	26,978.46
Interest and Exchange	.....	.....	448.85	448.85
Information and Records	.....	874.41	.....	874.41
Educational Work	.....	7,532.69	.....	7,532.69
Hospitality League Work in London	.....	973.33	.....	973.33
Expenses of sending workers Overseas	5,327.60	.....	.....	5,327.60
Amount paid to the British Y.M.C.A. for work among Canadian Soldiers	.....	35,797.50	35,797.50	71,595.00
For work among troops in Mesopotamia	5,400.00	.....	.....	5,400.00
Cash paid in Canada for Purchases of Canteen and other supplies for France, still in transit	.....	.....	240,524.86	240,524.86
For work in Military Barracks, Hospitals, Discharge Depots, on Troop Trains, etc. —				
In Ontario and Quebec	28,535.18	.....	.....	28,535.18
In Western Provinces	27,350.31	.....	.....	27,350.31
In Maritime Provinces	15,753.62	.....	.....	15,753.62
For work on Transports, in Munition Plants and Internment Camps	14,463.25	.....	.....	14,463.25
Naval work at Halifax	9,640.04	.....	.....	9,640.04
For work with Boys on Farm Service	9,573.91	.....	.....	9,573.91
				$3,795,406.39
Advertising, Printing, Organization and Collection Expenses in connection with Financial Campaigns	.....	.....	.....	54,243.09
For General Work of National Council, part of which is Military Administration and the remainder National supervision of Territories, Boys' Work, Student, Industrial and Railroad Departments, funds for which were subscribed in conjunction with Military Funds by agreement of regular contributors	.....	.....	.....	64,155.62
Balance of Receipts and Expenditures carried forward to 1918, of which $118,351.43 was at the National Headquarters, Toronto	.....	.....	.....	415,848.87
				$4,329,653.97

AUDITOR'S CERTIFICATE

We have audited the books, vouchers and accounts of the National Council Headquarters at Toronto, and of the Central Territorial Division, for the year ended 31st December, 1917, and have been furnished with the audited statements of the Maritime and Western Divisions of the National Council for the same period. We have also been furnished with the Annual Statement for England for 1917, duly audited, and the Annual Statement for France for 1917 with the auditor's Certified Statement for the six months to June 30th. Owing, we understand, to Military restriction on civilian travel between England and France, it was impossible for the auditor to go to France and complete the audit to 31st December, 1917. We have agreed the Canadian and Overseas statements with the above General Statement, which combines them, and, according to the books and statements furnished, the above statement in our opinion, correctly sets forth the operations of the National Council at home and overseas.

OSCAR HUDSON & COMPANY,
Chartered Accountants.

Toronto, July 3rd, 1918.

Canadian Women War Workers Overseas

Miss Kitty Armour

DEAR FRIENDLY READERS.—

DID you ever walk through a garden of flowers and realize that you could only gather a few? That is rather the way I felt when trying to select photos for this page. The fact that our women are in France and England at all just now, entitles them to a badge of Efficiency and Courage. And the more splendid their accomplished deeds of heroism, the more modest they become. Without exception, they insist that their particular work is not worthy of mention—it is just part of the Big Scheme to carry on. Their individuality seems to be sunk in the Cause—a lesson, my dear friends, that we have yet to learn! To be sure, they belong to separate units, but those units pull together. Ours, so often push apart. Can't we unite in a big resolve to drive steadily and without sidetracking, along the Road to Victory? Is there any one of us who would not blush with shame under the accusation of our friends overseas, that we have diverted our power, through lack of concentration? Well, then—all together—pull and let Individualism wait until we camp in the Thuringian Forest for the summer!

Faithfully,

MADGE MACBETH.

P.S.—The postman missed me entirely one day last week. Write me about the biggest amount of money raised in your town for patriotic purposes. Tell me how it was done and who was the main worker in the affair. Let's make this a page full of suggestions. One organization can help another.

Mrs. Douglas Armour

MISS KITTY ARMOUR, daughter of Mrs. Douglas Armour, whose photo is reproduced at the top right hand corner of this page, worked for a time at the Convalescent Home at Sturry, Kent, and later at the Maple Leaf Club, in London. She is now a V.A.D. at Number Two Canadian General Hospital at Treport, France.

Miss Agnes Dennis

THERE are no slackers in the family of Senator and Mrs. Dennis, of Halifax. In a recent issue of the magazine we published a photo of Miss Clare, who did such fine relief work at the time of the disaster, and we now present a photo of Miss Agnes, a graduate of Dalhousie University. Many months ago she volunteered to do any sort of work in which her services might be acceptable, and after numerous appointments, she is now travelling lecturer and organizer for the National Union of Women Workers Her "route" is confined to Scotland. Miss Dennis is a girl of unusual ability. She is too modest to recite a list of her successes, but the country does not employ inefficient women to do this type of work!

Miss Agnes Dennis

Doing War Work in Scotland

Mrs. Gordon Brown

THE friends of Mrs. Gordon Brown, of Ottawa, were not surprised when she was appointed Commandant of the new Rest House for Nurses recently opened at Boulogne. The Rest House, established by Canadian authorities, welcomes all members of the nursing sisterhood—British, American, Australian and South African. When one realizes that hotels "over there" do not admit nurses and that these wounded or exhausted women are entitled to rest and the best of care while on leave, one can understand what a boon the Rest House is. Especially was it needed and used by those nurses who had been in the bombing outrages of Etaples. Mrs. Brown has a large staff of assistants from all parts of the Dominion.

Mrs. Gordon Brown

Miss Madeline Jaffray who won the Croix de Guerre

Miss Jaffray

SINCE the preparation of this page, Miss Madeline Jaffray has returned from overseas and is now confronted with the big task of leading the U.S.A. campaign to secure five thousand of the twenty-five thousand nurses required for the American Red Cross. She would doubtless have added distinction to an already honorable career in Belgium had not a German shell shattered her foot, when it crashed into the hospital at Adinkirke, where she was the only inmate to be wounded. But although she lost her foot, she won the Croix de Guerre. She is spoken of as the first American nurse to be wounded and decorated, for she volunteered in an American unit. But she is a Canadian girl, born in Galt and a great grandniece of the late Senator Jaffray. "This is no time for women to sit in easy chairs," says this energetic worker, who is having great success in her campaign. "My foot is cork now, and I shall probably not be able to go back, but the women who can, must help out the nursing problem of the Allies, if we expect to win this war." In spite of her handicap, Miss Jaffray is doing duty at the Clifton Springs Sanatorium in addition to her directorship of the campaign.

Evelyn Brown, M.M.

AT a time when she might have been known merely as a sweet and charming debutante, Miss Evelyn Brown preferred the greater distinction of being known as a "Fanyer," and as a result was signalled out as deserving the honor previously conferred only upon men—that of being awarded the Military Medal, for courageously driving her ambulance under heavy shell-fire. Miss Brown accompanied her mother to England two years ago. Upon the death of her gallant brother, Lieut. Edmund Brown, she decided to "carry on," took a motor course, passed her tests, and for eight months was driver for Col. Godson-Godson, officer commanding the London Area. She was the first girl to be attached to the Army Service Corps. On New Year's Eve, Miss Brown crossed to France with the F. A. N. Y.—First Aid Nursing Yeomanry—and is among a band of courageous women who are the nearest of any to the firing line. She is a niece of Sir Percy Sherwood, Commissioner of the Dominion Police Department, and a grand-daughter of the late Edward Brown, a pioneer settler in the Capital of Canada.

Mrs. Leonard Murray

Who does a variety of War work

Evelyn Brown, M.M.

Mrs. Douglas Armour

MRS. ARMOUR, wife of a prominent barrister of Vancouver, and sister-in-law of Colonel Armour, who was officer in command of Shorncliffe Hospital—one of the first Canadian hospitals to be established in England, at the beginning of the war—has for the past two years been doing war work in England. Before going overseas, she was a zealous worker in the

(Continued on page 37)

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Her One Deformity

An Unnecessary Corn

When you see or feel a corn remember this:

Millions of people have found a simple, easy way to completely end this trouble.

It is Blue-jay plaster.

When a corn appears, they apply a Blue-jay, and do it in a jiffy. Then they forget it, for the corn never pains again.

In 48 hours they remove the Blue-jay, and the corn is gone. Only a rare corn needs a second application.

There is no muss, no bother, no repeated applications. There is no after-soreness.

There are none of the faults of the old-time methods, harsh and inefficient.

It doesn't take one-tenth the time it takes to pare a corn. And paring cannot end it.

For your own sake, make a test of Blue-jay. See what it does with one corn. It is doing just that with millions of corns, in a gentle, scientific way.

Please find out—and now—what folly it is to have corns.

B&B Blue-jay For Corns

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Large Package 25c—Small Package Discontinued

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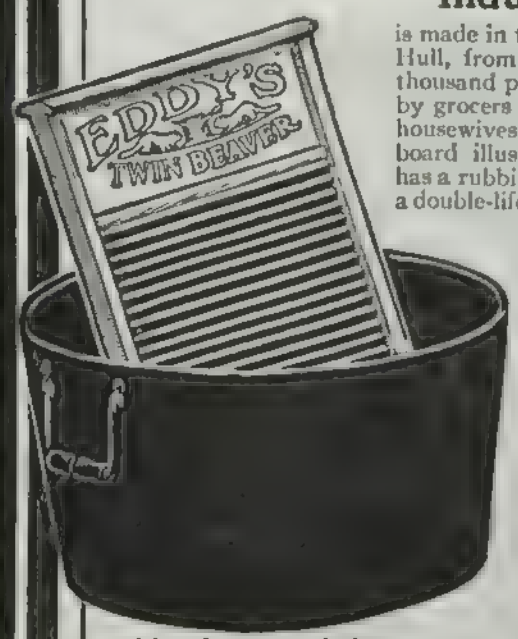
Indurated Ware

is made in the great EDDY Mills at Hull, from where we ship about a thousand pieces daily for distribution by grocers and hardwaremen to the housewives of Canada. The washboard illustrated here, for instance, has a rubbing surface on both sides—a double-life washboard. It will stand hardest usage and give longer wear than any board you have ever used. Likewise the tub. It is smooth, light in weight, will retain the heat of the water for a longer period than tubs made of metal or wood, and will outlive them by years.



Housewives everywhere have adopted both for wash days. Ask your dealer to show them to you next time you are at the store. You will be surprised at the fine appearance and comparatively low price.

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Do You Get the Most Out of Your Money?

Inculcating Money Habits

By ELIZABETH CLARE

"THE saving grace is a hard grace to beat," is a saying attributed generally to Bonnie Scotland. No person is likely to dispute the statement—but many of us would just naturally add as a postscript—"and a hard grace to acquire."

This is particularly so if one had reached the age where expenditure has long been an established fact, and money has never displayed any particular staying qualities. Learning to save is like having measles, or losing one's tonsils—it hurts less when one is young. And hand in hand with it, there should go the gentle art of learning to spend.

Most people seem to be born with a veritable genius for spending, yet few of us really get the most out of our money. It is never too soon to learn. The toddler who has mastered the fact that asking for it will usually produce a penny, and that the penny if presented at the shop, can be exchanged for a lolly-pop, is ready for the first lesson.

After all, there are few of us who can hope to get through life without reaching that point where ASKING fails to produce our pennies. We may get through the "Mother, may I have five cents for an ice-cream cone," stage successfully The "quarter" for movies or the rink may follow just as readily, and the clothes and entertainments and Sunday needs of later youth. But sooner or later, disappointment comes, and frequently it is accompanied by resentment, hurt and friction. Only a real knowledge of money values can do much to avert such unpleasant awakenings. An early sense of proportion between the money available and the things it will reasonably do, will be a help all through life.

When the first demands come from the little one for "cents" and five centses, it behooves wise parents to form a committee of ways and means, and go into immediate session.

The Allowance

WHAT can you afford to allow your child? What are his needs likely to be? Right here comes the twin lesson for it is easy to over-emphasize the acquiring of money to the child, and implant a love of money for money's sake a hoarding, materialistic tendency that often brings real unhappiness in later life.

But a tiny allowance that covers the small boy's or girls' Sunday School collection, occasional little gifts, a trifle for treats, and something still for "The Bank," will develop several desirable traits.

The child will observe in natural fashion, that there is a very definite relation between the money one has and that which one spends. The idea that the expenditure cannot be the greater, is fully accepted, and becomes a simple basic truth. If it were only universally realized, how few "money troubles" there would be in this money-ruled world of ours. An independence that is worth cultivating is another result, and giving also becomes a personal matter.

The child who merely receives his collection from mother's hand, carries it to Sunday school and drops it into the collection bag, can have nothing of the pleasure of actual giving that is experienced by the lad who has "saved collection" from his little weekly stipend. "Mother's birthday" will become a saving-point for weeks beforehand; won't every addition to the sum in the tin bank or the porcelain piggy with the convenient slit in his back, bring keen anticipatory pleasure of the actual buying and presenting of the gift?

And when the sum in the nursery bank, augmented, perhaps by sundry gifts and prizes, is sufficiently large to be put in a real bank, and the child has a savings account, "just like a grown-up"—there's new ambition in the thought.

"My eleven year old son bought a victory bond himself at the time of the last issue" announced a proud father the other day. "He thought of it himself, when he heard so much talk about what the big folks could afford to take—and of course we fell in with enthusiasm. He declared that he had fifty-three dollars since last birthday, far more than enough! When the first interest on his bond came due lately, and we all clipped our coupons, he did the same thing, and went with me to the bank to get his dollar and thirty-eight cents. It was a tag day, in aid of the Flying Force, and he gravely extended ten cents to one of the flag sellers, and said "I'll take two please—it must be bad to fall out of an aeroplane."

Debutantes and College Boys

IT is a comparatively simple matter to begin right, and the youngster that has reached the point at eleven years of age, where he realizes that he can take a part in big things by virtue of the money he has saved, and that when a need becomes apparent to him, he can do something to help, has got a fine foundation for his financial future. Extravagance will in many cases check itself if it does appear; for the child quickly finds he cannot "eat his cake and have it too," and will think twice before he wastes his substance in riotous living.

It is when these first lessons have to be learned at the ripe old age of seventeen or eighteen, that they frequently prove difficult. There is invariably a great jubilation when the young girl just at the high school or college stage, or the time when fluffy frocks and silk stockings are vastly important, is told that she will have a stated allowance. The lad who is going to ball-games "with the fellows," or who is beginning to take his chum's sister to afternoon tea or the theatre, feels splendidly affluent when he gets his first monthly allowance.

But the end of the month usually holds surprises, in the way of poverty, and after two or three months, there is frequently a re-opening of the money discussions of bygone days. "Mother" must really insist that Beatrice buy herself some useful shirt waists and nightdresses—she is in sad need of both." Beatrice, in the joy of buying the lovely yellow georgette blouse, and the pink crepe de chine nightie "just for visiting," had been forced to overlook more every-day needs.

Jack had enough ties to wear a different one each day in the week, and two on Sunday, but really he required some new underwear—the most careful mending on Mother's part could ward off the purchase no longer.

Father too, has a word to say about the unpaid bill for new school books. True if the custom were to get the books for various classes from the college librarian and pay for them when completed, at the bursar's office, this was not just running an account -the one condition on which the allowance had been granted. But when the time for payment had been allowed to pass, then the episode had assuredly passed into the forbidden class. Sterner laws than ever are made against all "charging"—for the parents themselves know what unswerving care and money-judgment is required to run charge accounts that do not lead to spending more than is intended, and that are paid with absolute regularity. Accounts are only for the money matured—and for few of them!

Unnecessary "Necessaries"

AND as the young people gradually adjust themselves to a more even administration of their funds, the parents have got a danger of their own to watch. It is difficulty for the mother to listen unmoved to her pretty young daughter's sigh as, making out her list of "Necessaries," she announces wistfully that she must forego the extra afternoon dress she had meant to buy for her holiday visit—there are so many prosy old things to buy. The temptation is to give her the dress—in spite of the knowledge that it was the expensive silk sweater that last month postponed many prosy purchases. Of course mother usually finds a way out of it, even if she does not yield to the point of making the present; "something in the house," or even a clever renovation of a last year's frock, satisfies the need, though not perhaps the craving for a certain dainty dress down town.

They may be a bit hard to learn, these money-lessons, but it is surprising how quickly they are accepted. There comes the knowledge that hand-to-mouth living

(*Continued on page 36*)

The World's Sweetheart

By

FRANCES L. GARSIDE

THERE lived early in the nineties in a section of Toronto, noted neither for its exclusiveness nor wealth, a family by the very ordinary name of Smith. There were the father, mother, and three children—Gladys, Lottie and Jack; and there was a maternal grandmother. They were poor, but managed to keep their heads above water until the death of the father and wage-earner, when the youngest child was but a babe in arms and the oldest child was four.

At the age of five this oldest child, Gladys, was going to heaven every night as "Little Eva," and supporting the family. Though young, she soon learned enough to appreciate the value of a name that hadn't a relative in every block, and she became to her world (which grew rapidly from the

In "How could you, Jean?"

neighborhood of a cheap theatre in Toronto to embrace all the lands of the earth), MARY PICKFORD. By this name she is still known; the world will recognize her under no other, though she changed it to become the wife of Owen Moore ten years ago.

"I can't remember when I didn't want to be an actress," she said; "I used to run off as soon as I could walk, and sit on the steps of a theatre close by, just to watch a certain actress come out. My father's death, and our financial plight, gave me the desired opportunity. I began my stage career before I was five; I have been on the stage ever since."

She is now twenty-seven.

She did not ask to retain a penny of her earnings in those days. She merely asked her mother for the privilege of holding her salary a few moments, and it is suspected she still asks for that privilege, for Moving Picture Theatre gossip says that her mother remains the family treasurer.

For a time the child travelled alone, and then her sister, Lottie, joined her, not only as a "protection" but an understudy.

"She used to get down on her knees and pray that I would get sick, so as to play my part," laughed Mary Pickford, "but I was frightfully healthy and it was not until she was given a part of her own that she had the chance to go on the stage. I tremble now when I think of the dangers to which we were subjected—two little girls under ten years of age and travelling with a company which took no interest in us at all. Oh, I could write a book on the unhappy experiences we have had."

At the death of her mother, Mrs. Smith joined her daughters, and the whole family became actors, all of them except Mrs. Smith, continuing with marked success their stage careers until the present time. Just recently, Lottie married and retired temporarily to play the noblest role of all—that of mother, and Jack gave up a prince's income to do his bit in the Army, while Mary, the best known of the Pickfords, is working hard making speeches for the third Liberty Loan, and taking a short vacation from her work for the screen.

"The World's Sweetheart," as a London paper calls her, was with Belasco in "A Good Little Devil," when given an opportunity to go into the movies. Frail of physique, and with a voice of childish treble that could not long have stood the

As Unity Blake in "Stella Maris"

strain of the legitimate stage, the film offered her an opportunity that better fitted her talents, and she was quick to grasp it. She made a success from the start—how great, may be judged by the fact that she was recently offered a salary of a million dollars a year by one of the best-known film companies, and refused it, knowing that she can make more in her own company!

Of all her film plays she likes best "Tess of the Storm Country," because "Tess" is a character that "offers so many varied emotions. She is so wilful, so strong, so noble, so brave, and so natural. I love the girl, and consequently, I love the part."

MISS PICKFORD likes best all those plays which have the greatest influence on the tear ducts of the audience, she enjoys those parts the most in which she is abused, neglected, beaten, starved; she so completely lives the part she is acting that for at least one-fourth of her life she is vicariously tasting all the sorrows and shames of the poor and forsaken.

She is very hard working; few girls work harder, and her days and her nights are never her own. If the weather suits the director, she may be called at daylight, and if the puppets in his hands are playing to suit him, and he is in the mood for work, he may keep every actor in the cast from Miss Pickford down to the lowest-paid person in the mob scene, at work in the studio far into the night hours after the shop girl's day has ended.

She has had little time for the type of learning which is acquired from books, but she has had much time and many opportunities for learning human nature. She seldom reads; she cares little for novels except as they may hold the possibilities of a scenario between their covers, reads only the moving picture magazines, and never reads the papers. She could not be classed among the well-educated, but she is very intelligent, and very, very shrewd. Thrifty? Yes. She has been thrifty all her life, unlike many who did not know thrift till the war came, and the trait is the more

"Rebecca—of Sunnybrook Farm"

surprising because of her Irish ancestry.

There seems to have been little in her career that would adorn a copy book for other little girls, and point a way to wealth and fame. The copy-book tells them that punctuality is the foundation of success; Miss Pickford was never on time in her life. She was always late at school, having inherited an antipathy for the clock from her maternal grandmother, who was always late to Mass, much to the humiliation of her soul, and she has been late for every thing ever since!

Her elopement at the age of seventeen, holds all the elements of romance, particularly as her mother strongly objected to the man of her choice. But none of the punishment threatened for such offence seems to have held good in her case. She is very happy with Owen Moore, in spite of reports to the contrary, and when their contracts permit, they live joyously together.

But to peer more intimately and therefore more interestedly, behind the screen of public life, when with her husband, Mary Pickford must forego the

(*Continued on page 19*)

"In Amarilly of Clothes Line Ally"

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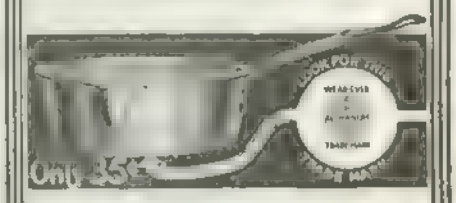
TORONTO, ONT.



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MEALS WITH MARUSHKA

Russian Cookery—First of a Series of Recipes Compiled Especially for Everywoman's World

By Florence Randall Livesay

THE Russian lady with whom I have collaborated in the preparation of this series of articles on the cookery of her own land came to Canada just before war was declared. An adventurous spirit, she left a sheltered home to see something of other countries and their ways, and she was determined to maintain herself during her prospective year of absence by doing any kind of work that presented itself. As she said: "I had an English grammar in one hand, on the voyage, and a cook-book in the other."

On a Manitoba farm she learned how to make delicious Canadian pies; how to milk cows; how to laugh herself into a "fey" mood while she knelt beneath the kitchen table scrubbing the floor. She found everything "interessno," that much-used adjective on the lips of Russians; and in return gave me an idea of the Russian outlook on life. Frankly she confessed that meals bulk large in their idea of how a day should be passed. As she naively remarked: "We eat—you only make as if you eat."

It may be that we can learn from Russia how to gain a little more variety and other flavors in our dishes; and how to make the most of some fruits like the cranberry, which at present we neglect. At any rate, one may hope that the reading of what the Russians eat and drink may at least prove "interesting."

Religion and Cookery

IN Russia "Father" does not carve the duck; instead the mother, the head of the menage—working at home while her husband's duties lie elsewhere—sees to the details of the meals and the carving for her brood. The meat is placed on a platter, and is passed around either by servants or members of the family. The same procedure takes place with vegetables or dessert. In a more fashionable household all the carving is done by skilled servants in the kitchen; and in the little book which has been my guide the first directions are devoted to the dismemberment of fowls and the carving of meat, so that, when placed on a dish, it will be daintily arranged and easily served, while appearing, as far as possible, with disguising garnishing, like a whole chicken or roast.

"Povarennaya Kneyjeka," then, tells us: "When the hot fowl is carved place the back on a platter; then on top put pieces of the breast; on either side the wings and legs respectively; arrange the garnishing of fried celery leaves about it and make the bird appear as a whole, while ready to fall to pieces at a touch."

The cooking of fish is done in the same way; the fish in its entirety must appear on the table, "with all the appurtenances thereof." In its mouth a green leaf is placed—on the top, slices of lemon. As salmon and other fish in Russia are very large, a special serving dish is kept in every household, very long; while the cook has also a special pan, with apparatus to prevent the fish breaking when taken out of the oven. Cold fish is highly esteemed and is combined in many different ways, especially for supper parties. A favorite color scheme is the cold fish arranged with small surrounding portions of cooked carrots, beets, peas and potatoes, diced, and salad leaves; or sometimes fish jelly is added instead, the water in which the fish is boiled, having been thickened with flour.

That religion should be the key-note of a cookery book may seem strange to us, but the contents of the Russian Recipe Book put matters very decisively at the start. "Skaromni stol": What you eat if not fasting. These dishes are pirogi (pies) soups, sauce, vegetables with salads, Ruba (fish), kasha (porridge), pirogenoi (cakes) Under "Fasting Dishes" come soups, fish, sauce, vegetables, pies, cakes.

Sour cream, which enters so largely into the diet of the Russians, does so in great measure because of the enforced fasting. The seven weeks abstinence from butter means much curd and sour cream for the Pascha festival. There is a substitute for sugar, and oil from sunflower seed is used instead of butter; mustard and other oils are also much used.

In Hakluyt's Voyages, you can read what Master Anthony Jenkinson wrote home to London concerning the fasts of the Russians in the year of grace, 1557: "The Russes begin their Lent alwaies 8 weekes before Easter; the first weeke they eat egs, milke, cheese and butter, and make great cheare with pancakes and such other things, one friend visiting another. In the next weeke they make and keepe a great fast . . . The Emperor's Majestie eateth but one morsel of bread and drinketh but one draught of drinke once in the day during that week. The other six weeks they keepe as we do ours, but not one of them will eate butter, cheese, egs or milke."

Breakfast

THE Russian breakfast has until recently been the European one—a very light affair of rolls and tea; but more and more it is yielding to the introduction of more solid dishes, though the English bacon is not yet among these. No cereals are ever served.

Bread means a different thing to the people of Petrograd than to us. They have no need of the gems and hot biscuits and popovers which appeal so much to us. By the way, they do not use any baking powder, and rarely soda or cream of tartar, depending on eggs, which are plentiful and cheap.

WHEN Canadian housewives imagine that they have come to their wits' end compiling and using recipes which make for greater economy, then it is time for them to investigate the kitchen economics of other nations—nations probably less fortunate at the present time in the matter of food stuffs than are Canadians.

Florence Randall Livesay, the noted Canadian author, has made a special study of the customs of Russian women -more particularly has she secured from them their methods of cooking and preparing their food stuffs.

"Meals with Marushka" is the result of this investigation. She has obtained from Russian housewives recipes and menus that can be adapted to Canadian use, effecting thereby a large measure of thrift.

We recommend them to our readers as practical, interesting and satisfying.

Katherine M Caldwell

It is because the Russian has a delightful variety of good bread always obtainable, that he does not care for much else. He selects his tit-bits for breakfast or lunch with a nice discrimination. There are eight or nine bakers on every important street, a bake-shop at every corner. Each day brings its own choice—Patkofki, the horseshoe loaf; rosenchiki, the round bread; salonya bulki, delicious little coils of gold-brown, slightly salted on top; the small, flat strips of dried-out crispy bread known as suhari; real Russian bread, kalachi, folded on top like a knob, and only good when hot; suchkii, ring-shaped bread; bubeliki and branki, doughnut-shaped, to be cut in half and well buttered. Lastly, the French or Polish Francoiskie or Polskoi bulki.

The Samovar is expressive of the Russian temperament in its leisureliness—there is always time for everything. It is on duty practically all day, and while at a meal the family may drink tea for an hour, sipping and talking in pleasantly restful mood. Hot wood coals are placed in the receptacle beneath; the water is poured into the reservoir, and when it boils a pinch of tea from China—always of excellent quality, clear, pale-yellow in the brewing, with faint aroma and flavor—is put into the tea-pot, and this process goes on throughout the meal as occasion requires. A housekeeper's reputation would be lost if any tea-leaves slipped through the tiny sieve. With this tea no cream or milk is required, as it spoils the delicate flavor, and this explains the inevitable slice of lemon. Sometimes, however, a spoonful of jam or preserves is added, as a concession to individual taste.

Russian peasants seem to enjoy a cup of tea with the greatest gusto of any nation; they sit in a little group round the table, upon which their arms rest, and drink the steaming tea out of their saucers.

"He left his spoon in his cup!" said a Canadian society girl in speaking of a titled Russian who had been her mother's guest while passing through Canada. What seemed a gaucherie was the most natural thing in the world, for in Russia men do not drink tea out of cups, but out of a glass fitted into a silver holder, known as pod-stakanik (under-glass). In this way these tea connoisseurs can hold up the glass to the light and satisfy themselves as to its color.

Soups

THERE is said to be no Russian equivalent for the English simile, "As thin as a match." Marushka laughingly says that is because her people take so much soup. "Always a good full dish for dinner; and we make good soups!"

In the first place dinner is begun with a little appetizer; hors d'oeuvres—Zakuska— in the shape of salted herring, caviare, etc. Small pasties are then served with the soup—Piroshki—filled with bits of rice or meat, possibly mushrooms. Or perhaps it will be grinki, pieces of toasted bread and cheese, or buckwheat porridge, as in the popular Tcshi y Kasha (soup and porridge).

Again, a slice of Perog may be offered. This is the pie with a thin crust above and beneath, with browned bread-crumbs on top, the filling being of meat and onions. It is cooked in a large roasting-pan and is something of a stand-by whenever one is hungry, or for the children's school lunch.

Sour cream is a necessity as a flavoring at table for certain soups, each one helping himself to the amount desired.

In the old fairy stories where the heroine is reduced to rigs she always manages to live on nettles. If she had been a Russian this could have been made into tasty fare. Here is a recipe for Krapiva—soup made of nettles; or of spinach and sorrel.

Take two pounds of nettles or spinach and sorrel; boil and strain after letting it simmer with soup bones. Then make the "Podboltka"—the preparation of milk and flour or sour cream and flour used to thicken soups—of two tablespoonfuls sour cream, one and a half of flour, boil till it thickens.

At the table a hard-boiled egg is placed in each plate and the soup is poured over it; some prefer to have sour cream on the table instead of the "Podboltka."

Borsch

THIS soup, made of beets, is a very popular one. The ingredients are five beets, either baked or boiled and cut in long strips; bouillon or stock is added, with an onion and seasoning of salt, pepper, cloves, bay leaves, chervil, etc. Cook half an hour before serving.

The peasants do not use tomatoes, but city people make this soup with five tomatoes, fried in butter, put through a sieve and with the addition of mixed flour and butter. This is poured into the Borsch and when the tureen is on the table three tablespoonfuls of sour cream are added, and a little dill

Stchi—Lenyewaya (Lazy Soup)

CUT half a head of fresh cabbage in pieces; add to water in which soup bones are boiling. When soft, add a little flour and let it boil up once or twice; do not strain. At table, add sour cream to taste. This soup can be made with salted cabbage in the same way, but then no sour cream is added. The usual seasoning is left to the discretion of cooks.

Soup Made from Fish

INTO boiling water throw two onions, parsnip and one carrot, with a little celery, salt, etc. When boiled take out; add to the water in which these have been cooked the fish desired. These are always small and after being cleaned and scaled are cooked whole; the Russians use yrusch, shelk, perch, etc., mostly.

Make a "podboltka" to thicken slightly. Boil together until the fish is cooked. At table, serve a fish in each plate.

THERE is a soup of which Russians are very fond, made of the giblets of geese, together with feet, legs, wings and the necks. A pair of geese is needed. The above mentioned articles are boiled, the froth being skimmed at intervals; seasoned to taste, thickened with mixed butter and flour and just before serving slices of salted cucumber, cut in the round, are added.

"We even have iced soup, which we eat in summer," says Maruskha, "but though I have eaten it, I must say I am not fond of it."

It contains a large amount of "quass," the beverage of which Russians are so fond. This soup is greatly beloved of the peasantry, but it can be obtained in the most exclusive restaurants in Petrograd.

Experiment Kitchen

Hot Weather Suggests Its Own Remedies

AUGUST has an unmistakable suggestion of "vacation" about it, which does not always materialize. For various reasons—economy, the care of our gardens, the compelling interest of our war work—many of us are testing the summer comfort to be found on the home porch and in the shaded and darkened house that perhaps has been long unused to a summer tenant.

Where there is a pleasant verandah, or a lawn or yard that lies at least in part shadow, contentment is not hard to find. The trouble with many of us lies in the fact that we appreciate too little the out-door possibilities of even the most limited spaces.

Every housewife should test the lessening of labor achieved by the simple picnic meal—even if it be served on the family grass-plot. It has two great points in its favor—there are few dishes and the preparations can be completed early in the day.

A folding table such as the one illustrated in Figure 1 will be a sturdy aid to any al fresco occasion. Skilled in the art of making itself unobtrusive when it is not needed, such a table can tuck up its legs and slip neatly behind the sideboard or into even a well-filled cupboard. It is strongly built—nothing of the gim-crack about it, and in birch, mahogany or oak finish, with or without a green-baize cover, it can adapt itself to its surroundings. When folded, the legs lie diagonally across the under surface; when erected, they are braced as firmly as grandmother's dining table. The price averages about $8.00. A lighter make of folding table, much the same in style, costs but $3.50 to $5.00.

Of course, such a table's uses are by no means confined to the porch and the dog-days. As a tea, card or work table, it will do twelve months' good service yearly.

Fig. 1.—A Folding Table is convenient

IF you want to purchase any of the articles on this page, write to us for the address of the manufacturer or merchant who handles it. Or if you would like us to make the purchase for you, enclose money order to cover cost and we will do your shopping without any charge to you.

Katherine M Caldwell.

The Automatic Egg Boiler

THAT there is always one more piece of electrical equipment than we thought, is the pronouncement of the egg-boiler illustrated in Fig. 2. Watch-the-clock and hour-glass methods slip out through the window when this cooker comes in through the door. For it carries efficiency to a far point and does its own timing! You set it, and no matter how long it is before you come back to it, you will find three-minute eggs or four-minute eggs, just as you had decreed. This delightful lessening of responsibility is thoroughly acceptable when breakfast-time has broken too rudely into the cherished "last half hour" of the cook's sleep.

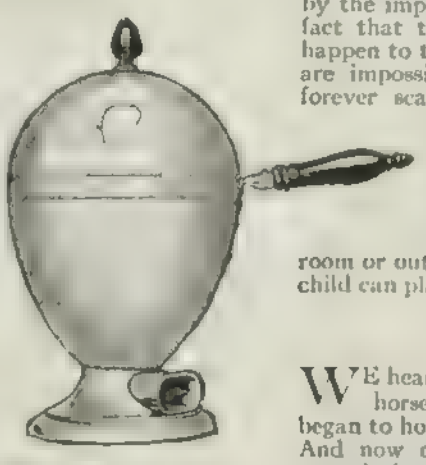

Fig. 2.—Insures Eggs always "just right"

Workless Ice Cream

THOROUGHLY in accord with the idea of abolishing unnecessary labor is the latest ice cream freezer on the market. We all know how the joys of home-made ice cream have been tempered by taking a turn at the handle! The new freezer is all in one, with the exception of two lids and large rubber washers. A deep well in the middle, holds the cream or mixture to be frozen. Around this is the ice-chamber, and outside of that, an air chamber.

It is only necessary to invert the freezer and pack the ice-chamber with finely crushed ice, to each three cups of which is added one cup of coarse, rock salt. A cup of water is poured over the whole, the rubber ring adjusted and the lid clamped on. Then the freezer is righted, the cream is poured into the well, the lid is put on this end in the same way, and a cover thrown over the freezer. It is well to turn the freezer upside down, after a time, to freeze the cream evenly. No turning or beating—and a fine even ice cream results. The price for a one-quart freezer is $4.00; for the two-quart size, $5.00.

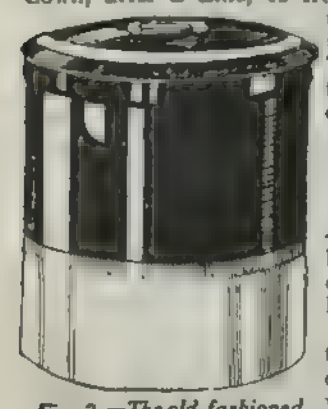

Fig. 3.—The old fashioned brown crock will help conserve food, and will hold everything from bread to pickles.

A Valuable Little Stove

A LITTLE stove, that costs 25c., and occupies but a few inches of space, cannot lack popularity if it has *any* points in its favor.

Fig. 6 shows a tiny cooker that will really do a great deal. The daisy tea-kettle will sing in seven minutes, if it holds a pint of water. Or the soup or beans or scrambled egg at the picnic supper, will cook to a nicety over its steady flame; for the fuel is the same as that which is used in the splendid little Trench Cooking Kits featured in the May Experiment Kitchen. The same principal is applied to this little fire-pot, and although it has not the wealth of possibilities that have been combined in the specially designed soldier's kit, it will "do one thing at a time and do it well." The fuel is so compressed that many "boilings" fit into quite a small tin box. The cost of the fuel is 50c. for a box of cubes.

Baby's Castle

WITH just one end in view—baby's absolute comfort and safety—a "Koop" such as that at the foot of the page in Fig. 4 cannot fail in its objective. Light, strong and sanitary to begin with, it progresses through all the recommendations of comfort, quality, safety and good looks. The light mesh with which the frame is covered keeps baby in and flies, mosquitos and all such baby-disturbers out. If the child is of an athletic turn of mind, he cannot climb out if the top is fastened. When a means of ingress and egress are required, however, the hinged roof is thoroughly amenable. The safety clause is justified, not only by the impossibility of a fall, but by the fact that the accidents that continually happen to the creeping and toddling child are impossible. Small investigators are forever scalding, burning or falling, or eating things that spell danger or death. The busy mother can dispel any anxieties regarding these things, if she can deposit the small person in his white play-pen. Rubber-tired, easy-rolling, wheels facilitate its transfer from room to room or out to the porch or lawn. Out-doors or in, the child can play or sleep in comfort and safety.

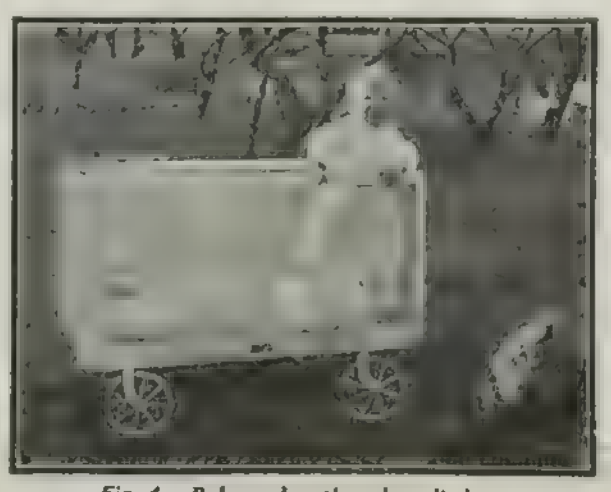

Fig. 4.—Baby and mother share its joys

The Iceless Refrigerator

WE heard of, laughed at, and finally believed in "the horseless carriage," when the automobile first began to honk its way into the list of premier necessities. And now comes "the iceless refrigerator." It could scarcely be more needed, for the price of ice goes up, as the block grows smaller. Where we used to adjure the ice man nonchalently to "fill up the ice-box well," we now look anxiously at the small block and wrap an old blanket round it to conserve it. From the Montreal Women's Food Economy Committee comes the welcome news that the iceless refrigerator is possible, and just how it can be made. The instructions are as follows:

Make a wooden frame 30 to 40 inches high, 20 to 15 inches wide, but not more than 12 inches from front to back. Use 1 inch square lumber. Have one or more movable shelves resting on the cross braces. Paint this frame and shelves white.

Place a shallow pan under the frame and a deeper one on top. The top pan must be kept full of water. Cover the entire frame loosely with wet cotton cloth to fit, meeting at the middle of the frame in front that it may conveniently be drawn apart, acting as a door.

Allow 3 or 4 inches of the top of the cloth to rest in the pan of water on top, and the lower edge of the cloth to rest in the lower pan.

This simple device will keep fresh meats, fresh vegetables and fruits, milk and butter, but it must stand in a current of air, otherwise it will not do the work. The food inside is well protected from dust, flies, etc. The frame and cloth must be sterilized at least once a week. The evaporation which takes place draws the heat from the inside and a temperature of 50 degrees can be maintained.

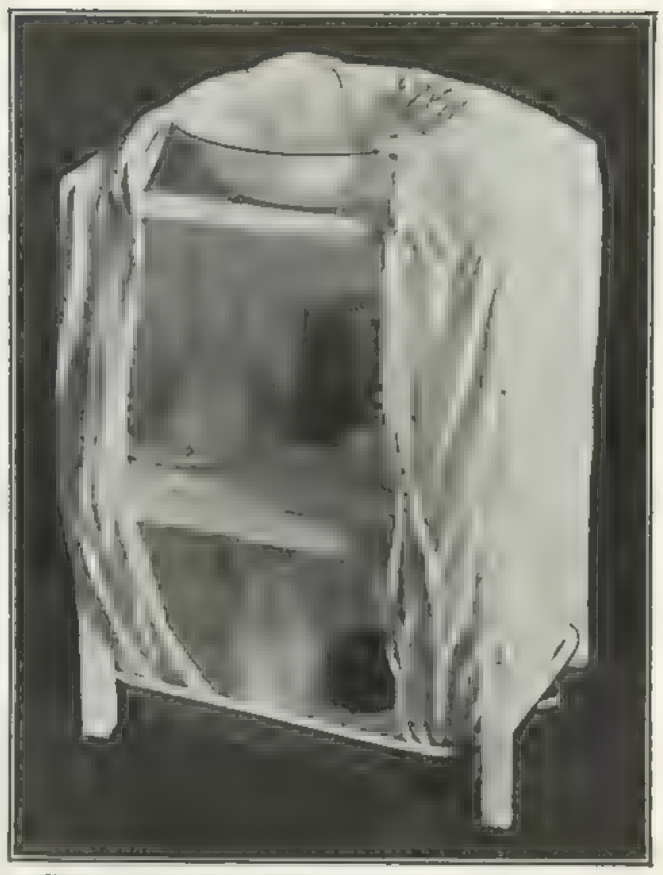

Fig. 5.—The Iceless Refrigerator can be made at home

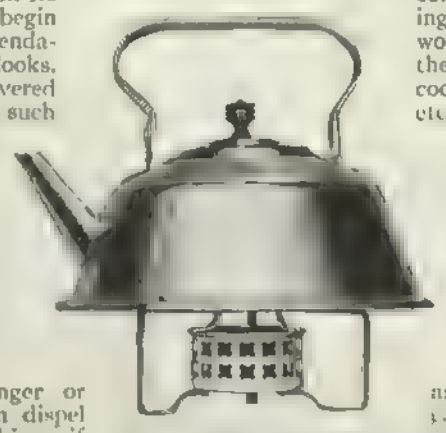

Fig. 6.—Boils in 7 minutes

The Household Fan

WE have enjoyed the electric fan that made our restaurants, Pullman cars and other public places comfortable; we have admired the ingenuity of the storekeeper who worked his fan twelve months in the year, using it in summer for coolness, to keep flies off his goods, etcetera, and in winter, stationing it in his window to prevent the obscuring of his display by elaborated frost traceries. Yet it is surprisingly how few people have regarded the electric fan as a thoroughly "domestic animal." There are few things that will add more to the comfort of the home during the torrid days, than an electric fan. If your rooms are so small that the ordinary sized fan sets up somewhat of a gale, then there is a tiny fan that will amaze you by its air-stirring abilities. It is perfect for the apartment or the small-roomed house.

Besides just circulating refreshing air currents in dining room, sitting room, or even on the porch, the fan will soon command itself for other uses. Try leaving it going at a comfortable distance from your bed some still, hot night. Its gentle breeze and soft whir-r-r will act as the kindliest sleep inducer.

Baby, too, will appreciate the fan. It should be placed far enough from crib or carriage not to play too strongly on the little one, and it will still act as a guardian, helping baby's netting to keep away the troublesome flies.

A timely use for the electric fan has been established by the popular drying of fruits and vegetables. This is perhaps the least troublesome way of all, to dry your winter's supply. Simply arrange the thinly sliced fruits and vegetables on trays, piling these several deep (separating them by blocks or small boxes placed at the corners, so that there is an air space of several inches between each tray) and place the fan in front of the rack so that its breeze will play over each tier. This is a particularly clean method of drying, and one that can be carried out in the least-used room in the house instead of the busy kitchen.

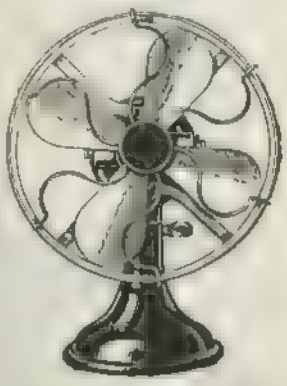

Fig. 7.—Breezy and useful

The Old Earthen Crock

WE have had so many revivals of old-time materials and cookery in our kitchens of late, that it is not amiss to put in a word for the too-often forgotten earthen crock. Time was when every kitchen had its row of covered crocks, their generous capacities of usually from one to five gallons, fitting them for everything from pickles or brown sugar to eggs that were "put down" for the winter.

Apropos of that self-same brown sugar (which has returned to a popularity merited by its really superior flavor for some uses and the fact that it aids in sugar conservation by giving a greater yield of sugar from the cane), the very best way to keep it in the right condition, is to use one of these brown crocks, and keep a wet cloth over it beneath the lid. Brown sugar, unlike white, must not be kept in a dry state or it grows hard and lumpy. If this hint is followed, you will always have your rich, moist brown sugar just as it should be.

An earthen crock is a first-class substitute for the expensive tin bread-box, as it costs only from 60c. to $1.25.

Today Will Never Come Again

TIME wasted on street cars and other ways by some men during the year would buy a Ford Car for them, figuring their time at its money value.

If a man earning $2400.00 loses one hour each day, his lost time for the year would be worth $300.00, or half enough to buy a Ford Car.

Whatever *your* time may be worth, a Ford will make it more valuable.

Perhaps you are a salesman or traveller. The horse is too slow—the street car doesn't always travel just where you want to go, and waiting for trains means hours at a time wasted.

With a car, you are hampered by nothing. You go and come just when you are ready, and travel just where you please. Every city street, every country road is a road for the Ford.

Sit down and figure up what a Ford would save you in time and money, and even without considering the added comfort and convenience in your daily life, we believe you will be convinced that you should get your Ford without further delay.

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Do You Know How to Eat?

Advice on the Care of the Teeth by a Prominent Specialist

DOESN'T everyone know how to eat? No! Why? Because!

In the first place, man was made to fit certain kind of food. He was given teeth and a digestive apparatus suitable for turning certain foods into muscle, bone or heat, as these were needed or used up. Under those pre-Adamite conditions there was no cooking. Fire even had not been discovered, except in the form of, and as the result of, lightning. How to make a fire at will, man did not know.

Before foods were cooked man was compelled to chew his food, for it was not found in a liquid or mushy state, and there was not much of it.

In digging up human skeletons, which must have lived ages and ages ago, we find that men and women lived to great age and often died with full sets of teeth in their heads. These teeth were well worn, but not decayed.

Thus we know that when there were no liquid or mushy foods, and when everybody was compelled to chew his food well in order to get the good there was in it, out of it, he was more healthy, and lived longer and kept his teeth better than he does now.

When did men forget how to eat?

When cooking was discovered and pie-making, and soup, and spices were invented It then became easy to swallow, or bolt the food without properly mixing it with the saliva, which is the first great necessity of good digestion.

That is how everybody forgot how to eat right. Old folks were in a hurry to turning certain foods into muscle, bone, get back to work, and little folks were in a hurry to get out to play, and hence all of them got in the habit of eating too fast. So fast, that saliva had no chance to mix with the food, and half of it was not digested at all.

We know now that food which is not digested, and thus made into blood or heat, is liable to rot in the stomach, or somewhere in the intestines. When the food rots in the body, it poisons the body, and that is what makes a person feel sick or tired. No well person should be tired in any other way than being sleepy. Other kinds of the "tired feeling" besides sleepiness mean sickness.

Since we cannot always conveniently eat nothing but raw food, and since cooked food tastes so good to us, how can we avoid eating in the wrong way? That is the important question.

I will tell you.

Just treat the cooked foods, the soups, and mushes, and the like, just the same as our forefathers were compelled to treat their raw food, so as not to be sick or tired.

Chew everything that is solid for all it is worth, and get all the taste out of it before swallowing.

Keep Mouth and Nose Clean

THE importance of keeping the mouth and nose clean during infancy has not received as much emphasis as it should. The bones of the face and the teeth will not develop normally if the mucuous membranes covering them are diseased or improperly nourished. The great trouble with most children seems to be obstructions of the nose in the form of adenoids or deviated septa, and crowded or irregularly placed teeth and enlarged tonsils, all of which can be prevented if proper attention is given to the soft tissues of the nose and mouth during the infantile or formative periods.

Mouth Toilet for the Infant.—It is difficult to prescribe a successful mouth toilet for infants, and yet it would seem to be absolutely necessary. The pure milk from the mother's breast is often contaminated sufficiently while passing through the child's mouth to cause serious intestinal disturbances. The mouth should be cleansed by irrigation or by swabbing it with some soft absorbent cotton on a probe saturated with a mild disinfectant.

The throat and nose should also be occasionally washed out with a suitable antiseptic. The bottle nipples, if used, should be frequently renewed and always thoroughly cleaned after use. During the teething period, rubber or other hard rings given the child to chew upon should be kept clean and the mouth watched to determine if any irritation is being produced by the mechanical use. It is questionable whether these hard substances should be used at all as excessive irritation may produce a tough growth over the tooth, making its penetration by the growing tooth more difficult. If the child's fingers can be kept clean they make better tooth cutters, even though this should establish the thumb-sucking habit, which, however, can be corrected easily, and the drooling of the saliva is much better than to have the child continually swallowing it to interfere with its digestion. The mouth, nose and throat should be kept clean and free from all infectious diseases of their mucous membranes. Good teeth and breathing organs will be the result, and the child will have a chance to develop to its normal capacities.

One Automobile in Every Forty

ONE automobile for every forty individuals in the country is Canada's record. This might be said to represent one car for every eight families in the Dominion, and probably involves a capital expenditure of $20,000,000, or a per capita investment of $25. It may mean that during the year just ended the people of Canada have spent less than between $30,000,000 and $40,000 000 on the automobile alone.

Accepting the following figures as the most authentic available, the increase of the cars operating in Canada during 1917 over those registered in 1916 shows that, in spite of war conditions, the automobile is constantly growing in popularity. The comparison of the two years is as follows:—

	1916	1917
Alberta	8,094	21,061
British Columbia	7,243	10,600
Manitoba	11,727	18,500
New Brunswick	2,866	5,160
Nova Scotia	4,510	5,054
Ontario	52,359	78,193
Prince Edward Island		291
Quebec	15,047	21,295
Saskatchewan	13,751	31,364
	115,597	191,518

New Cars, 76,000

WITHOUT making any allowance for cars scrapped and replaced by new cars, there were nearly 76,000 new cars registered in Canada during 1917, more cars than were operating in the Dominion in 1914. The number of cars in the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan have more than doubled in one year. With the increase in Manitoba, it shows that the farmer is keeping well abreast of the times, and with his greater prosperity is demonstrating that he feels he can at least put a good deal of his money in circulation for modern conveniences.

Ontario continues to keep well in the lead with more than the total of any other three provinces combined. Of the cities, Toronto maintains its lead of many thousands. A comparison of the number of cars in the larger cities is as follows:—

Calgary	2,663	Regina	1,411
Edmonton	1,048	Saskatoon	1,225
Halifax	656	St. John	899
Hamilton	3,542	Toronto	18,342
London	1,858	Vancouver	4,639
Montreal	8,407	Victoria	2,007
Ottawa	1,864	Winnipeg	6,222
		Total	54,783

Commercial Cars

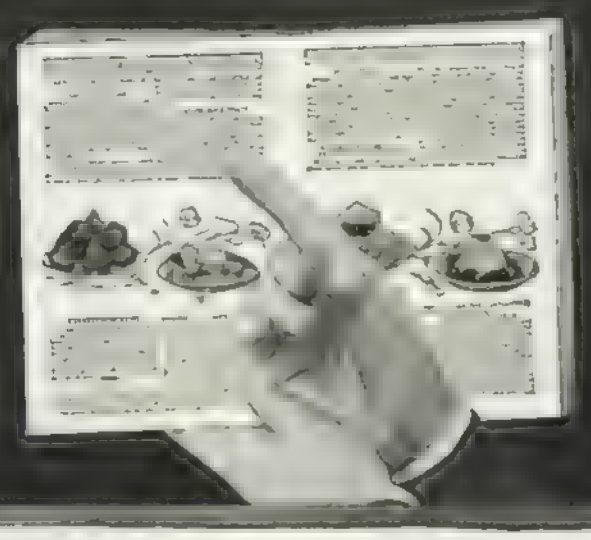
NO consideration has been given in the above figures to the commercial cars. These are included along with the pleasure cars and constitute the smaller portion of cars registered in most provinces. In British Columbia there are 2, 650 commercial cars and in Ontario 5,000. Close figures are not available for the other provinces.

There are many ways of profitably analysing the distribution of cars—by makes, by territories, by values. As no one hitherto attempted to show the distribution in the rural communities and in the smaller places, so far as the writer is aware, the percentage proportion of cars in places, in each province, with a population of 5,000 and under, is as follows:—

Alberta	74%	Ontario	50%
British Col.	34%	Prince Ed. Id.	53%
Manitoba	59%	Quebec	42%
New Brunsw'k	72%	Saskatchewan	86%
Nova Scotia	53%		

From the *Monetary Times*.

Carnation
— for every recipe



This Practical Recipe Book

Free to Readers of Everywoman's World

CARNATION MILK lends itself to the preparation of all food far better than ordinary milk. Our free recipe book illustrated above will be sent to any reader of Everywoman's World upon request and will tell them how to use Carnation Milk to best advantage. Try it in the many meatless and wheatless recipes given in our recipe book.

More Convenient for Cooking

Carnation Milk is more convenient than ordinary milk for it will keep indefinitely until opened and for several days thereafter. Economical—because there is no waste. Use it for cooking and baking. Simply dilute with water as per instructions on the can. If you have been using skimmed milk for cooking, simply add more water.

CARNATION MILK will fill every milk use to your utmost satisfaction. Remember Carnation is only pure cow's milk, with part of the water taken out by evaporation and sterlized to maintain its wholesomeness. Babies as well as grown-ups thrive on it. A few cans in your pantry and you are always ready for guests. It adds its rich quality to all food prepared with it.

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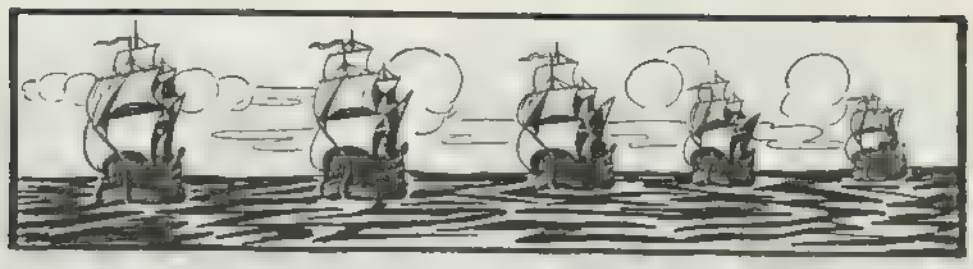

The Heart of Miss Honora

(*Continued from page 7*)

MISS HONORA now began to sympathize with her married friends. How she had misjudged them in times past! How weak she had thought them when they had given in meekly to their offsprings' demands. Children certainly were not little angels. Still, she couldn't find it in her heart to scold these tots. Cold-hearted and severe as she was supposed to be yet she couldn't blame Edme and Marcel for wanting to stick together, the sole survivors of a family of ten.

"At the same time, this running backward and forward has to stop," she thought, with her old decision. "I just won't be made a laughing-stock. . . . . Engaged! Huh! I'll engage Matthew in something he won't be likely to forget in a hurry if he can't come to some sort of settlement about the boy."

But a whole week passed and she did not hear from him. Of course he was probably taking off the rest of his hay and maybe cutting that west field of oats. But his evenings were free surely. And the longer he put off the problem the harder it would be to solve. She had ordered only one orphan, felt capable of handling only the one, yet here she was with two on her hands, while Matt went about his business leaving her to look after *his* little ward. Of course Marcel was in far better case where he was, for no doubt Matthew would kill him with overindulgence or good-natured neglect, yet what was to be done about it? Not that she minded the slight extra trouble the poor wee chap made. It was—well, it was the look of the thing and the having to explain the why and wherefore to the numerous callers. Such a stream of them! Miss Honora was becoming suddenly very popular.

Then one day in the ensuing week she had a stranger come to call, a large stout man whom she had never seen before, and who sat in her austere parlor and breathed heavily, and showed her a letter which made her quite angry. That same evening Matthew Stubbs came up to call for Marcel, and upon his head fell the deluge. Some women can give this effect of a deluge without descending to Billingsgate manners, and Miss Honora was one of them. More composed she had never been—nor more indignant. She invited Matt into the living-room, which was bathed in the rosy light of the setting sun, and pointed to a chair. Then she sat down opposite and eyed him coolly, waiting for him to speak first. She meant to convey by look and action that, in the language of Jimmie Guthrie, she "was onto him." But poor stupid Matt saw nothing more terrible in her address than he had already experienced, and he sat twirling his hat and coughing politely, but otherwise silent. Matt's mind was a simple one, and his conscience clear.

"Where are the children?" he asked at length.

"In bed."

"Gosh! Already?"

"I know what is best for children, even if I am single."

"No doubt. Only—only—I came for the boy."

"Well, you can't have him—now or ever."

"Why—Great Scott, Honora! Is he sick—or anything?"

"Not at all. I intend to keep him myself now."

Matt began to feel the tension for the first time.

"See here, Honora, you—you're not put out because I didn't show up all week for the kid? I've been so blamed busy and then the past two days I've been in the city. In fact, I only got home this afternoon on the four-fifteen. You see—"

But Miss Honora shook her head. The last bit of information however was enlightening. Mrs. Porter had been in the city since the day before yesterday, on a buying trip for her customers!

"No, Matthew, I'm not put out over it," she said coldly. "I am only wondering why you thought fit to—to mix me up in all sorts of gossip—talk—when it was so easy to explain at once that day, that Marcel was your cousin John Stubbs' orphan and that you were only looking after him until he returned from his western trip. You evidently wished to humiliate me—"

"Honora, believe me—"

"—And you thought that this chasing back and forth would make talk. It has. How much longer you would have permitted the misunderstanding to go on I can't guess, but to-day John Stubbs (of whom I had never even heard before, but who says he lives out in the twelfth concession) drove in to get the orphan he had written for. They sent him here, and when he learned that the boy was only five years old he wouldn't have him at all. Says he ordered a boy of fifteen to help him on the farm—"

"Well, you see, the boy of fifteen died just prior to sailing, and for some reason the little chap was substituted. I had a letter—or rather John it was that the letter was addressed to, and I opened it—that very day explaining about it."

"Well, why could you not have told me?"—harshly.

"Honora, did you give me any chance? You've been real sociable all along, haven't you?"

Miss Honora had never known that Matt could be ironical. She was somewhat startled.

"Let us terminate this interview," she said, rising. "And I hope you understand that I keep the boy. I told your cousin so."

Matt took his hat and followed her from the room.

"Good evening, Matthew," said Miss Honora, with finality.

Matt swept an unseeing glance over the scene before them, and then his sober brown eyes came to rest on the face of his companion. She was dressed in a fresh lilac print and a very faint flush tinted her yet unlined cheek. Her dark hair where only a very few silver threads had commenced to show above her brow, had loosened a little from its compact and severe form and in the half-light it lent to her a girlish charm. But her eyes remained cold.

"HONORA," began Matt, setting his hat more firmly on his head, "it's—it's a beautiful evening after the rain."

"You will find it damp underfoot."

He sighed.

"Ah well! There's aye something."

"And a man of forty-three needs to look out for his health.

"Yes, I'm getting on, Honora. Ain't sure you."

She did not reply. A remark like that from a man is hardly a compliment for a woman.

"Honora, I'd like awfully well to—get married," he said, with a suddenness that made her start. "Do—do you think I'm too old?"

Promptly but in a very small voice she hastened to assure him that a man is never that. And if there was a trace of acerbity in her tone he was too preoccupied to notice.

"I'm so blamed lonely too down there in that big empty house, with just the Jap for company. I—and think of all the wasted years! I—I—sure wish I had done it long ago."

"Then you are going to—to marry?"

"I'd like to, mighty well. But I haven't got any technique with women, Honora. My tongue seems to be all tied in knots when I want to say the right words. And women don't help you out."

A queer smile twisted Miss Honora's lips. Fancy the widow Porter not being there with the promptings!

"Don't you worry, Matthew! . . . . What's that?"—suddenly.

"Sounds like one of the kids," replied Matt, listening.

"Yes, I suppose it's Edme wanting a glass of water. Well, I guess I'll say good-night, Matthew."

Thus, abruptly, she left him and a moment or two later, from an upstairs window she caught the sound of the car whirring away down the hill. She stood looking out for a time, thinking. Well, she had two charges now, and it was lucky that legacy was such a substantial one! A tiny ache of disappointment however remained. She still think Matthew might have offered to do something for the boy. Her eye caught the silvery gleam of the rural mail box at her gate and she suddenly remembered that she had not yet brought in the afternoon paper. It had been raining so hard at five o'clock.

Holding her skirts high to avoid the wet grass along the edge of the path she went out and opened the box. There was the paper and—one letter.

Under the living-room lamp she opened

(*Continued on page 34*)

The Attendant Fashions for Swimming and Riding

And Various Vogues for August

By HELEN CORNELIUS

WITH the same equanimity and calm that characterizes the fearless spirit of the Parisian, from Mam'selle sipping her sugarless tea on the Bois, to les enfants, sans care and caution gamboling on the green; despite the ominous growls emitted from the jaws of "Grosse Berthe," the devotee of the bracing "briny" will brave the "perils of Pauline," incurred by the menace of the lurking submarine, to be in the swim of surfdom's fashions.

Inland lake resorts may be the choice of the safety-first or fresh-water nymphs, but whether the curtain rises on the shores of the ocean's burning beach or the rock bound banks of Banff, an all star bill of bathing beauties in "curt" costumes will be part of the program.

It's a fact, very significant of the age that in the stirring war melodrama, "Seven Days Leave," when the heroine swims out to sea to brave gun-fire, and cut the wires of a submarine signal buoy planted by German spies, she appears on the stage clad in the smartest of bathing costumes, as charming as her other costumes in the play. To be sure, it's a one-piece suit, known as the Annette Kellerman, quite the same as any young boy might wear. But after all, is there any logical reason why woman should abandon the traditions of her sex when she goes bathing, be it in salt water or fresh, and don a suit in which she emerges from the water with all the appearance of a drowned rat, and enters it, in guise which reminds one of the psalmist's phrase, "Behold, I am fearfully and wonderfully made"? These one-piece suits, built for comfort and for speed and practically essential to the modern feminine water sprite whose feats of diving and swimming are the envy of the land lady, are no longer

Tasty discretion is eminently essential in choosing a bathing costume.

One of the smartest designs of the season.

looked upon askance since the enveloping beach capes, which so cleverly conceal one to the water's edge, have been adopted.

But contrary to the time-honored traditions of the joke editor, there are many beautiful costumes which are perfectly practicable for use in the water, and sun-bath lounging if the need arise. Tasty discretion is as eminently essential in choosing a bathing costume as a brilliant evening gown, for above all the absurdities of beach bathing is to see a plump person outrageously garbed in a distinct style for a slender ingenue. Looking like a shooting star from the front row of a pony ballet in a musical comedy is equally grotesque, and considering the disillusions many a man has suffered when seeing the lady of his dreams emerging from the surf at Murray Bay or Atlantic City, sans camouflage, it behooves one to be conservatively artistic in the selection of a suit.

The predominating straight line that characterizes the season's silhouette has found almost unexceptional expression in costumes of the order of the bath and although the abbreviated skirt may be barred by many conscientious objectors on the broad highway, it has free license on the sandy surf. An occasional draping or bouffancy is noted, but after the manner of the one-piece-slip-on-dress, loosely belted and squarely necked, some of the smartest bathing suits are made. Surplice blouses that form a sash, tight bodices above full skirts, gillets of satin, smocking, pipings, buttons and pockets, contribute a share in the pleasing tout ensemble.

Satin, silk or wool jersey, silk poplin and taffeta in black, brown and dull battleship gray are most favored, Striking dashes of color are often introduced in trimming caps, capes, shoes or the accompanying knitting-bag, exemplifying the spirit of good cheer that every one tries to introduce in their lives and costumes alike, to offset the grim and dark realities of war.

The small quantity of material that is required to make any ordinary-sized bathing suit a success, suggests all kinds of possibilities for making over one's satin or taffeta dresses and former foundations. A dress that has seen service for a season or more—without any evidences of a casualty, could be remodeled very easily into the becoming lines of a chemise bathing suit without sleeves or excess trimming, save a row of buttons and belt. The one-piece wool "Annette" is invariably worn beneath.

THE lively looking caps that are being worn in colored rubber, and rubber flower or bow trimmed, a resimply camouflage to the tight divers caps that fit snugly underneath them and keep ones' straying locks high and dry where they belong. Satin bandanas, tam o'shanters, and entrancing turbans in orange, rose, green and other brilliant shades carry out the color scheme of one's rubberized cape, and stud the turbulent ocean's top like colored pin-heads on a green velvet cushion.

Satin or canvas bathing slippers in like or contrasting shades to one's suit are usually strapped up the limbs in spiral effect, button over the instep or are cut very high and lace like any ordinary boot.

Beach parties, before or after the bath formerly constituted a rather aimless diversion, but since the eternal knitting virus has entered the veins of women blessed with hands and a heart, these hours are spent in activity. Bags do double duty as towel and vanity accessory conveyors, and their bit for a soldier or sailor by holding the wool for his socks or sweater. When they are not made of rubberized satin, natural colored crash, boldly garnished in worsted flowers or appliqued felt fruit, protects their beauty from sand and surf by a rubber or oilcloth lining, and in all their charm they represent very little expense.

The outdoor sports of August are legion, and even in a world whose people are chiefly occupied with war and things of war, the application of the old proverb, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is not out of place, although at a time when the utmost effort and sacrifice must be made by all loyal patriots.

Swimming and horse back riding being considered two of the most invigorating energy restorers, their indulgence as a means of inspiration to fit one to meet the exigencies of another long winter of work is advisedly commendable. For the latter sport, there is a diversity of smart things necessary for one's comfort and appearance, equally prepossessing with one's swimming fantasies.

Imagine a sleeveless black cotton-back velvet riding-coat, just ending conveniently above the knees and partly concealing white flannel or duck riding-breeches that slenderize into a mold of high black leather leggings or boots! Perhaps there isn't anything so very new about the black and white color scheme, but when a bright red mushroom hat is worn with this, sophisticated vision, to ward off the peeking of the sun, the unusual is attained. The effect may be realized with a cheap peanut straw hat transformed by a few coats of rosy hat dye.

Unlike "Joseph's coat of many colors," but like unto the worshiped warrior of to-day, khaki and French gray have been adopted by many horsewomen of practical demeanor. Covert cloth, cravenette and Donegal tweeds have delightful possibilities for the red-letter days of riding.

Of the diversity of smart things for summer riding, this habit is a popular choice.

LINEN naturally suggests itself for summer wear, but for the average horsewoman, who is loath to spend her entire war allowance or pin-money on "habits," it is wise to select a material that might be comfortably worn in both summer and winter. If the Canadian winter of last year follows us for another season, it would be perfectly ethical to sneak a sweater under one's riding-coat.

The end of August usually sees one's first of the season's hats sadly in want of a rejuvenating influence. It's not a difficult situation to meet, however, if a stain of hat dye is used, either the original color of the hat or a new shade if one wills. Often veiling a chapeau in a few layers of maline is a useful hint. A leghorn hat which had received more than its share of the sun's smiles, had turned a very rusty yellow, but a bouffant crown of dark blue maline draped over it and two layers resting on the brim changed it completely and solved the problem of the in-between-season's hats. Ruthlessly ripping out the entire crown and substituting one of taffeta or velvet, with the same material used as an upper brim facing, is another kink in millinery that has worked well and especially since the early fall season for millinery has been forced upon us.

Sh! and "tell it not in Gath," felt and velvet hats are already bursting their bonds and preening their wings for an early flight to the shops of fashion.

Everywoman's Make-Over Department

Ques.—I have a black crepe de Paris dress, the skirt of which is cut in four gores. Also have four yards of black taffeta. The waist of the dress is slightly worn under the arms and sleeves as I am quite stout, but the remainder of the gown is in good condition. Could you suggest a way to make it over with the new taffeta.—C. L. M., Calgary.

Ans.—We would suggest a skirt of black taffeta and the four gores of your original skirt converted into loose panels which could be finished by cording the edges, these panels to extend within a half foot of the bottom of the skirt. A design of black floss embroidery and jet or steel beads on each panel would introduce an elaborate touch.

Cut away the worn parts of the waist and form a jumper waist, buttoned down the back if so desired, with jet or steel buttons, with edges corded, to wear over a waist and sleeves made of black taffeta. The original sleeves of crepe de Paris might be joined to form a soft girdle that would look well also closed at the back with four or five buttons, or a complete girdle and sash of the taffeta would be modish. Filet cuffs and collars, not necessarily the real lace, for a very fine imitation is now available for very little money, or white georgette or satin would look smart.

Ques.—I bought some taupe grenadine veiling, silk striped bordered, some years ago, which measures twenty inches in width. Would like to utilize this in a dress for summer wear. I have eight yards. Would appreciate a suggestion.—S. V. C., N.S.

Ans.—The foregoing style would lend itself well to your material if using the stripes in perpendicular fashion. If the encircling effect is desired, it may be attained by cording two widths of the grenadine together, and shirring softly at the waist, to form a tunic over a tight lining of taupe habutai or light weight satin. A skeleton waist of the latter and grenadine used for sleeves and softly draped waist, with stripes still encircling.

One toned costumes from boots to bonnets are some of the season's greatest successes, but a touch of bright color is often essential to some complexions. Would suggest coral chenille, worsted or glass or wooden beads in this instance for trimming. This latter touch would be sufficient reason for a large taupe chiffon or grenadine hat (transparent) with crown of coral chrysanthemum straw or chenille or solid gray hat artfully trimmed in appliqued flowers of worsted, chenille or beads.

Another suggestion for the skirt. If your material permits, three rows might be joined together for the skirt and the correct length obtained by tucking the intervening spaces between stripes at regular intervals. This idea to be carried out in the waist also. This idea would be preferable if the tout ensemble is to be entirely of taupe.

Special Fashion Number!

THE September issue of Everywoman's World will be a special Fall Fashion number. Renew your subscription NOW, so that you won't miss it.

Smart Wash Togs For The Little Tots
Practical and Yet Distinctive

Pattern 1024.—Children's One-Piece Tucked Dress. Sizes ½, 1, 2, 3, yrs. Size 2 requires 1¾ yds. 36-in. material with 3⅛ yds. insertion and 2¼ yds. edging. Dress may be made with high round neck or with square neckband. 15 cents.

Pattern 8191.—Boys' Sailor Suit. Sizes 4, 6 and 8 yrs. Size 4 requires 2 7-8 yds. 27-in. material, 3⅛ yds. braid. Suit consists of blouse that slips on over the head with or without shield and long trousers. 15 cents.

Pattern 1022.—Girls' Empire Dress. Sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 yrs. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yds. 36-in. white material with 1 5-8 yds. 36-in. pink. Dress having one-piece full-length sleeves perforated for shorter length and three-gored skirt. 15 cents.

Pattern 1378.—Boys' Suit. Sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 yrs. Size 8 requires 2½ yds. 36-in. material with ½ yd. 36-in. white goods and 2¼ yds. braid. 15 cents. Emblem No. 14283. 10 cents.

Pattern 9684.—Children's Romper Dress. Sizes 1, 2, 4 and 6 yrs. Size 4 requires 2 5-8 yds. 32-in. material with 3-8 yd. 32-in. white goods. Dress with bloomers joined to lower edge of dress, with long sleeves perforated for shorter length. 15 cents.

Pattern 1054.—Boys' Russian Suit. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 yrs. Size 4 requires 2 3-8 yds. 27-in. material with 3-8 yds. 36-in. contrasting goods and 1-8 yd. 30 in. lining. Blouse closing at left of front; one-piece full-length sleeves with or without bands. 15 cents.

Pattern 1240.—Girls' One-piece Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 yrs. Size 8 requires 2¾ yds. 36-in. material with 3-8 yd. 36-in. contrasting material. Dress to be slipped on over the head; having one-piece full-length sleeves to be made with or without turn-back cuffs. 15 cents.

Pattern 9551.—Girls' Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 yrs. Size 8 requires 3¼ yds. 36-in. material with 5 yds. insertion, 3 yds. edging and 2½ yds. ribbon. Dress with narrow round yoke to be made with or without bertha. Skirt with straight lower edge. 15 cents.

Pattern 1071.—Girls' Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yds. 36-in. material for waist with 1 5-8 yds. 36-in. material for skirt. Waist having one-piece full-length sleeves perforated for shorter length. Skirt with straight lower edge that is buttoned to waist. 15 cents.

Pattern 1414.—Girls' Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yds. 44-in. material with 3-8 yd. 30-in. contrasting material. Dress is made with Dutchess closing, the one-piece full-length sleeves are gathered to bands with turned-back cuffs and perforated for shorter length. 15 cents.

Pattern 7612.—Girls' Middy Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 4½ yds. 36-in. material with ½ yd. 36-in. contrasting material and 2 yds. braid. The blouse is to be slipped on over the head. The straight plaited skirt is attached to an underwaist. 15 cents.

To supplement our Fashion Service as presented on this page, we issue quarterly for the benefit of our subscribers "Everywoman's Needlecraft Companion"—a symposium of all that is new and practical in Needlework. The four issues are available to subscribers ***only***, with every new or renewal subscription—$1.50—plus 25 cents to cover the cost of the year's packing and mailing. Mail us your order TO-DAY.

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Simple Styles for the Matron and Miss

Mid-Summer Modes of General Appeal

Designs That Can Be Made At Home With Little Trouble and Moderate Expense

Pattern 1549—Misses' or Small Women's Dress. Sizes, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 1 yard 36-inch material with 3 3-8 yards 37-inch flouncing and 3 yards ribbon. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 1333—Misses' or Small Women's One-Piece Dress. Sizes, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 54-inch material with 5-8 yard 32-inch contrasting material. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 1428—Ladies' Two-Gored Gathered Skirt. Sizes, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 ins. Waist. Size 28 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch black satin. The skirt is a two-gored model and measures 1 yards at the lower edge and is slightly raised at the waistline. The belt is entirely separate and if desired may be omitted. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 1180—Ladies' Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 ins. bust. Size 42 requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch material with ½ yard 36-inch contrasting material and 2½ yards ruffling. Dress may be made with long sleeves with band cuffs or with short sleeves having turned-back cuffs. The skirt is a three-gored model and measures about 2½ yards at the lower edge. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 1303—Ladies' One-Piece Dress. Sizes, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 ins. bust. Size 42 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch material with 7-8 yard 36-inch contrasting material. The dress may be made with long or short sleeves and with or without pockets. The width of skirt at lower edge is about 2½ yards. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 1587—Misses' or Small Women's Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 1¼ yards 40-inch material with 1¼ yards 36-inch border material, 3-8 yard 6-inch all-over lace, 2 yards insertion, 3¼ yards edging and 1 yard 9-inch ribbon. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 1052—Ladies' Waist. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins. bust. Size 38 requires 1 7-8 yards 36-inch Georgette with 5-8 yard 36-inch satin for collar and cuffs. This dainty waist is made with front yoke and the front and back are gathered and joined to shoulder straps. The pattern provides two styles of sleeves. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 1102—Misses' or Small Women's One-Piece Plaited Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 5½ yards 36-inch plain material with ⅜ yard 32-inch white material. Dress is to be slipped on over the head and may be made with long or three-quarter length sleeves. The width of skirt at lower edge is 2¾ yards. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 1260—Misses' or Small Women's Box-Plaited Skirt. Sizes 16, 18 and 20. Sizes 16 requires 2 3-8 yards 54-inch material. Skirt measures 2¾ yards at the lower edge. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 1044—Misses' or Small Women's Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch figured material with 1¾ yards 36-inch plain material. The guimpe of this simple and practical dress is entirely separate and closes at front, with long sleeves that are perforated for shorter length. The dress slips on over the head. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 1533—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Blouse. Sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 16 requires 2 5-8 yards 40-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

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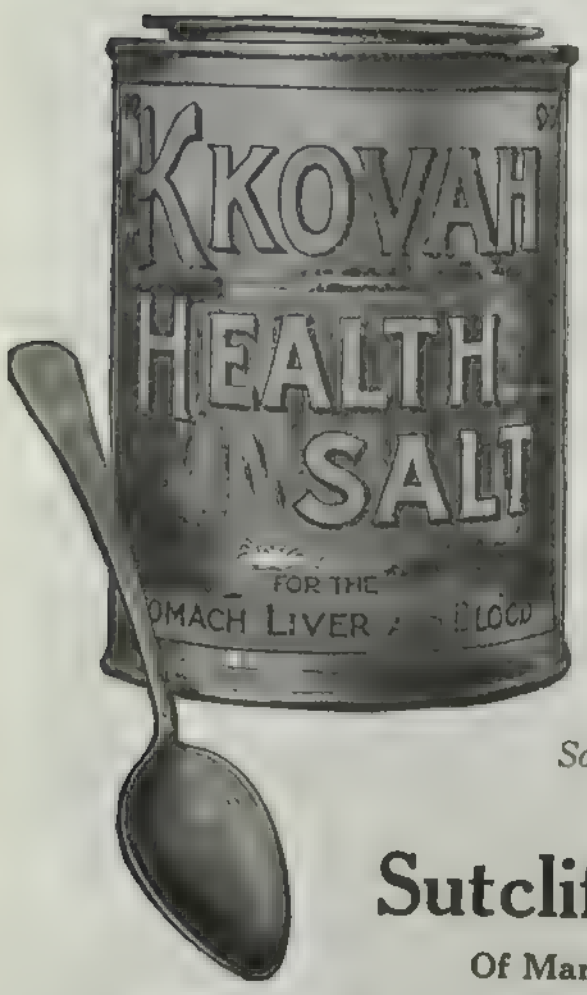

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A teaspoonful of Kkovah Health Salt in a glass of water each morning will keep you fit. Most sickness and disability is finally traced to the irregular working of the bowels. The regular use of Kkovah makes the bowels healthy and regularly active. It is the safest of all aperients. Kkovah is sure and simple and costs but very little when used regularly.

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Acquire the "Kkovah" Habit—one teaspoonful in water on rising and your good health is insured. No matter where you go or what you eat, you will not upset your stomach because your Kkovah Health Salt keeps you normal and active. The Kkovah way is the easy way, the pleasant way, the *safe* way to make sure of perfect health. Kkovah is just as good for young children as for men and women. Start to-day, buy a tin of Kkovah Health Salt and use it regularly.

NOTE—Every box going to a soldier Overseas should contain a tin of Kkovah Health Salt.

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British Valor

By Jean Blewett

THE warm admirers of Sir Conan Doyle, and he has many, claim that his poem "How the Guard Came Through" will, in days to come, take rank with the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade." Comparisons are always odious and never more so than in the world of letters. But we cannot help feeling that Victoria of blessed memory knew of what she was speaking when on reading the "Charge of the Light Brigade," she exclaimed with tears, so we are told, "It will ring grandly down through the ages, an act of incomparable courage chronicled by an incomparable poet."

Add to the strength, the realism the endearing dare-devilism of that charge, the beauty, grandeur, rhythm of the written story and you have, along with the vivid picture of men riding

"Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,"

an emotional quality which makes your hero-worship, plays with it, makes the ringing gallop of the chargers' feet go echoing, echoing through your heart as it went echoing through the hearts of all the world that day of history-making at Balaclava.

Tennyson was a poet first, last, always. So much so that to most of us there is something unfamiliar in Carlyle's very human description of him: "Too good-looking for a man. . . . Never had such company over a pipe. Dissatisfied, wants a bigger task than that of spinning rhymes and calling it 'art' and 'high art' in times like these."

Doyle, on the other hand, is a noted novelist and writer of detective stories. To think of him is to think of Sherlock Holmes, and one is not greatly astonished at the answer in a literary examination, set down to the questions: "Who is Sir Conan Doyle?" and "What has he written?" "He is Sherlock Holmes' silent partner and has written his (Sherlock Holmes') biography up to date." Such is fame.

BUT to-day the touch of nature makes the whole world kin, the sorrow of those of whom war has taken toll seems to draw us close enough to make our interest and our sympathy warm and personal. Writing to a friend on this side the water, Sir Conan Doyle says: "From our house we have lost ten near relatives, and my brother and son are now in the fighting line. The story of every one of my neighbors is the same, or worse. Several have all their sons killed or wounded. When we hear, as we do sometimes, from our cities, that we English are letting others do the fighting, sparing our own as it were, we smile grimly. The official figures tell the story—of all troops in France under British command, seventy-two per cent. are pure English, as apart from Scotch, Irish, or oversea Britons; while seventy-six per cent. of the casualties are pure English. This is no reflection on the others, who are all splendid, but it shows after what manner we are sparing our own."

Experience enriches. It is not likely that Conan Doyle could have written "How the Guards Came Through" before this war had taught him not only how strong England is, but how near his heart she lies. As it is, he has given us a picture of heroism and endurance, peculiarly English, that thrills the heart. Can you not close your eyes and see:

"Men of the Twenty-first
Up by the Chalkpit Wood,
Weak with our wounds and our thirst,
Wanting our sleep and our food,
After a day and a night—
God! Shall I ever forget!
Beaten and broke in the fight,
But sticking it—sticking it yet.

Trying to hold the line,
Fainting and spent and done,
Always the thud and the whine,
Always the yell of the Hun!
Northumberland, Lancaster, York,
Durham and Somerset,
Fighting alone, worn to the bone,
But sticking it—sticking it yet."

What Pat Would Do

PAT and Mike were obliged to halt their cart and make way for a funeral procession. While looking at it Pat suddenly remarked:

"I'd give $500 to know the place where I am going to die."

"Well, and what good would it do you if you did know?"

"Lots," said Pat; "sure, I'd never go near the place."

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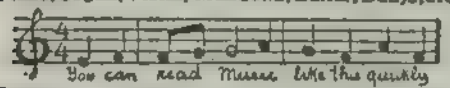

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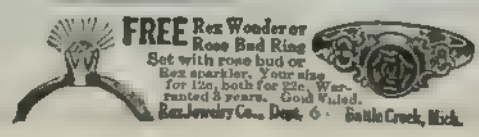

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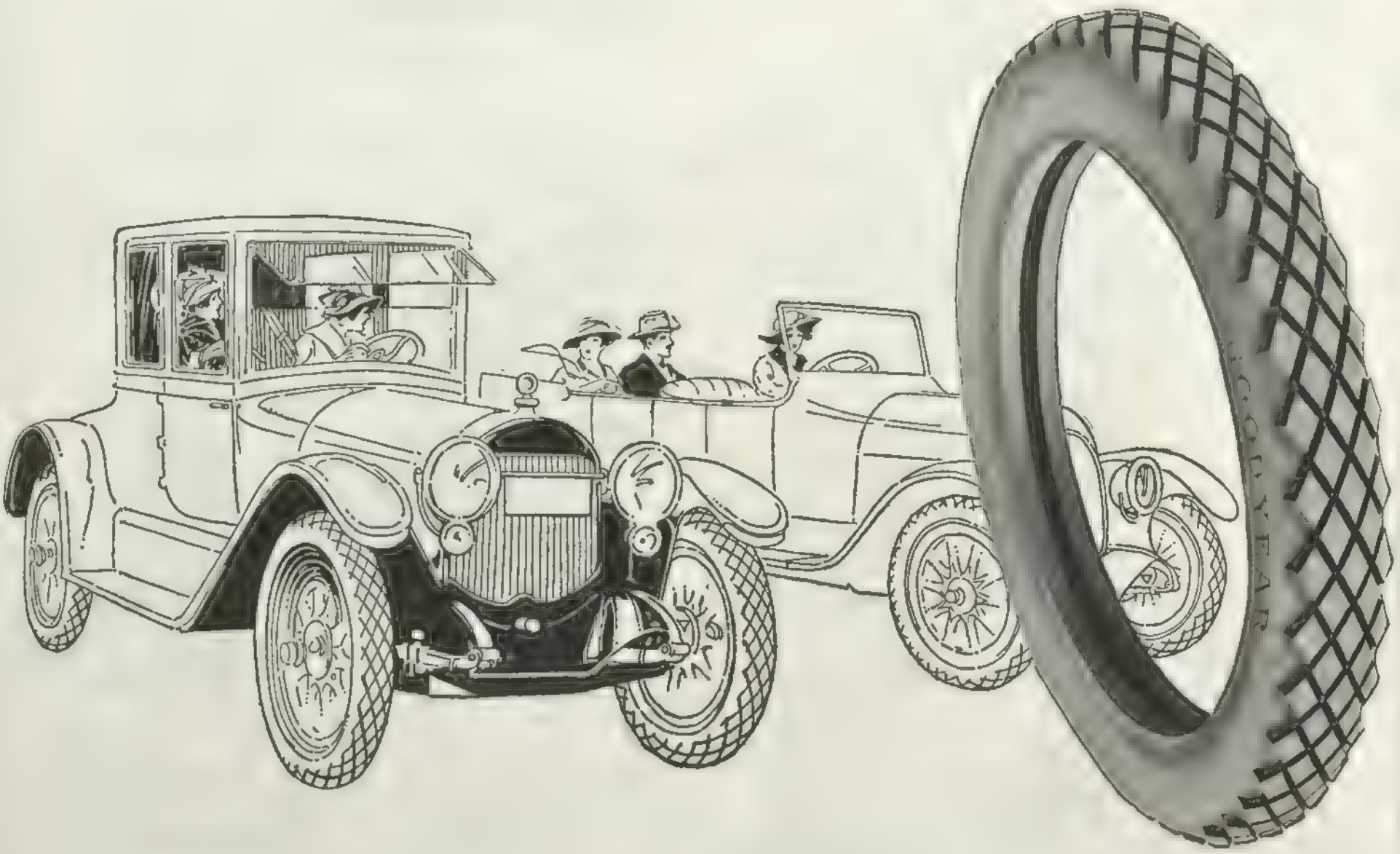

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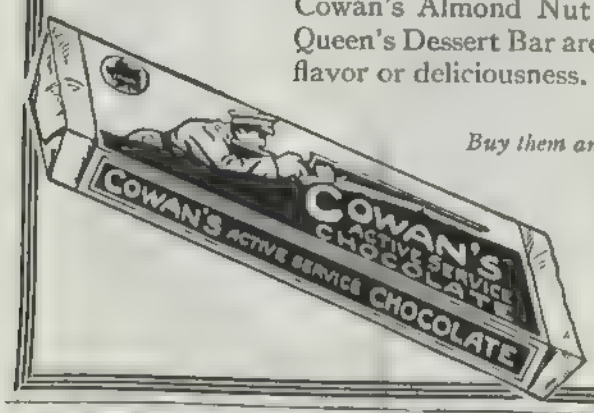
Cowan's Chocolate products are always the best—you know that Cowan's Maple Buds, Cowan's Almond Nut Bar, Filbert Bar and Queen's Dessert Bar are unrivalled for quality, flavor or deliciousness.



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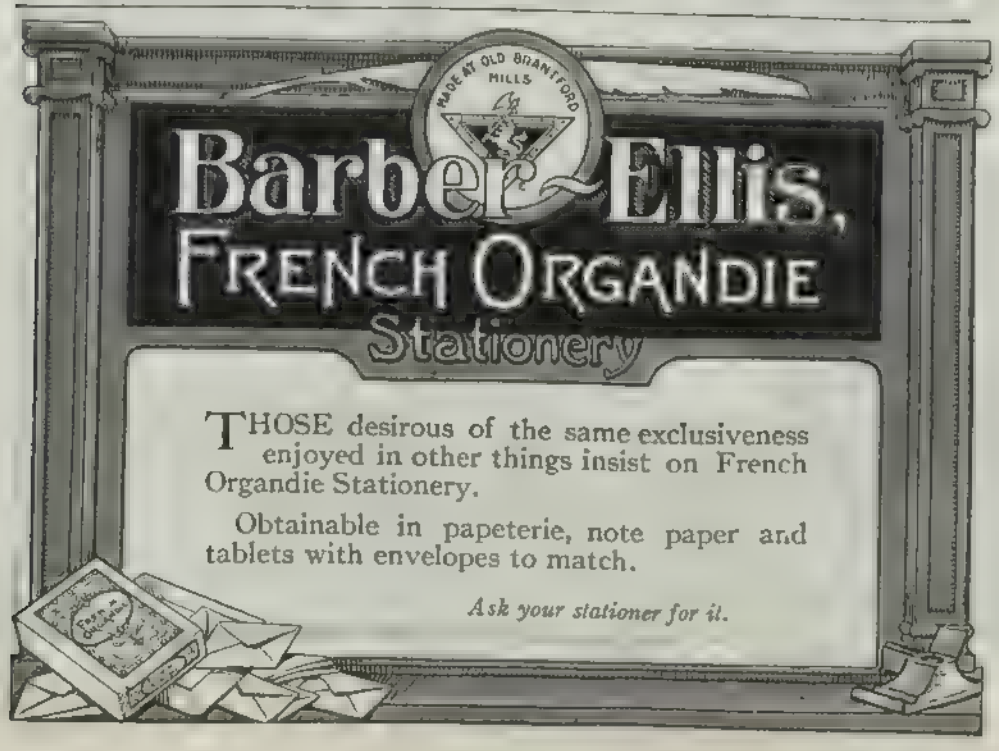

THOSE desirous of the same exclusiveness enjoyed in other things insist on French Organdie Stationery.

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Ask your stationer for it.

These Three Things

(*Continued from page 5*)

he died, two years subsequently, Jean Robichaud found himself the sole proprietor of the large wholesale house which had been established in the Lower Town.

Then he began to look about him for investments. By this time the storm had broken over the seigniories lands that had been worth thousands—and were to be worth tens of thousands later, as the lumber industry grew—became wortless property. Old de Betincourt; was hard hit. He would not sell his estates, but he retrenched, closed his town house and rented a smaller one, dismissed half his servants, and strove to regain by speculation what he had lost through changing conditions.

At one time he held fortune by the hair again. This was when the Government began to lease territories to lumber merchants. De Betincourt had practically closed a deal for some valuable woodland. There was little competition in those days, for the interested firms reached an agreement not to outbid each other, or to encroach on one another's ear-marked tracts. At the last moment De Betincourt found that someone had secretly outbid him. Later he discovered that it was Robichaud.

The deal made Jean rich—one of the richest of the new men in Quebec; but it did not win him favor. He lived in a house of his own in Upper Town now, he affected a carriage, and his fast horses were well-known on the racing-grounds; but many doors which might have been opened to him were closed, and he was not popular. If ever he met Hermine de Betincourt, she looked gravely away and would not recognize him. Sometimes he saw her with Louis Dussault, already growing into celebrity as an advocate, and marked as a rising man and a prospective candidate for the next parliament. Gossip of their engagement was rife; but this had been rife for years.

RUMOR, still more insistent, began to buzz in insistent tones that de Betincourt was a bankrupt. Now Jean foresaw the supreme delight of vengeance, of which he had long dreamed. The day was coming when he would go to the Seigneur, remind him of the night of the blow, and tell him how his threat had come to nought.

And, after long pondering over this, Jean did quite otherwise. With wealth and experience much of his crudity had fallen away; his heart was opening, though he was still to learn his second lesson. He went to the seigneur on the night when he left the court house, ruined and broken, and stood before him, hat in hand, feeling just the same sense of inferiority as when he had stood before him thus on the seigniory.

De Betincourt looked up from where he was sitting at his table. He knew him. "Well, Monsieur Robichaud?" he asked.

"I I have three hundred thousand dollars," stammered Jean Robichaud. "Monsieur, accept as much as you will, in God's name, as a loan without interest, and begin life anew."

As Hermine's pity had driven him to his wild declaration on that night long before, so Robichaud's pity stung de Betincourt to white-hot rage. He rose from his chair, his limbs trembling and his fists clenched and unclenching.

"I thought you had come to tell me why you have ruined me," he said. "There is my door, Monsieur!"

"But—but—" Robichaud stammered.

"It is a long time since my father spoke to you, Jean Robichaud, but in those days he did not command twice," said a low voice in the doorway.

Jean saw Hermine there, and her eyes, which he had remembered as mocking or pitying, were wells of hot anger. Jean went out, feeling as if it were he, and not de Betincourt, who was broken.

The two were alone in the hall of the little house. Jean Robichaud turned and went back toward the girl, who stood at the door, watching him.

"Hermine," he said, "all that I have ever done—I know it now—has been because I love you."

She raised her hand, not violently, but with a gesture as if it held a whip—and struck him across the mouth.

That was Jean's second lesson: that vengeance must not masquerade as repentance.

There remained Louis Dussault. Jean's rancour against this man was merciless; yet he seemed powerless to injure him. Moreover, Louis, sensing the hostility of the merchant, with whom he was thrown into touch in many ways, fought Jean in law and business, and carried the honors away. Jean realized that only

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An Economy Hint

By Joan.

NOTHING is so helpful to one in every way as pleasant surroundings. Even a person of a happy-go-lucky, cheerful disposition may become depressed and moody in gloomy quarters, where pretty things find no place. It is so easy to make the home dainty and cheerful, and now that chintzes are so much used a pleasing result may be achieved with no great cost.

Plain net curtains—with an edging of torchon lace—form a foundation, and in some cases completely cover the window, and then a smart pleated frill of chintz or casement hides the pole from view, and straight curtains hang from each side.

These cheaper fabrics have only one drawback they are apt to lose color in the sun; and faded articles of this kind look worse than none at all. Why not, then, try dyeing them yourself? The best to use is "Drummer Dye," because it is cheap, being only a few cents per packet, and it never fails to give absolute satisfaction It is easy to use, and splendid colours are obtainable It is especially suited to casements, tapestries and chintz, and it is strongly recommended. JOAN.

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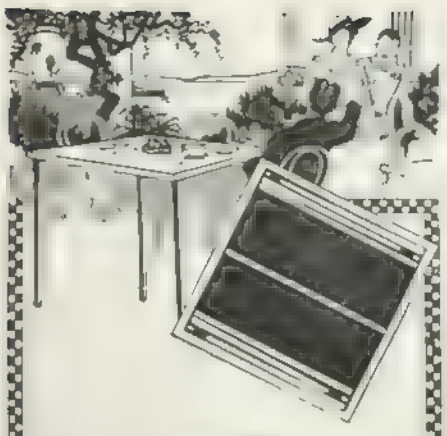

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"It's the neatest, lightest, strongest and best thing of its kind I ever saw."

"Glad you like it, Walter. Our

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is the best investment we ever made and it didn't cost much, either. Ethel uses it in the daytime, and I use it when I come home at night."

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You can make sure with a "PERFECTION" ADJUSTABLE FORM, which will adjust to an exact duplicate of your figure. Then you can go ahead and fit your dress perfectly without a mirror and without any twisting and never try it on until it is finished.

Your clothes will always look well and last longer when fitted properly with a "PERFECTION" DRESS FORM. Send to-day for our Free Catalogue showing different styles and prices, or ask to see the "PERFECTION" DRESS FORMS at the pattern or dress goods department of your nearest store.

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This year offers the crucial test to those who have not as yet found their place in fighting for principles and justice.

Nurses are needed to help humanity's cause. Are you willing to serve? If so, send for full particulars on how to learn nursing at home.

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through Hermine could he strike at his enemy.

But though her he could not strike. He had come to see that all his warped and wretched schemes had been the distortion of a love which should have been protective. He abandoned the effort, wrapped himself up in his business and tried to forget.

De Betincourt died, and almost at once the engagement was made public. Hermine had refused to leave her father while he lived, but there was no obstacle now. Jean saw them sometimes, driving together; he looked at Hermine's face, but did not see much happiness there.

While he had sought the fulfilment of his aims they had been baffled. Now, without seeking, he found happiness. It was on the night of the New Year Mass in the Basilica. Coming out, he saw her seated alone in Dussault's carriage. She was evidently waiting for him; as Jean would have passed she beckoned to him.

"Jean Robichaud, forgive me!" she said in a low voice.

"Yes, Mademoiselle Hermine, a thousand times," he answered.

"I have been unhappy, Jean, and I do not know where to turn. All the old life seems to have ebbed away and left me, and I do not know what to do."

"Louis,—" he began to falter.

"Of all my friends of old, "she said, "whom I treated fairly, there is not one to whom I can go. And you, whom I treated wretchedly, are the only one to whom I want to turn for counsel. I am miserable, Jean Robichaud. We do not love each other."

Jean was a big merchant, but he had remained simple. "But then, Mademoiselle Hermine—" he began.

"Five years ago he asked me to marry him, and I refused. Then came my father's ruin. Louis went to him, without my knowledge, and told him that he would support both him and me, until my father died, in return for my hand. My father's life seemed good for only a few months. He consented, for my sake, because the thought of destitution was unbearable to him. For five years Louis Dussault paid out the money, and I knew nothing of it until my father lay on his death-bed.

"Then, knowing that I had been sold to make my father's last years comfortable, I did not refuse to pay the price. I could bear that, Jean; but I could not bear it when I knew that Louis loves me no longer and yet is too proud to let me know. What shall I do?"

"Mademoiselle Hermine, I would tell him." said Jean. "I will tell him myself. It is not right that you two—you two—"

She placed her finger on her lips, and Jean saw Louis coming toward the carriage. And, clumsily, Jean withdrew.

After that he still saw them together, and knew that his advice had not been taken. But a load had been lifted from him, and he knew that, even if she married Louis, her confidence would be his memory.

THERE came the smallpox year, the last of those visitations, and nearly the worst. Each day there were fresh victims stricken, new crape fluttered from doors; the pest spread through the city, mounting up from the fetid regions by the St. Charles, until it gripped Upper Town and ran from street to street and house to house.

In the pest-house, in what was then an isolated region of Quebec, a few volunteer nurses fought the scourge and tended the victims. Hermine's marriage had been announced already when the news came that she had volunteered.

After that Jean could learn nothing. The pest-house was quarantined by sentries. Sometimes, pacing the street, he looked from far off into the lit windows, and tried to discover her, but he never succeeded. He only knew, from the daily death-lists, which he perused each day with terror, that she had not died.

As the disease lay heavier upon the city, many of those who had escaped the scourge gave themselves up to pleasure. Often Jean would encounter Louis Dussault, in the course of his nightly walks, driving his pacers back from some country roadhouse, and never alone. They talked of him in the places that Jean frequented and shook their heads. He had got into a fast set, was spoiling his opportunities; but they did not even speak with pity of Hermine de Betincourt; it was as if she was already dead.

Then came the abatement of the plague, and Jean learned that she was at her home, that she had been stricken but had recovered. And they told him that, since her return, not even her maid had seen her face; nor, had one seen it, would he have recognized her.

Many days went by before Jean gathered courage to go to see her.

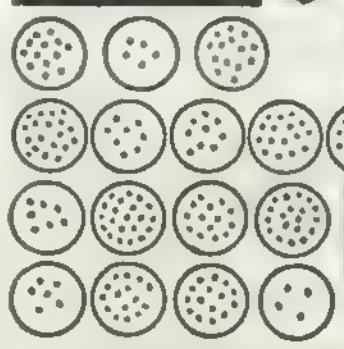
The maid who opened the door showed

(*Continued on page 30*)

FREE TO BOYS AND GIRLS

This Lovely Pony or $100.00 Cash

Can You Solve This Great War Puzzle?



WHO WANTS ME?

Four Things That Will Win The War

WHAT ARE THEY?

THE 16 Circles above can be made to spell out the names of the four chief things that are going to win the war. Our bright loyal Canadian boys and girls can help provide at least one of these things. Every boy and girl should know all of them. Can you tell what words the four magic circles represent?

How to solve it.—Each circle represents a letter of the word called for. The number of dots in the circle represents the position of that letter in the alphabet. For instance: "A" would be represented by a circle with one dot because it is the first letter of the alphabet. "B" would be represented by a circle with two dots because it is the second letter. "C" would be represented by three dots, "D" by four dots and so on. You must correctly count the dots in each circle, figure out the letter represented by its position in the alphabet and when you have them all figured out put them into proper rotation to spell the name wanted. It's not an easy puzzle but if you can solve it correctly you may win this lovely shetland pony or one of the grand Cash prizes above.

THE PRIZES

1st Prize	Beautiful Shetland Pony or $100.00 Cash		3rd Prize	$15.00 Cash	
2nd Prize	$25.00 Cash		5th "	5.00	"
4th "	10.00	"	7th "	3.00	"
6th "	5.00	"	9th "	2.00	"
8th "	2.00	"			
10th "	2.00	"			

25 Extra Cash Prizes of $1.00 each

GET your pencil and paper right now. Try to figure out the words and when you think you have them, write them out as neatly as you can and send them to us. We will reply right away telling you if your solutions are correct and sending you the complete illustrated list of grand prizes that you can win.

Use one side of the paper only, putting your name and address in the upper right hand corner. If you want to write anything besides your answer to the puzzle use a separate sheet of paper. Be neat and careful because in case of ties the prizes will go to the boys and girls whose answers are neatest and best written. Proper spelling and punctuation will also count.

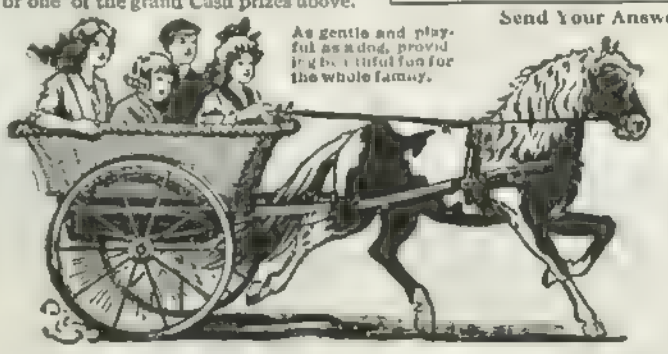
What Others Have Done You Can Do

Here are the names of only a few of the boys and girls to whom we have recently awarded big prizes.

Shetland Pony and Cart, Helen Smith Edmonton.
Shetland Pony—Beatrice Hughes, Hazenmore, Sask.
$100.00 Cash, Lyle Benson, Hamilton, Ont.
$50.00 " Helen Benesch, Junkins Alta.
$5.00 " Florence Nesbitt, Arnprior, Ont.

We will send you the names of many others too.

Send Your Answers This Very Evening!



As gentle and playful as a dog, provid ing perfect fun for the whole family.

Only boys and girls under 16 years of age may send answers and each boy or girl desiring his entry to stand for the awarding of the grand prizes will be required to perform a small service for us for which an additional valuable reward or special cash prize will be given. The Contest will close on September 30th and the prizes will be awarded immediately after. Send your entry today.

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These Three Things

(Continued from page 29)

him to the parlor and went away. Jean was about to enter when he stopped at the sound of Louis' voice, saying something indistinguishable, and Hermine's answer.

"You tell me we were mistaken," she was saying. "Well, Louis, it is not for me to answer that. The debt is mine, and you must take your payment in any manner you choose."

"It isn't a matter of the money, Hermine," answered Louis, petulantly. "I loved you years ago and wanted to marry you. You refused me, and I don't think you ever cared for me. I've come to recognize it—that's all. I offer you your freedom if you want it."

"And you, Louis?" she asked. "You, too, have ceased to care?"

Jean Robichaud, hesitating clumsily at the door, hating to overhear and yet uncertain whether to go away or enter, heard his reply.

"Let's be frank," he said, in the high-pitched voice of a man who cannot be frank. "If we had married years ago, we'd have been a couple comfortably settled down by now. We mightn't have cared very much, but we'd have our love to look back upon. Now we haven't anything to look back upon."

"Go on," she said steadily. "Be franker."

"Well, then, if I must say it, my position requires me to take a wife with certain qualities: money for one, which will help me in the political world; wealthy friends, who will admit me into their coterie and serve the same purpose—you see, I am being as frank as you asked—"

"And?" she asked.

"And—" stammered Louis.

"Beauty," said Hermine quietly.

He must have nodded or made some sign, for Jean Robichaud heard nothing but Hermine's voice:

"I release you, then, Louis."

AND Louis Dussault came out of the door, breathing heavily, like a man who has accomplished the hardest and most successful task of his life. He stumbled past Jean in the dark hall and did not even see him. When the front door had closed behind him Jean Robichaud went in.

He almost cried out at the sight of the veiled woman who gave her hand to him.

"Mademoiselle Hermine, I" he faltered, "I do not know why I have come, except to say—" here his voice broke "I am your servant."

"Is that all, Jean?" she asked, standing up straight before him.

"And that I love you. Ah Hermine, I overheard, and it brought it all back to me, all my wickedness of these past years, and all my sufferings."

"If you had told me that under other circumstances—" Hermine began, in a tone that sent the blood pounding through Jean's veins.

"You—you—" he stuttered.

"You have not looked at my face, Jean Robichaud. You had better go away before—"

"I love you, but I know the folly of it, Hermine. If I had not overheard, I should never have dared to tell you again."

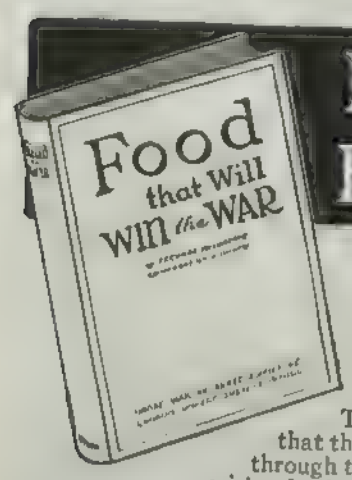
"Do you dare look at me and tell me that once more, Jean Robichaud?"

He did not remember answering her, but he must have answered, for with a slight gesture of her hand she brushed back the veil from her forehead, disclosing the unmarked skin, and the cheeks, reddening beneath his gaze, and the eyes turned toward his. And so he knew that, without seeking it, he had crushed Louis Dussault into the mire of his own evil aspirations and gained his own heaven.

And that was Jean Robichaud's third lesson; that love is never given in vain.

THE September issue of Everywoman's World, besides being the special Fall Fashion Number, represents as well one of the livest numbers yet produced. It will contain "The Amiable Pretenders," by the well-known American writer, Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd; "The Rest Camp"—the fourth "Shadow of the Salient"; "How are you Furnishing Your House—on Cash or Credit?"; special motion picture page; and innumerable other entertaining features.

Send in your subscription now so that the September number will reach you without fail. Just $1.50 will bring you countless advantages as outlined on the Ground Floor Page in front of the book, as well as twelve issues of Canada's greatest woman's magazine.



EAT PLENTY YET SAVE FOOD. YOU CAN DO BOTH

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This is the year that counts. This is the year that the Allies will pass through the biggest food crisis of all the years of the war. It is a year of crop shortage the world over. Famine faces all people in all its gaunt horror. More so at this very moment than in all the four previous years. The government's dictum "Save Food or Starve" must ring in the ears of every housewife in Canada until it becomes a very mania to cut down food consumption. The housewives of Canada must gird themselves with strength and determination to reduce the consumption of food to the very last jot.

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Yet we must live. We must have sufficient nourishment for our bodies to carry on the heavy burdens that are placed on our shoulders by the war. It is a tremendous problem this—to save food yet carry on. But it can be done and must be done.

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To make Cheap War Bread
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To make Economical Pancakes
To use Cheapest Cuts of Meat
To use Cheese as a Meat Substitute
To prepare War-Time Fish Dishes
To make Vegetables into Meat Substitute Dishes
To make Sugarless Desserts
To make Sugarless Candies
To make Sugarless Preserves
To make Pastry Without Dripping
To Save Fats
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To make Old Bread, Cake, Cereals into Tasty Dishes
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To prepare Wheatless Menus
To prepare Meatless Menus
To prepare Meat Substitute Dinners
To prepare Vegetable Meals
And a hundred other war-time cooking ideas and economies.

My Lady Caprice

(Continued from page 8)

"What did she call him bald for, Uncle Dick?" inquired the Imp in a loud stage-whisper, as I dragged him down behind the laurels. "He's not a bit bald, you know! An' I say, Uncle Dick, did you see his arm, it was round—"

"Yes—yes!" I nodded.

"Just like Peter's, you know."

"Yes—yes, I saw."

"I wonder why she called him—"

"Hush!" I broke in, "his name is Archibald, I suppose."

"Well, I hope when I grow up nobody will ever call me—"

"Hush!" I said again, "not a word—there's your Auntie Lisbeth?" She was, indeed, standing upon the terrace, within a yard of our hiding-place, and beside her was Mr. Selwyn.

"Uncle Dick," whispered the irrepressible Imp, "do you think if we watch long enough that Mr. Selwyn will put his arm round—"

"Shut up!" I whispered savagely.

Lisbeth was clad in a long, trailing gown of dove-colored silk!—one of those close-fitting garments that make the uninitiated, such as myself, wonder how they are ever got on. Also, she wore a shawl, which I was sorry for, because I have always been an admirer of beautiful things, and Lisbeth's neck and shoulders are glorious.

Mr. Selwyn stood beside her with a plate of ice cream in his hand, which he handed to her, and they sat down. As I watched her and noticed her weary, bored air, and how wistfully she gazed up at the silver disc of the moon, I experienced a feeling of decided satisfaction.

"Yes," said Lisbeth, toying absently with the ice cream, "he painted Dorothy's face with stripes of red and green enamel, and goodness only knows how we can ever get it all off?"

Mr. Selwyn was duly shocked and murmured something about the "efficacy of turpentine" in such an emergency.

"Of course, I had to punish him," continued Lisbeth, "so I sent him to bed immediately after tea, and never went to say good-night, or tuck him up as I usually do, and it has been worrying me all the evening."

Mr. Selwyn was sure that he was all right, and positively certain that at this moment he was wrapped in balmy slumber. Despite my warning grasp, the Imp chuckled, but we were saved by the band striking up. Mr. Selwyn rose, giving his arm to Lisbeth, and they re-entered the ball-room. One by one the other couples followed suit until the long terrace was deserted.

Now, upon Lisbeth's deserted chair, showing wonderfully pink in the soft glow of the Chinese lanterns, was the ice cream.

"Uncle Dick," said the Imp in his thoughtful way, "I think I'll be a bandit for a bit."

"Anything you like," I answered rashly, "so long as we get away while we can."

"All right," he whispered, "I won't be a minute," and before I could stop him he had scrambled down the steps and fallen to upon the ice cream.

THE wonderful celerity with which the Imp wolfed down that ice cream was positively awe-inspiring. In less time almost that it takes to tell the plate was empty. Yet scarcely had he swallowed the last mouthful when he heard Mr. Selwyn's voice close by. In his haste the Imp dropped his cap, a glaring affair of red and white, and before he could recover it Lisbeth reappeared, followed by Mr. Selwyn.

"It certainly is more pleasant out here!" he was saying.

Lisbeth came straight towards the cap—it was a moral impossibility that she could fail to see it—yet she sank into her chair without word or sign. Mr. Selwyn, on the contrary, stood with the empty ice plate in his hand, staring at it in wide-eyed astonishment.

"It's gone!" he exclaimed.

"Oh!" said Lisbeth.

"Most extraordinary!" said Mr. Selwyn, fixing his monocle and staring harder than ever; "I wonder where it can have gone to?"

"Perhaps, it melted!" Lisbeth suggested, "and I should have so loved an ice!" she sighed.

"Then, of course, I'll get you another, with pleasure," he said and hurried off, eyeing the plate dubiously as he went.

No sooner was Lisbeth alone than she kicked aside the train of her dress and picked up the tell-tale cap.

"Imp!" she whispered, rising to her feet, "Imp, come here at once, sir!" There was a moment's breathless pause, and then the Imp squirmed himself into view.

"Hallo, Auntie Lisbeth!" he said with a cheerfulness wholly assumed.

"Oh!" she cried, distressfully, "whatever does this mean; what are you doing here? Oh, you naughty boy!"

"Lisbeth," I said, as I rose in my turn and confronted her, "do not blame the child—the fault is mine—let me explain: by means of a ladder—"

"Not here," she whispered, glancing nervously towards the ball-room.

"Then come where I can."

"Impossible!"

"Not at all; you have only to descend those steps and we can talk undisturbed."

"Ridiculous!" she said, stooping to replace the Imp's cap; but being thus temptingly within reach, she was next moment beside us in the shadows.

"Dick, how could you, how dared you?"

"You see, I had to explain," I answered very humbly; "I really couldn't allow this poor child to bear the blame of my fault—"

"I'm not a 'poor child,' Uncle Dick," expostulated the Imp; "I'm a gallant knight and—"

"—The blame of my fault, Lisbeth," I continued, "I alone must face your just resentment for—"

"Hush!" she whispered, glancing hastily about.

"—For, by means of a ladder, Lisbeth, a common or garden ladder—"

"Oh, do be quiet!" she said, and laid her hand upon my lips, which I immediately imprisoned there, but for a moment only; the next it was snatched away as there came the unmistakable sound of some one approaching.

"Come along, Auntie Lisbeth," whispered the Imp; "fear not, we'll rescue you."

Oh! surely there was magic in the air to-night, for, with a swift, dexterous movement, Lisbeth had swept her long train across her arm, and we were running hand in hand, all three of us, running across lawns and down winding paths between yew hedges, sometimes so close together that I could feel a tress of her fragrant hair brushing my face with a touch almost like a caress. Surely, surely, there was magic in the air to-night!

Suddenly Lisbeth stopped, flushed and panting.

"Well!" she exclaimed, staring from me to the Imp, and back again, "was ever anything so mad!"

"Everything is mad to-night," I said; "it's the moon!"

"To think of my running away like this with two—two—"

"Interlopers," I suggested.

"I really ought to be very, very angry with you—both of you," she said, trying to frown.

"No, don't be angry with us, Auntie Lisbeth," pleaded the Imp, "'cause you are a lovely lady in a castle grim, an' we are two gallant knights, so we had to come an' rescue you; an' you never came to kiss me good-night, an' I'm awfull' sorry 'bout painting Dorothy's face—really!"

"Imp," cried Lisbeth, falling on her knees regardless of her silks and laces, "Imp, come and kiss me." The Imp drew out a decidedly grubby handkerchief, and, having rubbed his lips with it, obeyed.

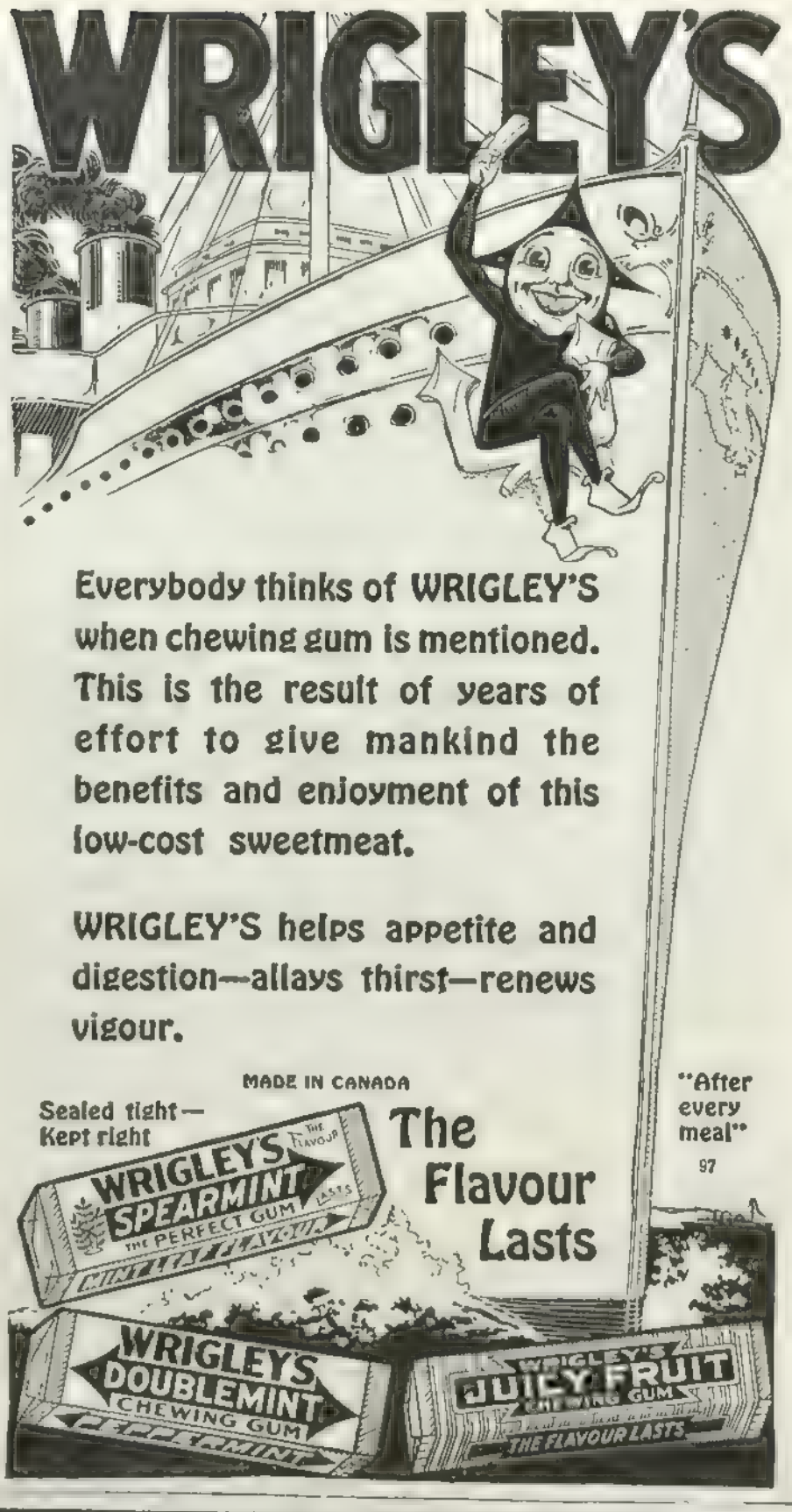
"Now, Uncle Dick!" he said, and offered me the grubby handkerchief. Lisbeth actually blushed.

"Reginald!" she exclaimed, "whatever put such an idea into your head?"

"Oh! everybody's always kissing somebody, you know," he nodded; "an' it's Uncle Dick's turn now."

Lisbeth rose from her knees and began to pat her rebellious hair into order. Now, as she raised her arms, her shawl very naturally slipped to the ground; and standing there, with her eyes laughing up at me beneath their dark lashes, with the moonlight in her hair, and gleaming upon the snow of her neck and shoulders, she had never seemed quite so bewilderingly, temptingly beautiful before.

(*To be continued*)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A responsible directory arranged for the convenience of the vast number of more than 500,000 readers of Everywoman's World who wish to buy, sell or exchange. Each little adlet has much of interest for you.

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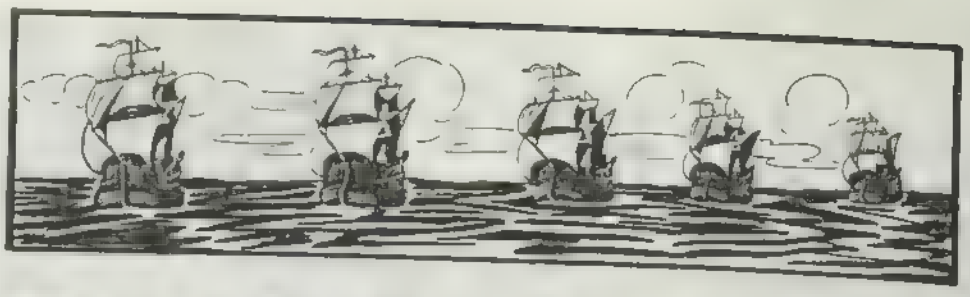


Their Recipe for Success

"I ATTRIBUTE my success," said Miss Anna Fraser, proprietor of The Children's Store, Calgary, "to close attention to all the small details of my business, and also to the fact that I did not try to walk before I could creep!

"To exploiters of neither oil nor real estate booms did I lend an ear. I was offered very large sums during the oil boom for the use of the front of my store, including windows, but I consistently refused, knowing that oil and dry goods would not mix well, in a business partnership! Instead, I used any surplus for enlarging my business and not buying property which was represented as being a dead sure thing, and worth ten times the money my business was. I turned a deaf ear to all allurements to 'come in on a good buy,' and I have never regretted my stand.

Miss Anna Fraser

"The result of having placed large orders for woollens three years ago in anticipation of war conditions leaves me to-day with a splendid stock of goods unobtainable at any price. (Land and oil territory seem not quite so desirable.) And the little people to whose wants and needs I love to cater may still have the garments they require made of the material best suited to them.

"SERVICE has been my motto, throughout my six years of business life, and I find that a satisfied customer is the best advertisement."

MISS FAWDRY is another one of Calgary's successful business women, one whose chosen profession is particularly interesting to us because Canada has so few. She is a photographer, and many of her reproductions have appeared in this magazine.

"I attribute my success," she said, "to the fact that I studied photography in one of the best galleries in London, England, where I commenced at the very bottom of the ladder and advanced step by step under the most competent artists available. 'Developing and finishing' have become more or less of a science, and if certain laws are followed the work is successful, but the 'successful' photograph may be like the 'successful' operation under which a patient dies—I mean that scientific developing and finishing cannot produce a pleasing photo alone. Artistic and sympathetic posing, light, exposure, all play too important a part in the final result to be overlooked for a moment.

Miss Fawdry

For more than a year Miss Fawdry has operated her large gallery on Eighth Avenue, the principal business street of Calgary, and she has been almost too busy for comfort. Her specialty has been photographing children and women, but of late the military command of men-folks has been too definite to be ignored and her clientele now includes all of the human species.

If Everywoman's World Is Late

IF your copy of Everywoman's World is late in reaching you, or perhaps is lost altogether, please remember the difficulties under which EVERY ONE is working just at present.

We are trying to give you the best delivery service possible and will gladly replace lost copies or extend subscriptions to cover.

The mail service throughout Canada has been greatly disorganized owing to the previously unheard of congestion of the railroads and the depletion of staffs in post offices and elsewhere due to the Military Service Act.

Magazines, which are in the second classification of mail matter, must give precedence to letters, etc. Unforeseen contingencies are constantly confronting us. They all mean delay that is far reaching in its effects.

Before complaining of non-delivery, kindly allow a couple of weeks after publication date for your copy to reach you.

Conditions everywhere are unusual and we will all help best to get them back to normal quickly if we exercise a little tolerance. So we ask that you co-operate with us and—BE PATIENT!

The World's Sweetheart

(*Continued from page 17*)

pleasure of her mother's society, and she leaves her home on Riverside Drive, going to a hotel with Mr. Moore. This gentleman evidently remembers the difficulty he had in the days of his courtship and does not forgive as easily as Christians might wish.

"He won't live under the same roof with me!" Mrs. Smith ruefully complains.

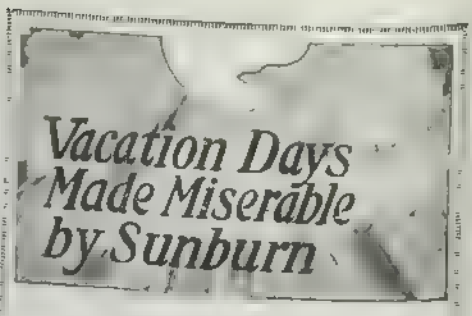
This division in her family makes no difference in the little actress's devotion to her mother. A more affectionate daughter never lived; her mother accompanies her on all her trips, spends most of her time in the studio when Mary is there, and no one meets the daughter without meeting the mother, first.

She is not extravagant in her personal attire. The first time I saw her she wore a blue serge suit a girl getting fifty dollars a month, could afford for every day wear. The next time she wore a black velvet dress a girl getting fifty a week couldn't afford to dream of, and she looked better the first time than the second! She is boyish in manner, decidedly unconventional, and a favorite in the studio, so lacking in dignity that she is universally known as "Little Girl."

IT will be a blow to little-girl-Mary-Pickford-fans, to learn that her hair is not naturally curly. Neither is it naturally straight, hanging in the stiff lines which are a sorrow to so many of us. It falls into the curls which she has made famous only after it is twisted and brushed hard around the finger. It is a beautiful golden color, and a maid cares for it with a devotion inexplicable until one has seen the anxiety of the little star concerning it. "Let me see the comb," she asks eagerly after every dressing. "Did that much come out last time?" If it is more than came out at the previous combing, she is greatly distressed, and the consultation that follows impresses upon even the mind of an ignorant maid the care that must be given to every hair of the actress's little head.

Her eyes are hazel, and her complexion is very good considering the unnatural life she leads in a badly-ventilated studio the greater part of the day, with the glare of the white lights thrown on her hair. She is pretty in a wistful, pleading sort of way. She has a way of looking as if she wanted you to please try to like her; an expression she retains in her work on the screen, and which has undoubtedly had much to do with her world-wide popularity.

"Won't you please like me?" her eyes ask. And the world has replied by loving her. You may not care for the movies, but this pleading wistfulness tugs at your heart strings, and in spite of yourself, you become a howling, rooting Pickford fan. Her last big releases was Bret Harte's "M'Liss," followed by "How Could You, Jean?"



Comfort Assured by Forethought

SO busy packing—so busy rushing to get away by "Saturday Noon"—that we forget *something*.

Then, by Sunday night, or Monday morning—oh, tortures! Neck—arms—shoulders—smarting fire with sunburn!

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The Sword of Lir

(Continued from page 9)

laughter and the patter of light footsteps over the crisp, wet sand.

Very cautiously he drew himself to his feet and peered round the rock behind which he had been sleeping. Yes, there they were, the white-armed children of Manannan, intent upon their play. Lightly they danced along the shore, their swift feet plashing through the little pools that the tide had left behind, sending the bright drops flying through the air in a myriad tiny rainbows. With waving of arms and tossing of golden tresses they danced, and the air was full of their silvery laughter. Tall they were and slender, with long white fingers and eyes that were blue and cold as the deepest depth of ocean. Their hair was twined with glistening sprays of sea-weed, and each upon her bosom wore one great, misty pearl, like a drop of sea-water frozen into stone.

Presently one of the sea-maids, weary of her sport, sank upon the sand not far from the rock where Flann was hidden, while the others danced away along the shore in long swaying lines. She sat there quietly, gazing out across the sea with wide blue eyes, and Flann knew that at last his chance had come. With one swift movement he sprang from behind the rock and even as she rose with a little cry of bewilderment and alarm, his arms were round her and he held her fast. There was a breath of damp wind on his cheek, a stinging dash of salt water in his eyes, forcing him to close them for an instant, and when he opened them again he saw, far out across the heaving waves, a wild confusion of beating wings and feathery breasts vanishing into the foam. The broad stretches of beach lay bare and empty, and in his hands a white sea-gull fluttered, screaming and struggling to be free.

For a moment, Flann gazed at it in bewilderment, and then the bird was gone and his fingers clasped the cold, slimy skin of a great serpent, that reared its head and hissed angrily in his face, coiling about his arm as if to strike. Flann felt a cold chill of terror creeping over him, but he tightened his grasp upon the writhing body, holding it firmly to him in spite of its efforts to escape. Again and again the shape that he was holding changed. Now he was clasping the slippery form of a monster sea-lion; now a huge black dog struggled and snarled in his grasp; or a flame that had no heat in it licked around his hands—but through it all he remembered the stranger's words: "Let you not loose your hold for one minute, or the sword will be lost to you forever"—and he held fast. At last he found himself once more standing with his arms wound about the slim body of the sea-girl, who looked up at him with wide frightened eyes, and waited, shivering, for him to speak.

Flann's heart gave a throb of pity as he saw the fear in her face, but he remembered how much hung upon her answer to his questions and hardened it again, though his voice was very gentle as he spoke.

"Let you not be fearing me, O Daughter of Manannan," he said, "for indeed it is no harm I would be doing you, but only seeking to know the secret that you guard."

"And why would you be knowing the secret of the sea, O Mortal?" asked the girl. Her voice was low and sweet, with a little murmurous sound in it like the ripple of running water, but her hand lay cold in Flann's warm one and her eyes were as chill and grey as the winter sea. The lad smiled down on her, still holding her fast.

"I would learn how to win the sword of Lir," he answered, "the way I might slay the black, bad-tempered giant and free my mother from her captivity."

The look of fear vanished from the sea-maiden's face. She laughed, a little low note of laughter. "It is long the way that you must go ere you win to that," she said. "And it is dangers and trials a-many that lie before you. Yet it may be that you will win through them all."

She lifted the great, shimmering pearl that hung upon her breast and laid it in the boy's hand.

"Let you be keeping this," she went on, "and be minding not to lose it. When you are in danger or trouble look into its depths, and there you will find counsel and help. And now let you be going to Iasgaire the Fisherman, whose hut lies under the shadow of Carraig Dhu. From him you must learn all the lore of the sea—how to hoist sail and steer and pull at the oar—for you are landward bred. When you have learned it, you must beg of him his boat that is called Faoilean, the Sea-gull and in it put forth across the waters to where the rain-washed cliffs of Hy Breasil lift their heads above the grey waves of the west. There you will find the caverns of Lir and, it may be, win to the sword."

Flann took the pearl from the little, cold hand that held it out to him and looked down at it for a moment, wondering at its beauty as it gleamed between his brown fingers. When he lifted his eyes again, the sea-maid was gone. Only a lone white gull wheeled and swooped above the blue, sunlit waters.

The lad stood watching it until it vanished into the pearly haze that veiled the horizon. Then he turned and set his face to where the black mass of Carraig Dhu stood out sullen and threatening against the noonday sky. But although it was full noon when he left the mouth of the Liffey, evening was drawing down once more when he at last reached the hut of Iasgaire the Fisherman. It stood beneath the shadow of the great rock, where the coarse bents and sea-poppies grew along the sand dunes. Around its low grey walls and roof thatched with sea-weed, blew all the winds of heaven and the air was heavy and salt with drifting scud.

Iasgaire stood in the doorway, looking out across the grey backs of the dunes to where the billows broke upon the margin in long lines of foam. Tall he was and white-haired, with bushy eyebrows from beneath which his eyes looked out, a frosty blue, puckered round the corners into a million wrinkles by years of gazing across the waters through sun and wind and salt sea-mist. He turned those keen eyes upon the lad's face.

"Welcome, O stranger," he said. "What seek you of Iasgaire the Fisherman, whom few seek nowadays?"

Flann told his story, showing the pearl the sea-maiden had given him, and Iasgaire listened in silence until the tale was ended, nodding his head slowly as he heard.

"That would be Oonagh, youngest daughter of Manannan," he said, holding out a broad, horny palm to the lad standing before him. "It is she that is the fairest and kindest of the Children of Lir. Let you be listening to me now, lad," he continued. "It is myself that will be knowing all the secrets of the sea, for it is long I have dwelt with it and well that I have loved it. Grey dawn and golden evening have I known it; in calm and in storm have I ridden its waves, and sun and wind and fog have whispered to me their mysteries. But youth is impatient and the lesson will be long in learning. What say you, lad, do you still wish to learn it?"

Flann's grey eyes met the blue ones steadily.

"It is long the time that my mother weeps in captivity," he said slowly. "And I would learn that lesson, O Iasgaire, if you will teach it."

Iasgaire laid a hand upon the boy's shoulder.

"By the beard of Lir, who is Ruler of the Seas, all that I can teach you, you shall know, O Flann MacEochy," he answered with a great laugh.

SO Flann, Prince of Dara, became pupil of Iasgaire the Fisherman, and for three years he served him, laboring at the oar, and learning slowly all the secrets of the sea. But when at last the three years were over, upon a day Iasgaire called the lad to him and stood for a moment looking at him in silence.

When first Flann had come to the little house below the shadow of Carraig Dhu, the old fisherman had stooped from his height to gaze upon the lad, but now blue eyes and grey were on a level, so greatly he had grown in the sea air and sunshine.

At last Iasgaire spoke.

"The time has come, Prince Flann, when you must go upon your way once more. It is long and hard the lesson has been to learn, but well and truly you have learned it. To-morrow you shall take my Faoilean and set out across the waters to the west, the way you may be finding the sword of Lir and freeing your mother from captivity."

(*To be continued*)

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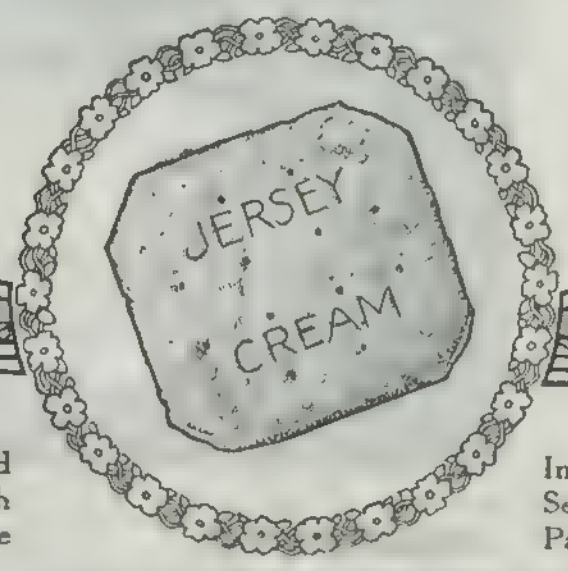

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The Heart of Miss Honora

(*Continued from page 22*)

the letter, which, she was rather surprised to note, was from the same firm of lawyers that had notified her of her legacy. She read the few lines, then in a daze re-read them:

"We regret exceedingly to have to tell you," the letter said, "that a later will of your deceased uncle has been found and that, according to its bequests, there is nothing for you. Almost the entire fortune, which is not large, is left to a younger brother of the deceased, with whom he had apparently quarrelled, but who seems to have been reinstated in his affections just before the end. Trusting that you—" etc., etc.

What was to be done *now?* She read the letter a dozen times, but its contents didn't change, as she half thought they might in the fervent and wild hope that she was only dreaming. No, those cold typed words had a merciless authenticity about them that was not to be gainsaid. A fine fool's paradise she had been dwelling in these past six or seven weeks! And two little children to bring up and educate—on a midsummer night's dream! Keep them now she could not.

Yet what could she do with them? Put them in an orphan's home? Put them up for adoption and become the jest of the entire countryside? Oh, why hadn't she opened the mail-box before Matthew came? She had treated him so cavalierly! And what an annoyingly acquiescent way he had, how submissively he had accepted her dictum—to-night as upon that other night long ago.

MISS HONORA wrestled with the problem all night long, and it cost her her sleep. The next day with the courage born of desperation, she made a resolve. There was absolutely no money at her command but what her one cow and a few hens brought her, but the house and grounds, comprising three acres, were her own. She would sell the place. Yes, she would give up the old home—it was pretty lonely anyway living up here on the hill alone—and she would take a tiny cottage in the village. She could teach music. If only she could ask Matt to take the boy! But—it would be eating humble pie. She knew that one of the tests of a fine nature was the ability to own oneself in the wrong, and she concluded that hers could not be a noble nature.

Two weeks later Miss Honora was "all packed up" and ready to move as soon as she would hear from her prospective tenant she had not been able to find a purchaser—who was coming in August to remain. He was a widower with one child, and his household consisted of just himself and the little one, and a housekeeper. He had been twice to Maplewold and each time had been pressed to stay to tea at Miss Honora's and his advent upon these occasions had given rise to an endless amount of conjecture, not to say gossip. Who was he? Was he running after Miss Honora for her money? For to no one had Miss Honora confided either the fact that now she had no money or that she had rented her old home. People saw a great deal of movement, beating of rugs and so on taking place at the white house, but they only accused her of too much zeal in the matter of housecleaning. She was too finicky was Honora Hall, just like her Maw before her!

And now on this clear late July evening, she was sitting in the garden feeling weary and a little sad. How few days yet remained to her of the old regime? How many more nights could she sit thus, surrounded by her own flowers, her own trees, her own—memories? She had rented the little cottage, enjoining secrecy on the part of the landlord, who was an old friend of her father's and though it only had three rooms, she was convinced she would be satisfied, and contented if not altogether happy.

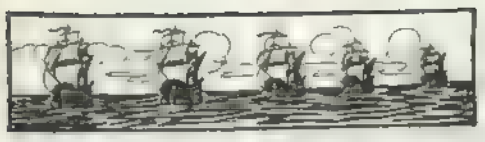
Somewhere in the gloom of the foliage near at hand, seemingly right over her head, a sleepy bird twittered to its mate. Miss Honora shivered slightly and rose. The air of evening was growing chill. And it was just at that moment that she heard the sound of gravel crunching, and turning about sharply saw Matthew Stubbs coming down the path toward her. She knew him even in the semi-darkness, by his large, loose-swinging form.

"How you startled me!" she said, with a gasp of genuine surprise.

Not an hour ago she had seen him driving past in his car with Mrs. Porter!

"I came afoot," remarked Matt, briefly. "So couldn't honk-honk my approach this time, Honora."

"What did you wish to see me about?" Miss Honora was nothing if not to the point.



"Why, I—I kinda want your opinion about something Honora. I—well, being as you and I were once such good friends I didn't s'pose you'd mind me coming up like this so late—"

"It's only nine."

MATTHEW was evidently relieved to find her in such a gracious mood. He cleared his throat.

"Honora, I don't rightly know how to begin what I've got to say, so I won't beat round the bush. I'll go straight to the point by asking you if you are thinking of—of making a change in your life."

"Matthew, I can't see how it concerns you, but if you wish to buy this place, it is for sale."

"So I was right! I've suspected as much. I haven't said anything to anybody, but I've just been noticing—things. Is—is the boy going to be too much after all?"

"I thought you wanted my advice about something," said Miss Honora, with a return of her old harshness.

"Well, in a way I do. I want to ask you if we hadn't better have my cousin John take him. He could be compelled to, you know."

"Never! He'd set him to work; hard farm drudgery."

"But—"

"I'm amazed you should suggest it, Matthew. From the little I saw of your cousin John, I sized him up directly for a Simon Legree, and surely you know him better than anyone else round here."

"Well, I don't know him so *very* well. Of course, it's true he has a reputation for hard driving of his help—"

"I won't consider it for an instant."

"Well, would you consider letting him come to me? I really like the little chap, and you can have him whenever you want him, and can plan his education yourself, and I'd fall in with what you decide. I *want* to do it, Honora."

She was silent. Then after a moment she said:

"Mrs. Porter may not like children."

"Mrs. Porter? The Widow Porter, you mean? What does she have to do with it?"

She stared at him in astonishment.

"Aren't you going to marry her?" she demanded, sharply.

"Me? Marry *her?* Huh! Not if I'm awake!"

"People have been saying it is all arranged."

"People have been saying you are to marry this Mr. Wildrew or Mildew who's been to call on you twice. It is all arranged in the village."

Miss Honora could never have been accused at any time of a very strong sense of humor, but at this announcement she smiled with evident enjoyment.

"I suppose that's really what you were hinting at when you asked me if I was making a change in my life. In the first place his name is Muldrew. And he's bald and absent-minded and devoted to bee-culture to the exclusion of everything else. He is merely my tenant-to-be, Matthew."

"What I can't see," observed Matt, whose face had cleared very perceptibly, "is why you have to rent or sell at all."

Miss Honora turned slowly and faced Matt.

"Matthew, I want to apologize to you for all my—my overbearing treatment of you. I want to tell you that I am sorry, ashamed, mortified. This hurts my pride, but I will say it. No, don't interrupt. Matthew, I accept your kind offer and am very grateful to you for being such a good friend—a friend in need. Take Marcel and my blessing on you. I do not possess three hundred dollars in all the world."

Matt Stubbs gaped, his mouth fallen open and his eyes rounded in incredulity. Briefly she related the facts.

"And so you see how I am situated," she ended, brokenly.

Slowly his big right hand reached to her right one.

"My dear woman! And you would have said nothing! You would have lived in three small rooms, done sewing or taught music or sold garden-stuff rather than give up those infants!"

Miss Honora was not proof against such sympathy. Down went her head, and by some strange prevision, Matt's big shoulder happened to receive it.

. . . . . .

"For ten years—yes, all this time and longer than that," he said, a new note in his voice.

"Ten wasted years, Matthew."

"But we'll make up for them!"

Suddenly down the path appeared a small white-robed vision!

(*Continued on page 36*)

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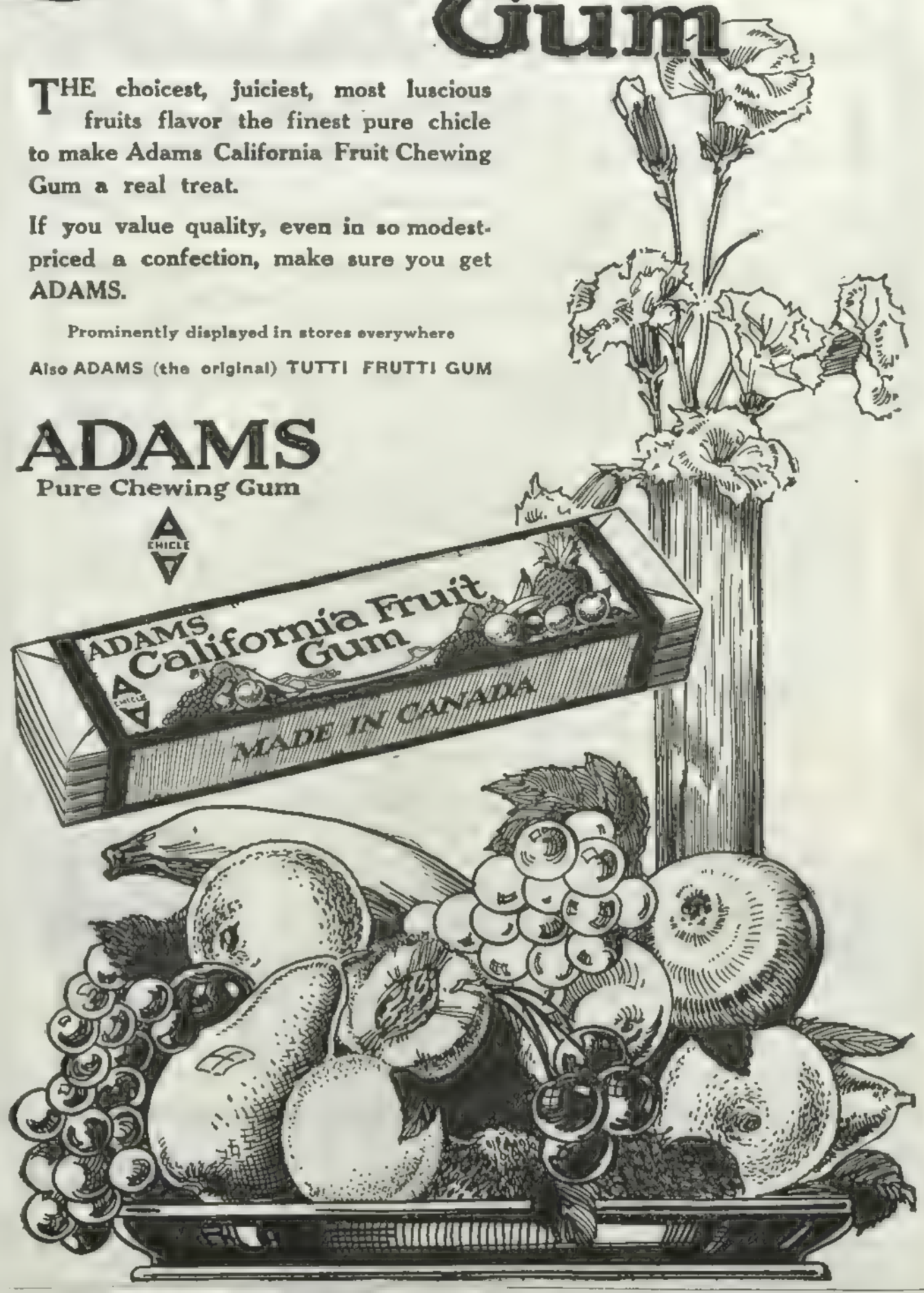

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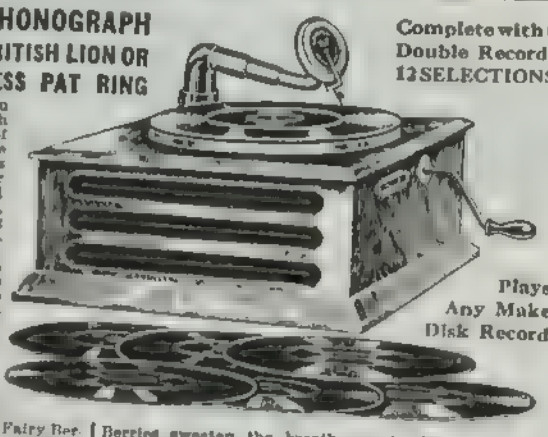

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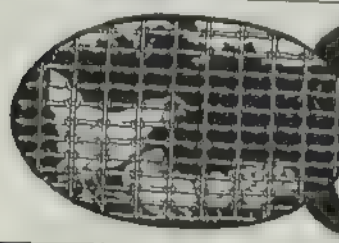

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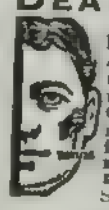

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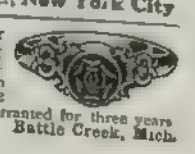

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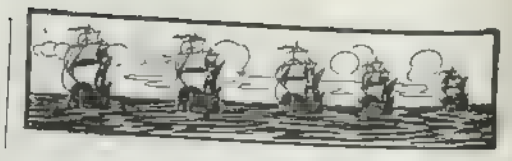


Do You Get the Most Out of Your Money

(*Continued from page 16*)

is most difficult, and once the joy is experienced, of having "something in the bank" to count on, above one's stated allowance, the saving habit establishes itself. The fat months, when one's wardrobe is fairly complete, and there seem to be few extra expenses, are the time to put a little money away to help tide over the lean month, when a new season makes demands and absolutely everybody seems to have a birthday.

And when the lean month comes, there is a reluctance to do away with the comfortable feeling of independence and power that the nest egg in the bank gives, and so the greatest care to preserve at least a part of it, and—the saving habit has taken root!

And later, when the young man assumes the responsibility of maintaining a home, or the girl no longer receives an allowance from father, but has a whole household's expenditure to regulate—they have something definite to begin on. They know what money will do, and what cannot be expected of it, they know that it is never safe to live up to the day's income—for the unexpected will always take that moment to put in its demands.

The Heart of Miss Honora

(*Continued from page 35*)

"Edme!" cried Miss Honora, and sat stiffly erect.

"The child walks in her sleep," said Matt. "That night she was with me she got up and stumbled about the room. Fortunately I heard her and woke her. Let *me* go to her."

When Edme awoke in Matt's arms she gave a little gurgle of delight. He sat down again with the child on his knee.

"Where would you have gone, my young lady, if I—if *we* hadn't happened to be here?" he asked with half whimsical, half sober concern.

"You've been hugging—embracing—Mademoiselle!" said Edme accusingly. "*Voila!* Her coif—her hair it is disarranged!"

"I will put her back to bed," said Miss Honora hurriedly.

"Let her stay a moment or two longer. She is my good angel. Once she gave me a very sweet message: She said you liked me! It was so overwhelming, Honora, I didn't allow myself to believe it—then."

"She does like you Monsieur," said Edme, sleepily. "She told us you were a kind—a *bon homme.* I like you to, and so does Marcel."

"And you like—Mademoiselle too?"

Edme nodded.

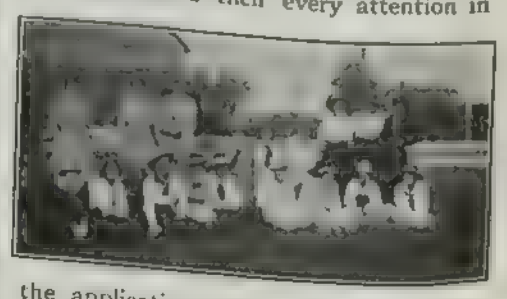
"It is said—I have heard a few people say that Mademoiselle has no heart, Monsieur," said the child, with quaint seriousness. "But they do not know her as we do. *N'est ce pas?*"

"No, not as we do." answered Matthew, softly. "Only we know the heart of Miss Honora."

Embryonic Farmerettes

IN the boudoir of the comely cows, in the hygienic barns of the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, some of these twenty young embryonic farmerettes recruited by the Ottawa Women's Canadian Club in co-operation with the Ontario Resources' Committee, gained their first knowledge of farming affairs in general.

As hand maids to the bouffant beasts, who demanded their every attention in



the application of brush and soap and water of their (unscented) daily bath, their feminine adaptability asserted itself and won for them the commendation of their learned instructors.

Chick-checking and egg-hunting, hoeing and cultivating, harnessing and feeding sterling steeds was all in the day's work.

Their uniforms of khaki smocks had not arrived when this was snapped, but their progress was not impeded despite the fact.

The Experimenters

The Fable of a Little Boy Whose Parents Practised on Him

By THE DOCTOR THEY DIDN'T HAVE

ONLY had learned to associate *Noise* with *Energy* and to recognize that wherever noise was, it meant that energy was manifesting itself. He wondered whether noise might be made a measure of energy; the more noise, the more energy. If he could only find some way of measuring noise, he might be able to measure energy. Twice as much noise would mean twice as much energy. But how to measure noise was the difficulty. The same noise was heard as very loud by some persons, and comparatively slight by others. So Only had to give up the idea of measuring energy by means of noise. And another consideration led him to the same conclusion. There can never be noise without energy; but there can be great energy without noise. He watched men raising a telegraph pole, and certainly they made a great deal of noise about it; perhaps as much as the energy they expended in lifting it. But he remembered that the pole had once been a tree, and it had stood upright, with all its branches. It must have required more energy to place it upright when all its leaves and branches were on it. And as he looked at all the great trees of the wood, standing upright he felt that a whole army of men would have been needed to place them so. Yet there they were, without any noise at all! It was wonderful. The sun's light and warmth; the food they got from the earth by means of their roots; the air which surrounded them on every side; these were the only possible sources from which that tremendous energy must come. And it all came so quietly that nobody ever heard the trees growing. It was evident that energy can not be measured by the noise it makes. How then can energy be measured? That was a problem. But Only delighted in thinking, and he determined to think about this.

He had already noticed that whenever he was energetic in work or play, he became hot, and the more he exerted himself the hotter he became. Perhaps energy and heat go together? If he rubbed two pieces of wood together, they became hot. When wheels go round very fast, they get hot; the carpenter's plane gets hot, so does his saw when he used it energetically to cut wood. And if things get very hot when they move very fast, they certainly must get a little hot when they move at all. So all movement makes heat, and heat if properly applied makes things move. This was quite easily proved. When water was made hot, in a tea kettle, it boiled and moved quite out of the kettle, leaving it empty and dry if left on the stove long enough. And everything got bigger when you heated it. If you fill a bottle with cold water and place it in a warm room, the water expands and some of it runs over the top of the bottle as it grows warm.

AND Only found that he himself was always warm, even when the air was cold. This he discovered by using a little instrument that every boy can easily get. It was called a thermometer. It is simply a glass bulb, with a long stem, and in the bulb, and part of the stem is a liquid which may be quicksilver or perhaps alcohol, colored red or blue. The stem has numbers on it, and if you mix ice and water in a cup, and dip the thermometer in this, the liquid will go down and down, till the top of the liquid reaches the number 32, if your instrument is a Fahrenheit one. Another kind of thermometer is called Centigrade, or Celsius; and if you have this kind, the liquid will go down to a mark called 0, or zero. If you now put the instrument into boiling water, the liquid in it will go up and up, till it reaches the mark 212 in the Fahrenheit one, or 100 in the Centigrade one. There are a great many marked intervals between these two. In the Fahr. (that means Fahrenheit), 180 interval between 32 and 212; and in the C. (that means Centigrade) 100 intervals. These intervals are called *degrees* and you can easily see that 180 degrees F. mean the same thing (because each means the difference in temperature between melting ice and boiling water) as 100 degrees C. So that every single degree F. is the same as 5/9 degree C. You may wonder why the number 32 F. is the same as 0 C. Well, that is because the inventor, whose name was Fahrenheit, found that if he mixed ice and salt together, the mixture was very cold indeed; and he thought that this was the most intense cold possible. You may try the experiment, and you will find if you put your finger in the mixture of ice and salt, that it is very cold indeed. It is usually in such a mixture that we freeze ice-cream. And if you put your Fahrenheit thermometer into it, the liquid will go down and down, and may go as low as mark 0, or zero. Can you now make a calculation as to how far down the Centigrade liquid will go? Only made this calculation and he found that it should go down to a number close to 18 C., but below the zero mark. Numbers below the zero mark are usually marked with a minus sign, thus —; and those above zero may be marked with a plus sign, thus +. This is all that you need to know about the thermometer; and I shall tell you some of the uses Only made of it. You may, however, remember that we usually put a little mark instead of the word *degree*, thus, + 75° Fah. means 75 degrees above the zero of Fahrenheit's thermometer; and — 18° C., means 18 degrees below the zero mark of the Centigrade scale.

(*To be continued*)

Canadian Women War Workers Overseas

(*Continued from page 15*)

Daughters of the Empire, and was regent of the Strathearn Chapter, the first Junior chapter to be formed in Vancouver, of which her daughter, Miss Kitty Armour, was one of the charter members. Her three sons have all been at the front since the beginning of the war, and all have been wounded. She is connected with the work of Lady Drummond's centre, and is engaged in visiting Canadian wounded in hospitals and writing letters and performing similar offices for the men. She is a sister of Mrs. Hayter Read, who is at present working at Dinard, in France. Her daughter, Miss Kitty Armour, is represented at the upper left hand corner of this page.

Mrs. Leonard Murray

MRS. LEONARD MURRAY is the wife of Major Murray, of the Dalhousie Hospital Unit, made up of University men from the City of Halifax, and from the Province of Nova Scotia. She has from the first months of the war been engaged in arduous work overseas. Mrs. Murray found her best results were gained in the field of organization, where women who had never worked were advised how to begin, and where those to whom toil was not a novelty were taught greater efficiency. She was, and is, in constant demand as a public speaker, but just now is on regular duty at one of the many clubs in London, opened for the benefit of our convalescent soldiers.

The Kiddies' Kut-Out Competition

Names of Prize Winners for May

Muriel Viola Barker, Carvel P. O., Alberta, Canada.

Master Whitney Fletcher, c-o Joshua F. Fletcher, Grand Prairie City, Alta.

Edna Walter, Ethelton, Sask.

Dorothy Henson, 87 Bristol Street, Toronto.

Jennie Wright, Rossland, B.C.

Arthur Douglas, 539 Home Street, Winnipeg, Man.

Marian Turton, Courthouse, Vancouver, B.C.

Margaret Peers, Acadico Valley, Alta.

Muriel Wainwright, 695 Talbot St., London, Ont.

Anna Plunkett, Arborfield, Sask.

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Junket

MADE *with* MILK

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Sold by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.
10 Tablets for 12c.

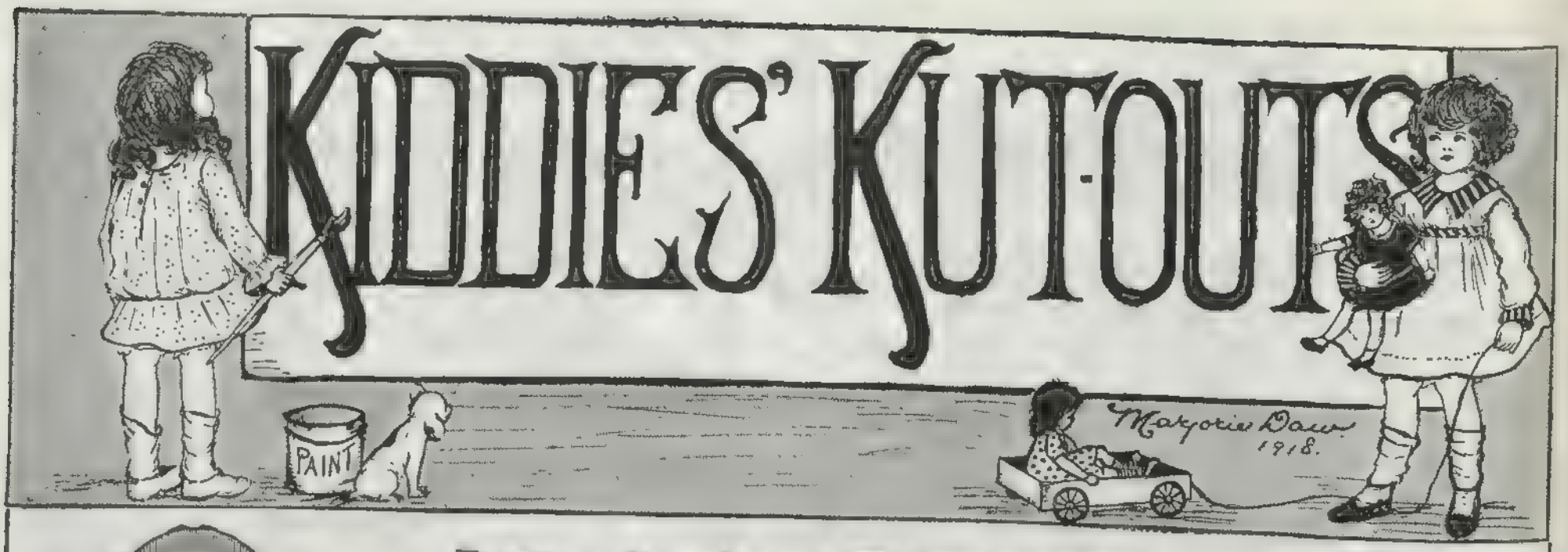
Send 3c and your dealer's name, for Recipe Booklet and Samples (enough for 12 dishes) or 12c for full package.

Chr. Hansen's Canadian Laboratory

Dept. B, Toronto, Canada.

"Nesnah" is Junket prepared with sugar and in 4 flavors. Made in a jiffy. Try a package—10c.

KIDDIES' KUT-OUTS



Introducing Elizabeth

Nancy's Little Sister

For Scissors, Paints and Crayons

How to Dress Elizabeth

The May Kut-Out Prize Winners announced on page 37.

PASTE the entire sheet on thick paper or thin cardboard before cutting out. Color the suits, etc., in the prettiest way you can. Use light pink for flesh color and a brighter pink for the cheeks. Cut hats along dotted lines and bend back tabs on other clothes. PRIZES—Ten painting books will be given to the senders of the ten best colored sets. Mail them to Marjorie Daw, care of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 259 Spadina Avenue, Toronto. All sets must be mailed before September 10th. A stamped self-addressed envelope must be enclosed if you wish them returned.

Marjorie Daw
1918.

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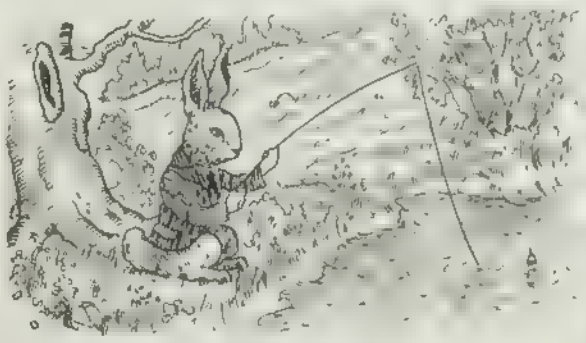
The Bunnies' Holiday

ONE day in the middle of August,
Too hot for the Bunnies to play,
They all sat around in their rooms 'neath the ground,
And most of them slept all the day.

John Bunny called "Wake up, you children,
Let's all for a holiday go;
All those who are good may go off to the wood
And we'll camp for a fortnight or so."

"We'll all take our fishing rods with us,
And for deep silent pools we will look,
And with bright colored fly the fish we will try
To tempt from his quiet little nook."



"And some can make sketches, while others
Can play Bunny games in the grass,
We'll all take our ease, and beneath the cool trees
Some days of enjoyment we'll pass."

The next day this crowd of gay Bunnies
Set off; to the river they went;
And quite close to the bank, 'midst the grass long and rank,
They set up a cute Bunny Tent.

John Bunny once more looked around him,
Saw a smile upon each Bunny's face,
Said he, "There's no doubt we'll be glad we came out
And we've certainly struck a good place."

"But still we should not feel so happy
If old Mr. Fox should come round,
So I think just in case he might visit this place
We will dig a few rooms under ground."

Quite soft was the soil in the woodland
The work for the Bunnies was light,
They worked as they should, just as hard as they could,
And soon they were all out of sight.

They dug and they scooped and they shovelled,
And when they had done, I am sure,
They had rooms big and deep, room to play, eat and sleep,
And from danger they felt quite secure.

Thus day after day slipped by quietly
With games that the Bunnikins love,
And each night as it came found them playing some game
While the moon shone out brightly above.

Now the owls were good friends of the Bunnies,
And promised to keep them in sight,
And the owl, as you know, sleeps the day through, and so
He is quite wide awake in the night.

Mr. Fox also sleeps in the day time,
At night he goes out on the prowl,
He has very sharp eyes and is generally wise,
(In this he is like Mr. Owl.)

One night Mr. Fox went a-walking,
The moon had a light in her lamp,
With the help of her light Mr. Fox soon caught sight
Of the Bunnies' wee riverside camp.

Mrs. Fox had suggested that rabbit
Would make a nice change in their diet,
She said, "Bring some home, the next time you come,"
And Foxie had promised to try it.

Uncle Peter's Monthly Letter

MY DEAR BUNNIES,—

Only a few words this month, too much story to have much space. I want to ask you how the gardens are coming along. Are you keeping the weeds down by pulling them up, and will you all have a supply of good things to show as the result of your work. Remember the Bunnies' garden, how hard they worked. I wonder what THEIR results will be; perhaps they will tell us next month.

Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle,

Uncle Peter.

So Mr. Fox came down the pathway
As quietly as ever he could,
He had made up his mind that some rabbit he'd find
To take back to his home in the wood.

But good Mr. Owl was not sleeping—
He saw Mr. Fox as he came,
Gave three hoots loud and clear, for the Bunnies to hear,
Which soon put a stop to their game.

They all scampered home in a hurry,
Each one down below quickly dives.
(They realized then that their underground den
Was likely to save all their lives.)

By the tent old John Bunny was waiting
To greet Mr. Fox, and he said
"My door's not very wide, but please come inside
My family's all gone to bed."

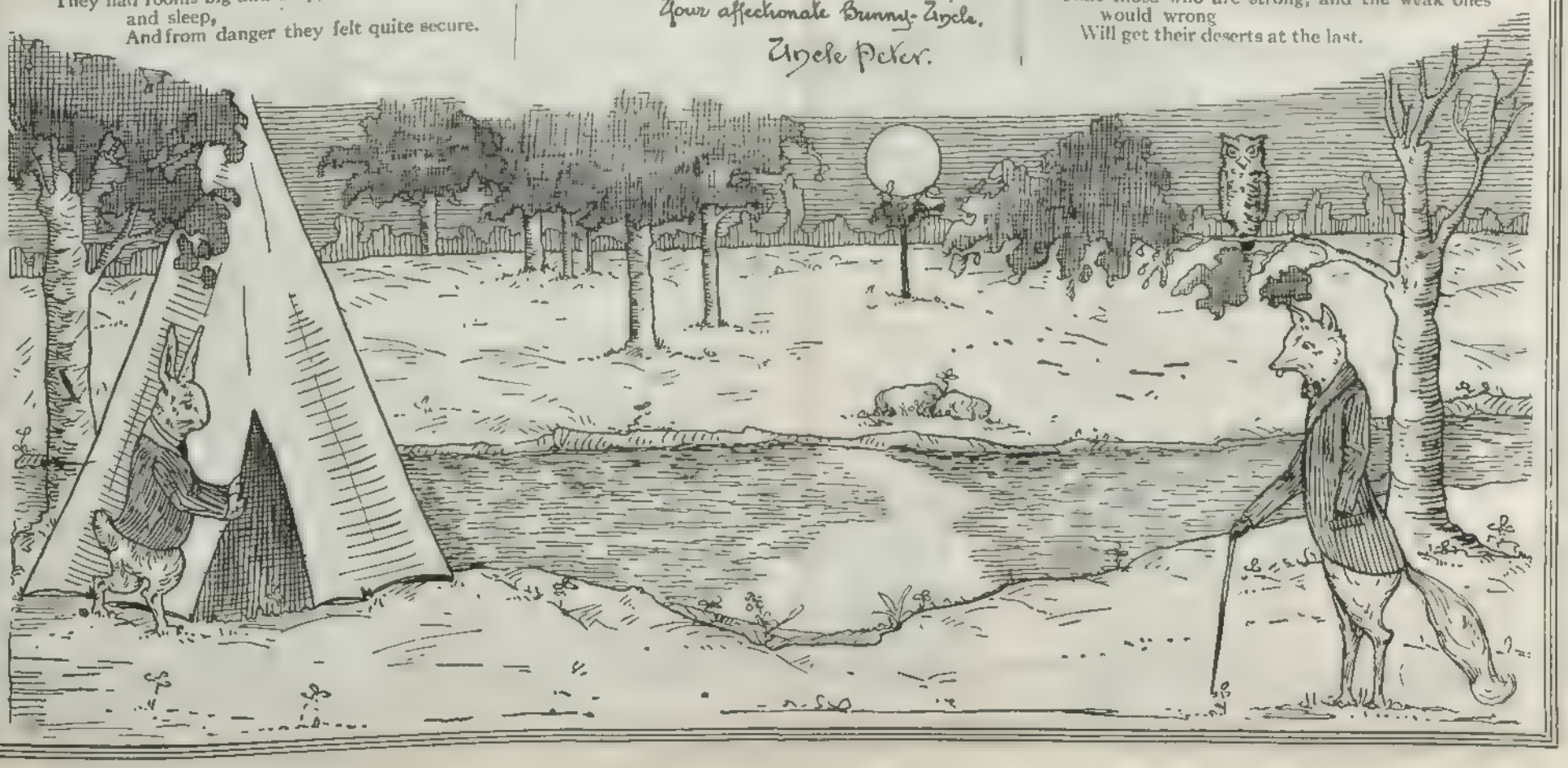
Mr. Fox with great pleasure accepted
And squeezed with great glee through the door
But inside he just found a small hole in the ground—
Just a hole in the ground—nothing more!

The flap of the tent fell behind him,
He was in and he couldn't get out,
He flew into a rage like a bear in a cage,
He *was* in a fix, there's no doubt!

He fumed and he stormed and he flustered;
The tent pole came down with a crash,
The whole tent gave a slide with poor Foxie inside
And into the water went S P L A S H.

Next day all the bunnies were able
To play in the sunshine so bright
But the fishing they had was exceedingly bad
For the fish were too foxy to bite!

Perhaps there's a lesson for us here
Who are watching these last years go past,
That those who are strong, and the weak ones would wrong
Will get their deserts at the last.



What Future Does She Face?

ONLY a Little Girl to-day—what will She be To-morrow? In your heart you want her to be happy—you want to care for her—protect her and educate her. But—what future does she face? That is a question you must answer *Now*. Her future is yours to make. Next year and all the years of her life are *in your hands to-day*. What future does she face? Will you help her to face life with the same clear womanly gaze—will you make her an honored and happy wife and mother?

Or will her eyes close over hot tears of betrayal—will you make of her a Magdalene—because she did not know and never was taught to understand?

Answer these questions fairly. Meet your responsibility squarely. You've either done your duty or you haven't. Is her future safe or is it in peril?

HOW SHALL I TELL MY CHILD?

Written by that friend to mothers, Mrs. Jean Blewett, will be an invaluable friend and guide to you. There is no mistaking the earnestness, the tender sweetness and the flaming heart of mother-love that lies behind her appealing message. Every mother with a child' future in her keeping needs Mrs. Blewett's womanly counsel and advice.

It will be sent to any EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD reader for 25c., to cover cost of publication and printing. Send at once for your copy—only a limited edition has been printed. Or, with any new or renewal subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, a membership card will be given to the Home Library Association entitling you to 50c. worth of books FREE, including "How Shall I Tell My Child"?

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Women are made

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Beecham's Pills. They bring welcome relief from those debilitating conditions to which so many women, at times, are subject. This famous family remedy relieves the head, strengthens the nerves, tones the stomach, regulates the bowels, stimulates the liver and acts favorably on the organs. After a few doses the blood becomes purer, the eyes brighten, the complexion takes on a healthier tint; appetite improves, and the system properly performs its functions. Every woman should know and experience the relief that follows the use of

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Directions of special value to women are with every box

At All Druggists, 25c.

"The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World"

The Care of Your Baby During the Hot Weather

By CONSTANCE NICHOLSON LEA

THE month of August is probably the most trying month of the whole year for little babies. Summer Complaint is the dreaded menace of the hot days. It is one of the chief causes of infant mortality, and the hotter and drier the summer the greater number of deaths there are found to be.

Infant mortality from Summer Complaint, or rather from diseases of which it is the most noticeable symptom, begins to rise about the middle of July and rises steadily, reaching its maximum at the end of August or beginning of September, then falls as the cooler weather of October comes.

Happy the mother who is able to nurse her baby during these "dog days." She should by no means wean him until it is cooler. At a large children's hospital in Manchester, England, records show, that among infants up to the age of twelve months who have died from diarrhoea, over ninety-five per cent. were fed on artificial foods, and less than five per cent. had been breast fed.

Let the mother of the less fortunate bottle baby see to it that she is most vigilant. If she can keep her little one in health during the next few weeks, the cooler days of autumn and winter need have no terrors for her.

While chill and indigestibility of food are well-known causes of diarrhoea, by far the most common cause is infected milk. The high temperature favors the growth of bacteria, and unless the most scrupulous cleanliness is observed as regards bottles, nipples and the different utensils used in the preparation of the baby's food, you will not be able to prevent this dreaded ailment from attacking your little one. One of the most common carriers of infection is the ordinary house fly. Keep him away from your baby at all costs. Do not allow refuse food, dirty milk or feeding bottles to stand about on the kitchen table or sink. This will serve to attract flies into the house. An accumulation of garbage by the back door is unsafe, for even a screen will not keep them all out, when they are gathered in swarms about the entrance of your dwelling. Do not let flies settle on your baby's face. A couple of yards of white mosquito netting will cost but a trifle, and this thrown over his crib while he sleeps may save you endless trouble. Be careful about soiled diapers. Do not leave them about. If you cannot possibly wash them as soon as they are removed, place them to soak in clean water in a covered slop pail, and then wash them out at your earliest opportunity.

If your baby is bottle fed, you are no doubt giving him one of the modified milk formulas, or else some food recommended by your doctor at the time of weaning. All infant foods are more or less unsatisfactory substitutes for human milk. The breast fed baby has what Nature intended him to live on. He receives it sweet, warm, fresh and practically sterile. Thus, for him, there is no danger of disease infection by milk. The food of the bottle baby, on the other hand, goes through various processes, and is often handled by many different persons before it is finally prepared and ready for his use. As modified milk, i.e., the changing of cows' milk to resemble as closely as possible human milk, is the food most often recommended by physicians, it is very necessary that the milk you get is pure and clean. The milk from a herd of healthy cows is said to be better than that of a single cow. The Holstein and Ayrshire cows give the best milk for little babies, hat of the Jersey and Guernsey breeds being too rich in fat for very young infants, though excellent for older children.

If you live in the city you will have to be satisfied with the bottled milk left every day at your door by the milk man, and you can have no choice of the sort of cow that it comes from! But at least you can be very particular as to the firm you deal with. We are living in the days when Government inspection of dairies is insisted upon, and for this we should be truly grateful. Procure your milk from a dairy that is above reproach, even though you have to pay a cent or two more for it. As soon as your milk is delivered, place it in the ice box or in a cool cellar until you are ready to prepare baby's food.

If you live in the rural districts, see that the stables, milk-pails, and every individual who has the handling of the milk is as clean as it is possible for them to be.

The percentage of cream your baby has been getting in his feeding bottle should be lessened during the hot weather. He does not require the same amount of fat in his diet as when it was cooler. During short periods of excessive heat it is a good plan to dilute his food considerably with water, and he should be given plenty of cool, boiled water between feedings. A teapot kept just for his drinking water is excellent. His bottle can so easily be filled from it. A small piece of absorbent cotton placed in the spout of the teapot will keep germs out. All babies should be taught to drink water. If given with a bottle during the first few days of life, not much trouble will be experienced later. One or two ounces daily may be given to a new-born baby and as he grows he will take more. A baby twelve months old should take three or four ounces twice or three times a day.

It seems almost unnecessary to urge that your baby be allowed to have all the fresh air possible these days. Do we not all, old and young alike, pant for cool breezes during the hot weather! If there is a shady corner of your verandah or garden, let the baby spend his days there, his crib or carriage (as before mentioned) covered with mosquito netting. Let his clothing be as light as possible, and do not handle him yourself, or allow others to trouble him any more than you can help. It will be necessary, however, for you to change his diaper frequently. Do not allow him to have a wet or soiled diaper on for a minute in the hot weather. It is only thus that you can prevent chafing and great discomfort to the poor little one. Sometimes, in spite of the greatest care, a baby with very sensitive skin will chafe. When this happens, dusting with Fuller's powder. In severe case, take some lump Fuller's Earth, moisten it with water and bathe the parts with the water. A little of the wet earth which collects like mud at the bottom of the dish, can be smeared on the affected parts and will be found to be wonderfully healing.

Avoid taking baby away from home in August. Travelling on either street-car or train is hard on babies at any time, and it is doubly hard in the hot weather. If, however, you are leaving the city for several weeks to stay in the country, where the air will be purer and the milk better, it is of course worth the risk. See that food sufficient to last him till you reach your destination is ready prepared in sterilized nursing bottles, stopped with absorbent cotton and packed in a grip or basket where they will not come in contact with anything dirty. Have plenty of rubber nipples well scrubbed and scalded, and wrapped in a clean table-napkin. Take with you a supply of cool boiled water. Do not attempt to take food in a Thermos bottle. I recently heard of a baby who lost his life because this convenient device was used constantly for keeping his food warm from one feeding to another. The Thermos bottle is most useful and is a splendid thing, but it is not suitable for baby'sfood. Take hot water in it, and heat the feeding bottle by placing it in the hot water until it is the right temperature for baby to take.

If, in spite of all your care, your baby gets the dreaded Summer Complaint, it would be wise for you to see a doctor at once. If you are far from a doctor, there are a few rules that are always safe to follow. The first is to give a teaspoonful of castor oil at the outset. Then dilute his food to the proportion of one half with water. In severe cases, discontinue all food for twelve hours, giving only cool boiled water at his feeding times. It is possible that with care, the trouble will pass with no serious results.

It means constant care and watchfulness to keep baby in health during these hot, hot weeks, but if you can manage it you will be amply repaid for your trouble. Babies, like plants and animals, grow best in the summer, if they are well and strong. If your baby has escaped the dangers of August, he will most probably be well equipped with health and vigor for the coming winter.

In the Realm of Books

What's What in the Newest Literature

By NORAH M. HOLLAND

The Full Measure of Devotion

By Dana Gatlin
The Musson Book Co.
Price, 50c.

THIS little booklet, "The Full Measure of Devotion," is a story, not of the war, but of its reactions—of those who "stay at home and suffer." The author, Miss Dana Gatlin, has succeeded in writing a story which is touching, without sentimentality. To read it once is to wish to read it again.

The Kentucky Warbler

By James Lane Allen
McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart

THIS little volume, by the author of "A Kentucky Cardinal," is a history of a boy's endeavor to find the key to his own nature. This is revealed to him, at last, as the result of a long day's wandering through the woods in search of the Kentucky Warbler.

The House of Whispers

By William Johnston
Thomas Allen
Price, $1.40

IN this up-to-date mystery story the author has transplanted to a modern apartment house the ghostly atmosphere of a ruined castle. Rich old Rufus Gaston and his wife, terrorized by the strange happenings in the Granddeck Apartment, desert it, leaving in charge their grandnephew, Spalding Nelson. Becoming acquainted with Barbara Bradford, who lives in the apartment opposite, Nelson is involved in a baffling web of mysteries, ending in his arrest on a charge of murder. Of course the mystery is discovered and all ends happily.

The Soul of Democracy

By Edward Howard Griggs
MacMillan Co. of Canada
Price, $1.25

WHAT at bottom does the war mean? why has it been our war from the beginning? What will be the effect of the war upon our social philosophy and upon the future of democracy? These are some of the questions which Dr. Griggs attempts to answer in this volume. The book is simple in style and popular in its appeal and can be recommended to all those readers who have enjoyed Dr. Griggs' various courses of lectures.

Mary Regan

By LeRoy Scott
Thomas Allen
Price, $1.50

WHEN one reads "Mary Regan" one can scarcely avoid the conclusion that the tale was written with an eye to production by "the movies." The plot of the volume is just such as you may see in fifty out of every hundred moving picture houses in any large city. The hairbreadth escapes and thrilling situations scattered freely through the story would make the fortune of a scenario writer. We would recommend the author to turn his attention to this lucrative profession, where his talents should most assuredly meet with unqualified success.

Flood Tide

By Daniel Chase
The MacMillan Co. of Canada
Price, $1.50

IN this volume Mr. Daniel Chase has given to us a romance of modern business life. In the central figure of the book, John Coffin, he has pictured for us a dreamer and student, who is forced by circumstances into a business career. In three hundred and fifty pages Mr. Chase tells the story of Coffin's success, the price which he paid for it and the way in which he ultimately achieved the happiness which had eluded him for so long.

Home Vegetables and Small Fruit

By Frances Duncan
MacClelland, Goodchild & Stewart
Price, $1.40

FRANCES Duncan has given us in this book a handy compendium of facts regarding the growing of vegetables in home gardens. The book is well printed and reasonable in price and should be of great aid to all amateur gardeners. It gives clear directions as to soils, varieties, etc. and tells in easily understood language the best methods of pruning, and managing all small fruits and vegetables.

A Boy in Eirinn

By Padraic Colum
J. M. Dent & Co.
Price, $1.50

THIS volume is one of "The Little Schoolmate Series." It tells children in an interesting way about the life of an Irish peasant boy, his school, his home, his sports and pastimes. Mr. Colum, the author, is well qualified to speak upon the subject, having himself been a boy in Ireland not so many years since.

Chronicles of St. Tid

By Eden Phillpotts
MacMillan Co. of Canada

IN this volume Eden Phillpots has given us some fifteen tales of Cornwall and the west country. No one knows the people of this locality better than Mr. Phillpotts or is able to portray them with greater sympathy and understanding. These simple chronicles of the lives of the miners and farmers of the little Cornish village are full of a kindly humor which will appeal to most readers.

Vocational Education of Girls and Women

By Albert H. Leake
McMillan Co. of Canada.
Price $1.75

THIS book was written as a companion volume to "Industrial Education—Its Methods Problems and Dangers." It is intended to appeal to students in colleges and normal schools that offer courses in household arts and other vocational courses for women, to school superintendents and principals, to directors of vocational schools and to the growing number of lay readers who are beginning to study educational problems in general. The volume is divided into two parts, which respectively deal with: Women in the Home, and Women in Industry outside the Home. These are treated in a clear and comprehensive manner, the authority being given for practically every important statement of fact that is made. It is well and clearly illustrated and will be found a valuable contribution to the subject it discusses.

The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me

By William Allen White
The MacMillan Co. of Canada
Price $1.50

THIS is a humorous account of the adventures of two elderly Americans who went to the front in the service of the Red Cross. It will serve as an antidote to the many publications which have dealt exclusively with the grim horrors of warfare, for it is overflowing with good spirits; yet at times the author allows us a glimpse at the serious side of life as lived overseas. Without extracts, which would take up too much space, it is impossible to give the spirit of this book, but those who read it will learn much of the true feeling of the American people towards the present war—that "deep heart of the nation" which has at last responded with its "Lord, we come," to the appeal from suffering Europe, "Come over and help us."

(*Continued on page 42*)

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FOR the convenience of our readers we will be glad to purchase for them from the publishers, all such books as we may review.

A post office money order enclosed with instructions—name of book and publisher—covering price of book and postage is all that will be required. There will be no extra charge for the service.

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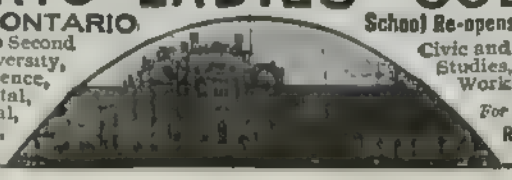

For Calendar apply to
Rev. F. L. Farewell, B. A.
Principal.

In the Realm of Books

(*Continued from page 41*)

The Escape of a Princess Pat

By George Pearson
McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart
Price $1.40

THIS volume is a full account of the capture and fifteen months imprisonment of Corporal Edwards of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, and his final escape from Germany into Holland. The volume is a very readable and exciting history, and, so far as possible, the details of the escape are authenticated by various documents which have been published as an appendix.

Miss Pim's Camouflage

By Lady Stanley
Thomas Allen
Price $1.50

MISS PIM, an English spinster of fifty, finds herself suddenly possessed of the power of becoming invisible. Realizing that her marvellous gift may be of great help to her country, she offers her services to the military authorities, and is by them commissioned to make a trip through Germany, gathering valuable information. This she does, managing to secure interviews with the Kaiser and Von Hindenburg while there, and finally returns in safety to receive the Victoria Cross as the reward of her services. The book is brightly and pleasantly written and will furnish amusement for many a leisure hour.

The High Romance

By Michael Williams
MacMillan Co. of Canada.
Price $1.60

A LONG and rather tedious account of the natural and spiritual adventures of a wandering American newspaper editor and writer, who, filled from boyhood with the desire to express himself through the medium of literature, finds himself tied down to grinding and uncongenial work for many years. Financial worries beset him and are complicated by ill-health. He travels the length and breadth of the United States seeking a livelihood and comes in contact with most of the prominent people of the day. The book ends upon a joyous note, with his conversion—or rather return—to Catholicism, the faith of his fathers.

JOHNNIE'S LUCK

(*Continued from page 11*)

of Johnny that in his moment of triumph he remembered it was hard on the other fellows.

After lunch Johnny set off for Downing Street. He walked with such a step and air that some weary pedestrians turned to look after him with a sigh of envy, wondering what particular piece of good fortune had happened to him.

After a period of waiting he was admitted to the Chief's presence. A good many other people were waiting to see the great man. He came to meet Johnny with a kind smile, but hardly as though he expected him. Johnny had a feeling somehow of having come at the wrong time.

"I won't keep you a minute, sir," he said "It was only to thank you for remembering me. It's more than I deserve. Of course I'm delighted, and will do my best —"

Sir Richard looked bewildered.

"What is it about, Mr. Despard"? he a asked gently.

"About the position you have kindly offered me—the Junior Lordship—"

Johnny's heart fell from its elation, oddly heavy. It wasn't possible Sir Richard had forgotten!

"I think there has been some mistake. You have had a letter?"

"Yes, Sir Richard." Was it possible someone had been playing a prank on him? Down went Johnny's heart from its elation to his boots. Why, what a fool he had been!

"I'm so sorry, sir," he went on, producing the letter. "I had this this morning. I took it to be genuine. Of course it was most unlikely."

Sir Richard glanced at the letter, and his smile was a little grim.

"Not at all, not at all. You go too fast for me. There has been a mistake, but only in the office we are prepared to offer you. Not the Junior Lordship. That goes to Merrick Lindsay. If you will accept a small office, the ——," he mentioned an office of no great distinction, but one that carried a respectable salary—"we shall be very proud to have your services."

JOHNNY was bowed out in a state of bewilderment. What on earth did it mean? After all, it was better for him, since this office carried endowment and the other did not. Why, that must be it. The chief had discovered that the want of money stood between him and Molly, and had given him the less-important but better-paid job.

In Birdcage Walk he came face to face with Bobby Lovelace, who was accompanied by another golden youth. They barred his way with an air of manifest enjoyment.

"Why, Despard," said Bobby Lovelace, his face so wrinkled up by laughter that his eyes had all but disappeared, "you look as though you were among the lucky ones—where Ashley and I will never be."

"So I am," said Johnny simply. "I've just seen Sir Richard. He's given me the ——" and he mentioned the post.

The two youths looked at each other with crestfallen and guilty faces. Then Bobby Lovelace recovered his normal, cheerful impudence.

"A man of your ability, Johnny!" he said. "You ought to have had something better than that."

But Johnny Despard was very well satisfied. So was Molly Uniacke; so was Lord Urlingford, who was saved from climbing down from an untenable position.

Lord Urlingford was very proud of Johnny.

"He'll go far, you'll see. He'll go far. Johnny's one of the safe ones. Sir Richard takes a great interest in him. He's not one of your fireworks, but it is very creditable to him that at his age he should have received such a distinction. Very creditable, too, I am bound to say, to the Premier's gift of recognizing the right man for his purpose."

Lord Urlingford had a loud, far-carrying voice, and the speech reached Bobby Lovelace where he sat in an obscure corner with a child of the house, to whom he was making frantic love. The occasion was one of the political parties given by Mrs. Lauderdale, the wife of the Colonial Secretary.

"Just listen to old Urlingford," Bobby said into the pretty pink ear to which his lips were so close. "He's swelling himself out like a turkey-cock over Johnny Despard's preferment. Thinks he did it himself, I shouldn't be surprised. Not that I envy old Johnny his luck. He's a good sort. And he's head over ears in love with Miss Uniacke. I wish someone would do me as good a turn."

"As good a turn as what?" asked the child of the house, who was literal-minded. She was not supposed to be present at the important assemblage at all, not being out yet, but had received permission to look on from the musician's gallery, where young Mr. Lovelace had discovered her and joined her.

Bobby kissed the pink ear.

"That is another story, adorable Miss Mamie," he said. "And I've no end of a bad time over it too. You'd never think to see old Burnett standing there looking so benevolent, that he could make himself so uncommonly unpleasant. I assure you that over doing Johnny that good turn I had as bad a half hour as I ever had under the birch at Eton."

"Why don't you talk plainly?" asked Miss Mamie, pouting. "And if Sir Richard was unkind to you I'm sure you deserved it. I'm just hopelessly gone on him."

"Cruel child!" sighed Mr. Lovelace, drawing out a long curl of Miss Mamie's hair and letting it spring back again into its original form.

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One car may be famous because of its number of cylinders, another for its body design, another for its low price—

And so it goes until you come to Model 90, and then you discover this important fact back of the great number now in use;

Model 90 has been purchased because it *combines all five* of these essentials for complete satisfaction.

True, in many cases its quality *appearance*, big-car stylish design and distinctive color scheme primarily influenced purchasers.

Again, in many, many cases it is the *performance* of Model 90 that makes it first choice. As a matter of fact, performance is its major virtue.

It is not only the things Model 90 *does*, but the *way* it does them, that makes Model 90 owners so enthusiastic—

The way it consistently meets every driving need day in and day out, through congested traffic, over steep hills, in fair or bad weather, and for short or long rides, proves its adequacy for every motoring need.

A large number of Model 90 owners when asked the reason for their choice have mentioned *comfort* first.

When you have inspected this car and driven and ridden in it, you, too, will understand why comfort accommodations have contributed so much to Model 90's fame.

Service is not listed among a car's specifications, and by service we do not mean the service the car gives alone, but the service that the dealers and factory behind the car are ever ready and able to give.

In making a survey of the reasons for the popularity of the Model 90 car, seldom has its moderate *price* been mentioned first—

Yet, even if it were lacking in some of the five advantages it *does* combine, its price still would warrant its great popularity.

And today, above all else, a car must be *economically* efficient.

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ARE you a "Home" Girl who would like a little money of your very own without asking someone for it? Or are you a business woman that suddenly discovers your salary won't buy one of those fuzzy wuzzy things everyone is wearing round their necks? Maybe you're "happily married" and find the few minutes spare time now and then added to what you have makes just "a little bit more."

Here is Your Opportunity

Many of your friends do not take EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD Call on them with this month's issue. Point out to them the value they will receive in 12 issues of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Show them the splendid stories and serials, special articles, fashions and fancies and household helps EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will bring to them. Explain to them that their subscription sent direct will cost just the same, while by giving you their order they can help you win many beautiful gifts of your choice. You will find this a profitable and dignified way of winning many little luxuries your heart desires. You may have cash commisions if you prefer the money instead of gifts.

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The birthstone ring which is shown on the left is of wonderful value inasmuch as it is solid, 10k. gold. It is in the popular Tiffany claw design. You will be proud of such a ring. The stones used in the setting are real, genuine jewels or high-grade doublets, imitation stones being only used for the rarer jewels. Pick your Birthstone from this List:

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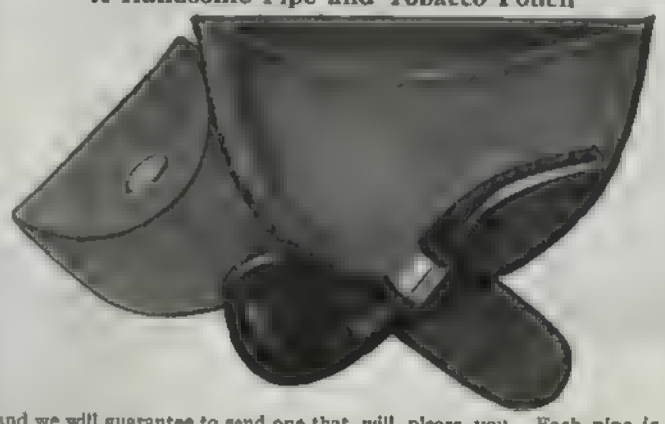
February—Amethyst	August—Sardonyx
March—Bloodstone	September—Sapphire
April—Pearl	October—Opal
May—Emerald	November—Topaz
June—Agate	December—Turquoise

Something for Him

A Handsome Pipe and Tobacco Pouch



We knew there was nothing that would please the man who smokes as much as a handsome pipe and pouch. Every smoker knows there is no pipe to compare with the famous "London-Made" Briars.

One of London's greatest makers is supplying us with these handsome pipes, and we are able to give a number of the most popular shapes in both straight and bent styles. Tell us whether you prefer a straight pipe or a bent shape pipe and we will guarantee to send one that will please you. Each pipe is put up in a high-grade leather case and we accompany it with a fine rubber tobacco pouch, large and roomy and well capable of holding a full size package of tobacco. Given for four subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD or six subscriptions to RURAL CANADA.

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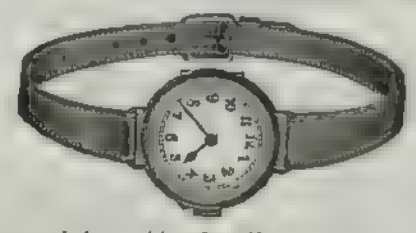
This Handsome Military Style Wrist Watch



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This handsome watch is very desirable and has real utility because it can be removed from the wristband and worn alternately on a guard or chatelaine when desired. This watch has rich real gunmetal case, porcelain dial, stem wind and set. The wristlet is fine, soft-finished leather. This wrist watch is suitable for either men or ladies and is a fine gift.

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Magnificent 10-Kt. Solid Gold Pendant with 15-inch Solid Gold Chain

This Gold-Filled Pendant for four subscriptions to Everywoman's World or six subscriptions to Rural Canada

This is a dainty present that cannot be surpassed in quality or design. A delicate, gold filled chain with a pendant set with an amethyst and baroque pearls.

This is one of the most exquisite premiums we have ever offered and evidences the wonderful value of the rewards given to our friends who introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD or RURAL CANADA. The pendant is solid 10K. gold, hand wrought in an exquisite Florentine design. It has a genuine baroque pearl drop and is set with a beautiful brilliantly cut synthetic amethyst. The chain is also solid gold. 10K., in fine curb pattern, full 15 inches long, with safety fastener. A wonderful offer—given for securing only four new or renewal subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, or six subscriptions for RURAL CANADA.

The Friendship Circle Club

Dept. 2, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ontario

Everywoman's Forum

To Our Women: A Personal Invitation from Anne Page

Dear Anne Page—

From what you said in your first letter to EVERYWOMAN'S readers I judge you mean to help us out of our difficulties, even if you laugh us out of them. Here's mine.

I'm twenty, weigh 160 pounds and am below medium height. It spoils my looks. Can you give some good exercises for fat folks, also a diet for reducing flesh? I don't care how hard they are. I promise to follow them.—ALICE-FOR-SHORT, Renfrew, Ont.

Help you out? Of course we will. It is what we are here for. Most fleshy women want to be thin, though a certain number would not grumble at their weight if they could only be slim waisted. These latter hardly ever enquire re diet, what corset to wear looms more important in their eyes. Corsets or the various "specialties" advertised never work any lasting good and often do harm. Diet and exercise are the cure for this, as they are for most of the ills that flesh is heir to, but you must stick at them. Live, not for weeks or even months, but right along, on fresh fruit, coarse breads, lean meats. Discriminate against starchy foods, and fats, and cut out candy and sweets of all kinds, especially rich cakes and pastry. Buttermilk is the best drink of all, next to water.

As for exercise, a teacher in a Toronto physical culture class which makes "reducing" its specialty, gives the following rules for finding the way back to slenderness:

No. 1. Stand erect, arms extended straight out from shoulder to either side. Squat, at the same time raising arms above the head. Return to first position. Repeat this from five to thirty times, as you become accustomed to work.

No. 2. Lie on back, with hands on hips. Lift both legs to vertical and slowly lower, without raising head. Do this only once the first time and very gradually increase until you can do it ten times without getting lame.

No. 3. Lie on back with feet under heavy chair, hands on hips. Draw the body up to sitting position, then let it slowly back supine. Do this but once during the first lesson, slowly increasing the number of times so as to avoid soreness of the muscles.

No. 4. Have a target at a level with your chin and keep on kicking it with each foot alternately until you can do it with ease.

Dear Anne Page—

I am nearly seventeen and want to become a civil engineer. Do you think that a good trade. Where is the best place to learn it? How much will it cost to get through? I am planning to take it up when the farm work slacks up this fall. The Governor is a blacksmith, folks say the best in the township, and I have his bent for mechanical work, only blacksmithing doesn't go far enough. No trade that has to do with horses amounts to much any more, on account of motors and electric power. Only for this I would stay in the smithy. It makes you strong to work with a hammer and anvil. I get a man's full wages on the farm, and have the biggest muscles of any boy in our neighborhood. But I want a bigger trade, and to do all kinds of work like building railroads, and bridges, and tunnels and such. I don't care how hard I have to dig in or how long it takes to learn how. I've got to get hold of this civil engineer stuff. There's going to be lots of this work, I think, don't you? This war isn't going to hang on much longer and there isn't much bigger, better country 'twixt here and Kingdom Come than our own Canada. I'd like to have a hand in making her roads and working her mines and if I ever get through I'll do my best, you bet. I've seven hundred dollars saved to start on, and I figure on earning my board and keep driving a car (wish it was horses) or taking a milk waggon out early enough to finish my trip in time for school. You don't mind my writing to you like this, do you? A boy wants someone to tell things to sometimes, and you seem away off and nice. To-day it came to me I must make a clean breast of everything and hear what you had to say. The Governor he tells me the city gobbles green youth up, but I tell him it'll have to go some to gobble me. See my muscles. I believe I'll make good. I know it's some job to make a real man out of a rube, but I'm willing to work till the cows come home, and then some. Gosh! I should say so. Nothing tires me out, even threshing or saw-logging. Here's hoping this finds you well as it leaves me and the Governor. You don't need to print this, just answer it.—LES. D., Maple Line, Ont.

Boy, your closing injunction calls to mind what little Mary's mother wrote in answer to the school teacher's letter apprising her of the fact that Mary didn't have a pleasant smell and should receive a good bath. "Please, Mary ain't no flower, don't smell her; teach her." I know I didn't "need" to print your letter, but listen, there's so much real boy to it that scores will love to read it. I'm proud as can be at receiving it and will be glad to hear as often as you care to write.

Now, as to your queries, I certainly approve of your ambition to be a civil engineer. The profession is a good one. Write to the School of Practical Science at Toronto or Montreal as to terms, etc. Should your choice be Toronto, drop into EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD office should you get homesick—not that we have any idea you will. A boy so busy as you mean to be is not apt to be troubled with that malady. Of course you'll win out. Any lad of seventeen possessing your grit, to say nothing of your muscles, is *bound* to succeed. No, sir, the city is not going to "gobble up" you and your ideals, it is going to help you realize them. One thing you must be scolded about. If I were the seventeen year old son of a man who had earned the title of "best blacksmith in the township," I should be glad and proud to speak of him as "father." I know it is only a habit, but it isn't a habit for you or any fine Canadian youth to cultivate. There, Les., we will shake hands and begin all over again. Win out? Of course you will.

ANNE PAGE.

Teresa Armstrong, Ottawa—

No, Sidney Lanier was a Southerner—Macon, Georgia, is very proud of being his birthplace. I do not know for sure that the following is the poem you desire, but it is esteemed his most beautiful one:

"Look off, dear love, across the sallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea,
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands,
Ah! longer, longer, we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine.
And Cleopatra night drinks all. 'Tis done,
Love, lay thy hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart;
Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands,
O Night! Divorce our sun and sky apart,
Never our lips, our hands."

Dear Anne Page—

I dislike disagreeing with you the first time I come into the Forum, but can't help it. Your editorial re "Touchy Folk" I consider thoughtless, almost cruel. Only that I know we're perfect strangers, I would think you'd singled me out for criticism. People can't change their dispositions; or help being sensitive, if such is their make up. So you please practise some of that charity you preach the rest of us, and not call us babies because we cry when our feelings are hurt by thoughtless friends.—MAVIS.

Come, come, get the grouch out of your song, Mavis. Nobody intended to hurt you, take that much for granted. I am sure there are enough real people to hurt your precious feelings without your stumbling against our innocent little sermon anent touchiness and temper, and bruising them all to pieces. Sorry, Mavis. Did you ever hear what Mike said when brought before the magistrate for knocking his rival down at Donnybrook Fair?

"Mike," began the magistrate, "this is a serious matter."

"Sure, I only hit him wid me fist, your honor," pleaded Mike.

"You cracked his head open and I fine you half a crown for the offence," came the stern rejoinder.

"Very well," said Mike, pulling out his purse, "but before I pay I want to ask just wan question. What business had a chap wid a crackable head at a fair anyhow?"

Dear Everywoman's—

So much is said about saving of food by economical ways in the kitchen, and yet there is one way by which the country might save a great deal of food which seems to be almost entirely overlooked, and that is by getting rid of so many useless dogs.

It is not necessary, is it, for me to point out to the readers the waste which is going on in the feeding of these dogs. If they look about them and use their own

Everywoman's Forum

common sense in their judgments they will surely see that this is a national crime.

Some may say: "Dogs are really necessary." Well, a very few of them are. Even on a farm, the average dog can scarcely be said to pay for its keep. More than this, about nine dogs out of every ten eat eggs whenever they get the chance of doing so when no one is around. J. B. Spencer in his bulletin on "The Sheep Industry in Canada," states that the sheep population in Ontario alone has fallen off over a million head within the last thirty years, due to the existence of the dog evil, for dogs have a strong preference for mutton diet.

In spite of the present crisis, some people have as many as two and three dogs around "faring sumptuously every day." Raising taxes (on dogs) is not enough to stop this evil. Surely, when so many human lives have been sacrificed, it would not be much to sacrifice your dog's life, when food is the need of the hour and the saving of it an important factor in the winning of the war.

Now just a word to the women who keep dogs for protection when they must stay alone. Did it ever occur to you that most women who keep dogs for this purpose are nervous and that the nervousness was caused by depending on the dog instead of on your own self to act in an emergency? Try depending on yourself and develop self-confidence and courage.

To those who keep dogs as playmates and guardians for their children, let me say that it is a scientific fact that "persons become more like their companions by association."

I do not want my readers to think I am prejudiced against dogs. I am not. I am simply stating facts that anyone might see. Everyone has influence, so everyone please use your influence in getting rid of useless dogs.

Thanking you for space in this, your valuable paper, I am, yours faithfully,—"CONSTANT READER."

Charlotte, Montreal—

Yes, fifty-two nurses of the Victorian Order have gone overseas. It is a most useful organization and much beloved by the people. They do heroic work in the care of mothers and babies, especially in the prairie provinces, and last winter we read in the daily press how two of them took the trip from Vancouver to Athabaska to open up a hospital, when the thermometer registered 70 degrees below zero. Don't pick at your betters, Charlotte.

Prairie Belle—

1. The girl bows first, the man raises his hat.
2. In sending your regrets in answer to your old friends invitation to a re-union, you would do well to tell her why you cannot accept.
3. A girl being introduced to a woman much her elder rises and remains standing until the other sits down.
4. No, she does not rise when a man is introduced.
5. It is better to use the prefix "Mr." A well-trained girl does not address a male acquaintance by his Christian name. With an old friend it is different.

Dear Everywoman's—

I don't know what you think about the way the President of the War Veterans Association pitched into Mrs. Gordon Wright for declaring that the women of Canada had sent their bravest and best to help the Motherland, and in return these sons had been debauched and degraded, but, in my poor opinion, Mrs. Wright got just what was coming to her. We civilians, out of meekness or maybe a mistaken sense of chivalry, have let the W.C.T.U. say anything it felt like. It has had our youth on the highroad to perdition many times and oft, had their health ruined by a deadly cigarette, their morals by a flirtation at a picnic, sent them to hades in shoals with a glass of beer, and it all slipped by without censoring, till Mrs. Wright in her official capacity "covered too much territory." The War Veterans wouldn't stand for it. Through their president they told the lady that enough libelling of our brave boys had been done, and a stop had to be put to the bosh talked by maudlin fanatics. "Hear, hear!" echoed on every hand. Enough is as good as a feast, and this country has had a plenty, thank you.—A MERE MAN.

I read your letter to a woman who has done a wonderful work "For God and home and native land," and she said: "'A Mere Man' does not seem to realize that it takes cranks to make the wheels go round, and the woman he speaks slightingly of has certainly made them go. As for our beloved president, a mother who has given the three bonnie boys she bore to fight for faith and freedom does not need man, woman or child to speak in her defence."—ANNE PAGE.

Continuous and monotonous Work —most trying on the Nerves

DOING the same thing, in the same way, day after day and week after week, means destruction to the nerve cells and collapse of the nervous system of the human body.

Whether in the munition factory or in the home, in the store or in the office, it is monotony that kills. And it is because woman's work is more often monotonous than men's that so many women suffer from nervous exhaustion and prostration, nervous headaches, neuralgic pains and general run-down condition of the body.

It is easy for the doctor to say you must have change and rest, but the expense of living is so great at this time that few can afford to follow such advice.

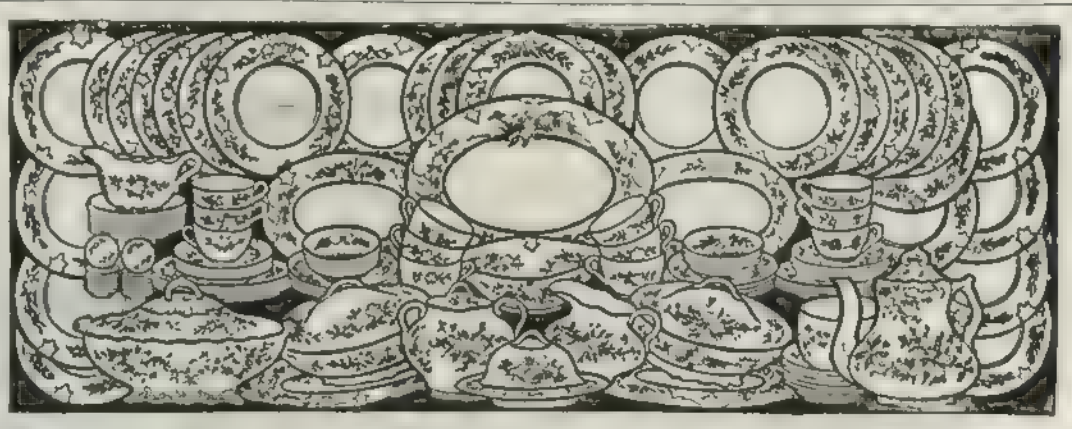
But there is restoration and health awaiting you in the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This great reconstructive treatment cures by supplying the elements which Nature uses in the formation of new, rich blood and the creation of new nerve force.

If you are a regular reader of this paper you will find cures reported almost daily, and no matter where you live you will find people who will tell you with enthusiasm of the benefits obtained by using this great food cure.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

50 cents a box—do not pay more—at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box of the genuine you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author. 6

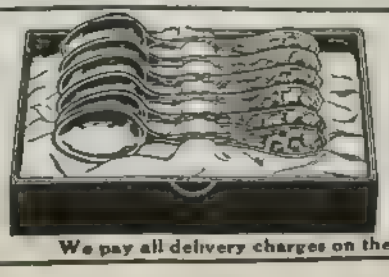
97 Piece Dinner Set and lovely Silverware Given To You



YOU can secure without a penny of cost this magnificent complete 97-piece English Dinner Service and a lovely set of half-dozen Wm. A. Rogers teaspoons. Each dinner service is guaranteed full size for family use, its 97 pieces comprising 12 cups and 12 saucers, 12 tea plates, 12 dinner plates, 12 bread and butter plates, 12 soup plates, 12 sauce dishes, 2 platters, 2 oval covered vegetable dishes, a cream jug, covered sugar bowl, a gravy boat, pickle dish, and a salad bowl. It is handsomely decorated in rich floral design and will surely delight the most fastidious housekeeper. The beautiful set of Teaspoons are in the famous Wm. A. Rogers French Carnation design with French grey handles and brightly polished bowls.

Read our Wonderful Offer

We are determined to establish a national reputation for Dr. Edson's Famous Life Building Blood Tonic and Nerve Pills and are sparing no expense to secure representatives in all parts of Canada who will help us by introducing this famous remedy to their friends and neighbors. That is why we offer to give away these magnificent premiums.



Carnation French Canadian Teaspoons

Genuine Wm. A. Rogers make—the most beautiful pattern ever seen. These magnificent spoons will delight any housekeeper and they are guaranteed to give every satisfaction in wear.

We pay all delivery charges on these Grand Premiums

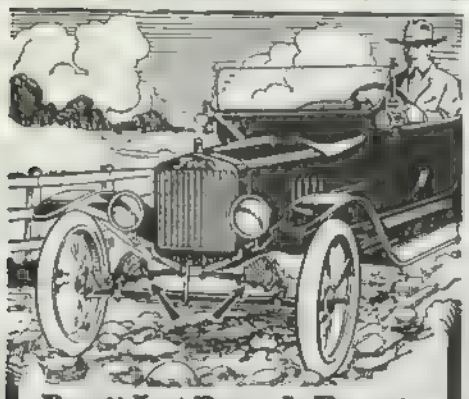
Will you sell just 12 boxes among your friends at only 25c. per box?

You can easily do this because every one you know will be glad to learn of this grand remedy. It is one of the world's best known prescriptions, a tried and proven remedy for weak and impure blood, nervousness, indigestion, constipation and anaemia. In all run down conditions of the system it will be found a grand blood builder and revitalizer, and as a general tonic for blood and nerves it has no equal.

Send No Money—Just send your name and address to-day and we will send the 12 boxes postage paid. You will be able to sell them quickly and easily because every purchaser of a box can obtain a beautiful gift of fine silverware from us free. Then return our money, only $3.00, and we will promptly send you, all delivery charges paid, the beautiful set of spoons, and the handsome dinner set you can also receive without selling any more goods by simply showing your fine reward among your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did. We pay all delivery charges right to your door.

REMEMBER YOU TAKE NO RISK. You do not spend a cent of your own money. We trust you with our goods until sold and if for any reason you cannot sell them we will take them back and give you beautiful premiums or pay you a big cash commission on the quantity you do sell. Write to-day if you wish to take advantage of this liberal offer. It gives you the opportunity of a life time. Address X28

The International Mfg. Co., Dept. D4, Toronto, Ont.



Don't Let Rough Roads Keep You from Riding

IT ISN'T NECESSARY. Hassler Shock Absorbers on your Ford will make "rough spots" feel almost as smooth as an even stretch of road. Their gentle, springy action absorbs every jolt and jar.

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Hassler Shock Absorbers make your Ford ride as easily as a $2,000 car. They increase tire mileage 20 to 100%, save gasoline, cut your up-keep bills one-third, and increase the resale value of your car. 300,000 Ford Owners recognize their economic necessity.

You can't realize how much difference they make until you try them. That is why we want to give you the opportunity to see for yourself.

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Phone, write or call for FREE TRIAL BLANK and we will have a set of Hasslers put on your Ford without a cent of expense to you. Try them 10 days. Then, if you are willing to do without them, they will be taken off without charge. Don't ride without Hasslers simply because someone discourages you from trying them. Accept this offer and see for yourself. Over 300,000 sets in use. Do it now.

ROBERT H. HASSLER, Limited
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With That New Frock You Will Need
DELATONE

SO LONG AS FASHION DECREES sheer fabrics for sleeves, the woman of refinement requires Delatone for the removal of noticeable hair from the under-arm.

Delatone is an old and well-known scientific preparation, for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths, no matter how thick or stubborn.

Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms. After application, the skin is clear, firm and hairless.

Druggists sell Delatone; or an original 1-oz. jar will be mailed to any address upon receipt of $1 by

The Sheffield Pharmacal Co.
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SEND A DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDER

The Friendship Circle Club

A Money-Making Club for Canadian Girls

MONEY! Money! Money! and still more money. Like a fast rising tide, the high cost of living mounts higher yet.

There is money that just must be had for war work and money for long-needed home things and for a few—only just a few luxuries—"gloves and hats and frills and spats," you know, and silk stockings that just will wear out without a minute's warning! How many of my girls are sitting down and letting the little wrinkles of worry spoil their bonnie faces—and how many are hustling out and driving home the dollars?

Did you ever hear about wise old Omar Khayyam? He was a great old gentleman to give good advice and a favorite saying of his was this:

"Take the Cash and let the Credit go"

NOW, when you stop and think about it—it is good advice, isn't it? "Take the Cash" means, of course, to grasp your present opportunities with both hands—sieze the certainties—cash in on the chances near at home. And don't worry about the credit so long as you can get the cash.

When the wide awake, ambitious girl of to-day finds out how easily she can earn her own money, her new found joy keeps her heart just singing. It is such a satisfaction to find money in your purse and *you* can find it there too. Have you ever tried? I have and that's how I know it can be done.

Doing Her Bit

"I DO so want to send Tom a gift before he sails, but I just can't afford it," wrote one of our newest members, and I had to write her that very minute, that of course, she could afford it. The club would help her, and it did help her too, and Tom got his gift before he sailed. Have you a Tom or a John you want to remember? Well, you *can* have the money. It doesn't make any difference what you want it for, you can have it.

This means You, whether you're big or little, or married or single. It means anyone who wants extra money to stand by those she loves. It is such a fine chance to make friends and make money as well One of our girls wrote that every penny she got she uses to buy wool for sweaters or mufflers or goodies for the "boys." Aren't we proud of her? And she says the club work is so easy, she just fits it into her spare moments and still finds lots of time for knitting and trench letters. Isn't it splendid? And you can be like her too, if you wish it hard enough.

War and Women

THIS war is having a serious and saddening effect upon women. With brave smiles we are sending our lads to the front, and bravely we face the stern necessity of "keeping the home fires burning" till they return. And it's right here the club comes to the front—offering you the golden opportunity to earn money—shows you how to go about it, beside giving you lovely club gifts as additional rewards. I know you'll love our exquisite little bracelet wrist watch—and the dainty pendant and charm that the club gives you a chance to win free—just in your spare moments. Every mail brings me enthusiastic letters from members who have received gifts and money through the club. Here is one at random.

"Dear Jean Arthur. The dear little Friendship emblem has brought me the best of luck. The first month I earned $25.00 in the club and have been adding to my bank account ever since.—T. W."

"Dear Miss Arthur,—I am very much in earnest and am working hard to earn a salary of $250 this month. I'm almost there and am just holding my breath, I feel so sure I'll succeed." — FROM A MARRIED MEMBER.

NOTE the "married." But the $250 salary nearly took my breath away, and then I felt thrills of admiration marching up and down my spine at such a big, splendid ambition.

Did you say you were too busy? Then hearken to this club letter.

"Dear Club Members,—I promised you should not be disappointed in my work, and I feel I must tell you what I have done. I have just paid to have the dining room re-papered and for a new parlor rug, all out of my club money. And I want you to know I do all my own housework, cooking, sewing, ironing, milking, churning and canning.—A COUNTRY MEMBER.

How About You?

ARE *you* one of the girls who can do things too? Have you a soldier boy at camp to whom you want to send something special? Is there a wee kiddie in your home who believes in Santa Claus and fairies? Are there loved ones whom you want to help? Then the simplest way for you to do all these things is to send me your name and address and enroll as one of our Friendship Circle Members We are just a democratic club of "big sisters" with sympathy, understanding and the hand of good fellowship extended to every girl who wants to be one of us.

Your Surprise

IF you are a *real* girl you love a surprise. Somehow, we never seem to grow too old for surprises and I just know you will want to know all about your club surprise.

Well, it comes in a little white box that is, the *special* surprise does—and it's—but there, you write me without a minute's delay, just a note or a card and I'll tell you all about it and how you may have it. Just write and tell me what fairy gift you'd like to find in the little white box, and I promise to answer you *at once.*

Cordially your friend,
JEAN ARTHUR,
Manager Friendship Circle Club.

The Canadian Service Flag

HAD there not been considerable depth of meaning behind the idea of the Service Flag, it would not have been accepted so generally throughout the Dominion. There are several aspects from which it can be viewed. It stands, first and foremost, as a tribute to the worthy souls who have gone "over there"; to some, indeed, who have made the supreme sacrifice. Again, it represents to the public generally, the spirit of patriotism with which the family who displays it must be imbued. It is still again an incentive to others to follow the good example.

The Service Flag

The idea of using a special flag or banner to represent and honor the soldier, sailor or nurse who is serving their country originated in the United States soon after our great American ally entered the World War on the side of liberty and democracy. The idea caught on tremendously, and on every side, in city, town or village in the United States you see the active service flag displayed. Thousands upon thousands of pins, buttons and other novelties are also used, with the same design as on the flag.

The conception was soon copied in Canada and dozen of firms are now making flags, banners, pins and photo frames, etc. In every case, Canada's national emblem, the maple leaf is substituted for the star.

While the Service Flag has been generally adopted, there is yet much to be done before it is given the prominence it deserves. There is no reason why it should not be displayed in *every* home which has given to the Empire one or more men to take up the fight for freedom. There is so varied a selection of sizes and materials that the purchase of these patriotic ensigns is within reach of all. All classes are influenced by the idea which it represents and all classes should co-operate to make the Service Flag a national institution.

It is a fitting memorial to the boys "over there."

Mother is the Home Doctor

Almost daily she is confronted with a little hospital work — cut fingers, bruises, burns and various preventive measures against children's ills. She must be prepared to take just the right remedial measure promptly and for that reason should always have Absorbine, Jr., at hand.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

is quite a complete first-aid cabinet in itself. It cleanses and heals cuts, bruises, sores and wounds. It kills germs and is a dependable spray or gargle for sore throat. It reduces swellings and inflammation promptly and gives quick relief from aches and pains.

Absorbine, Jr., is a safe, clean, efficient household necessity for the busy mother—only a few drops are required at an application.

Many competent chemical laboratories have made exhaustive tests of Absorbine, Jr., and have approved it. Detailed reports mailed on request.

$1.25 a bottle at druggists or postpaid.

A liberal Trial Bottle will be sent to your address upon receipt of 10c in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F.
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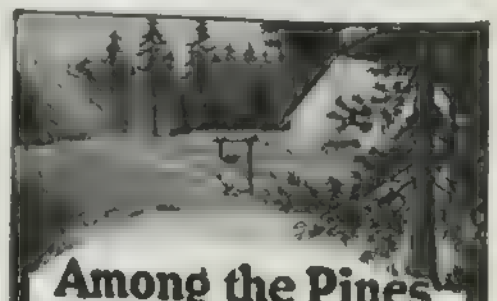

Among the Pines

in tent, log cabin or modern hotel in a country of scenic beauty where fishing, hunting, kodaking, canoeing are at their best.

Highlands of Ontario

offers you and all the family the outing of your life. **The Grand Trunk Railway** will help you plan your stay at Algonquin Park, Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, Lake of Bays or Timagami. Write or call for literature.

C. E. HORNING,
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DUSTBANE KEEPS CARPETS BRIGHT

Use Dustbane for sweeping regularly. It keeps down dust and renovates the lustre of carpets and woodwork. Sold by grocers everywhere. There is no substitute.

Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Mercolized Wax gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexions of true naturalness. Have you tried it?

Mercolized Wax In one ounce package, with directions for use, sold by all druggists.

Jean Blewett's OWN PAGE of Happiness

Professor versus Martha-by-the-day

YESTERDAY WE ELECTED to hill the late potatoes and virtue was its own reward. We were treated to the following delicious bit of dialogue between the white haired professor mending his hedge and the cleaner-up-lady, as the children call our Martha-by-the-day, washing windows. The two were old cronies, we were about to say, but rather they were old antagonists, which is even better. He opened fire by railing against woman suffrage. "It makes me smile to note how sure women are of themselves nowadays," came in his cultured voice. "They think they can do anything. I've no faith in them—I'm a pessimist."

"You're worse than that, Professor, you're that old feller fell asleep for all them years and only woke up when the hull world had gone ahead and left him gapin', old Rip van—what's his name?" fired Martha.

"Woman will never amount to much in the business world," he continued, pretending not to have heard, "owing to her detestation of detail, nor in the professional on account of the nervousness peculiar to her. As for politics, she has no business with them—she is too easily influenced, too irrational. The home is the only place for her."

The sound of Martha's cloth polishing vigorously on the window panes was followed by silence, then came the volley:

"So it is, so it is, but when there ain't homes nor husbands enough to go round, what?"

"The Spartans had a law compelling every bachelor to take a wife," began the professor, "it was an extreme measure, but—"

"Go 'long!" broke in Martha, "you'd have a time nowadays marryin' off your bachelors by law. Huh! Our women are pretty particular, pretty particular, let me tell you. Also you don't need to worry none about their lack of pep, or nerve, or backbone. They've exercised them qualities so much gettin' the right to earn a decent livin' in the world, and a decent world to earn it in, that it's goin' to take a lot to tire 'em, turn 'em or daunt 'em. Take my word for it, Mr. Rip—professor." And her face shining with the light of victory she flounced into the house, leaving the adversary with the birds, the bees and the late roses spilling their splendor on the soft warm earth.

The $25,000 raised by the W.C.T.U.

WE ARE VERY PROUD of old Ontario in the matter of W.C.T.U. efforts and accomplishments. To have raised twenty-five thousand dollars, as the members of that order have done, or will have done when the funds are all in, is a notable feat in these days of many calls and collections. The Trinket Fund netted a goodly sum. Collections for it were taken in the various churches and unique indeed were some of the offerings, such as ancient timepieces, smelling bottles, thimbles, brooches, bracelets, cruets, etc. This $25,000 is to be handed over to the national executive of the Y.M.C.A. for the purpose of providing free refreshment for our soldiers.

"It means a lot of work, that $25,000," a lady remarked to one of the leaders.

"Yes," was the gentle answer, "but it also means refreshment to our boys overseas—not only the cheer of a cup of tea, coffee or cocoa, but of a thought from home and mother. Who would grudge the work?"

This is the spirit!

The Home Town Newspaper

THERE ARE MANY THINGS people are too busy to bother with these days, but you will notice that the paper from the old home town is not one of them. It never fails of its welcome. There is a rush for it when Postie brings it, but father comes off victor. "Well, well, "he says, "the little old sheet is still alive!" After supper the twins row over that section of it containing a realistic account of a lacrosse match, their sister cries: "Oh, give me a peep at the school reports?" adding "please" like a little lady. Father hands mother the column telling about the I.O.D.E. sock shower, Ladies' Aid birthday tea, and the Dominion Day concert, and keeps for himself the news items, council meeting minutes, letters from lads overseas, etc. Local pride runs high. Presently from mother: "Boys, your old chum, Tommy D— has turned out a comedian. His numbers at the concert brought down the house."

"Charlie Chaplin ain't a mite funnier than Tom," asserts the talkiest of the twins with good faith if bad construction, "when that fat rascal gets a-going."

By and by Father reads aloud the farewell to a couple of lads who are leaving to join the Flying Corps. "It seems odd to think of that mischievous pair—" comments mother softly, "why, they're only boys, and—"

"They've the makings of men, good ones at that! I know the breed," crows father. And so it goes until the whole paper is read, even to the advertisements, reports of council meetings, "accounts passed," cemetery caretaker appointed, etc.

Why not? It is a breath from home, full of the fragrance of old friendships, warm human interests. It is from the old town—their own old town.

Nothing Humdrum About Housekeeping

HOUSEKEEPING IS NOT humdrum work, far from it. We make this statement after duly weighing the facts of the case and being well aware that a round dozen of women of our own personal circle, all of them possessing a "great gift of the gab," as country folks say, stand ready to challenge it. Everything depends on the way we look on this business—yes, business, the best and biggest business of all—that we have taken up and are carrying on. If we are too far above it to take solid satisfaction out of it, then it becomes a weariness of the flesh. "Housekeeping humdrum!" exclaims the woman who is always thinking up new ways of doing old tasks, "hard work it may be, but never humdrum unless the housekeeper gets in a rut. There is the secret of it—if our work—any work—is humdrum it is because we are humdrum. We are in a rut and the wheels go round and round without getting us anywhere.

The Mullein Meadow

* * *

Down in the mullein meadow
The lusty thistle springs,
The butterflies go criss-cross,
The lonesome catbird sings,
The alder bush is flaunting
Her blossoms white as snow—
The same old mullein meadow
We played in long ago.

The waste land of the homestead,
The arid sandy spot
Where reaper's song is never heard
And wealth is never sought,
But where the sunshine lingers
And merry breezes come
To gather pungent perfumes
From mulleins all abloom.

There's playground on the hillside
And playhouse in the glade,
With mulleins for a garden
And mulleins for a shade.
And still the farmer grumbles
That nothing good will grow
In this old mullein meadow
We played in long ago!

JEAN BLEWETT

Hired Help—The Art of Getting and Keeping It

BLESSED IS THE HOUSEKEEPER who can afford good help—and succeed in getting (and keeping) it. But for one who can do this a dozen cannot. The $25 per month asked—and earned—is too large a slice to be spared from the family income loaf, and with much to do we must be careful not to give our muscles too much exercise, our mental make up not enough.

"Humdrum!" smiled the young faced woman who has kept house for thirty years. "it is too interesting to be that. I've no patience with people who talk of the maddening monotony of dish-washing, dusting, etc. How anyone can hate housekeeping is a msstery to me. My mother used to say that no matter how tired she was it rested her 'all over,' meaning brain and body, to wash her old willow pattern dinner set and shine it up on soft linen towels. No monotony there. Every housekeeper not above her business knows the feeling. Yesterday I baked a batch of bread, so light, so brown that as it came from the oven I felt like singing a little song over it. I wasn't thinking of the toil it took, but of the satisfaction it gave." When anyone tells us that housekeeping is humdrum we shake our head. Housekeeping means child welfare (the Lord grant that childless homes do not become the fashion in Canada) means thought, and prayer, and planning, means study of social questions, means being dietician and cook in one, means not only being sweetheart to your husband, but guide, philosopher and friend—ay, and sometimes conscience as well, means being the life and soul of a world all our own. To term housekeeping humdrum is to write oneself a failure.

Titles, Beads and Bargains

EVERY ONCE AND AWHILE the question keeps coming up, "To be or not to be?" Are we to have our stock of knights replenished early and often, or is the supply to be cut off? Not that it matters much, unless it be by way of example. A title does not make a man, neither does it mar him. He is of exactly the same calibre with "Sir" to his name as he was before, no wiser and no worse. It may make him a little vainer, a little more pedantic or dictatorial, but time would likely have done this without help from high places. In this country titles are not taken seriously except by a few. The clear-eyed Canadian smiles, seeing in them but trifles handed out generously, much in the order of the beads, bracelets and bargains which passed between the noble red man and his white brother in the long ago, shiny, alluring, inexpensive. "Inexpensive!" you exclaim, "the man who secures a 'Sir' pays for it in one way or another, pays high." So did the one who got the beads, you remember. Lo, the poor Indian!

Two Women Receive Degrees of B.S.A.

FAIR ONTARIO, always in the van, sunny Alberta, usually ahead of time, Manitoba, whose proud boast is that she starts every forward movement worth while, and the other western provinces with "a guid conceit of theirsels" are left in the lurch. What do you say to Quebec and Nova Scotia, those two sisters, old, grey and miles behind the times (or so we thought) producing two of the newest of new women—the only two of their kind in all Canada? One is Margaret Newton of Senneville, Quebec; the other Pearl Clayton Stanford of Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, bachelor girls, not bachelors of arts, but of agriculture. The fact that they have taken the degree of B.S.A. from McGill University has lifted farming into the professions. The women of other provinces are bound to follow suit. The old order passeth with its drudgery, its standards of brute strength and physical endurance. The new, with its ingenuity, its nice balance of brain and muscle, and best of all, its co-operation, is with us. The farmer mentally alert as well as physically strong, is bound to be the most successful citizen in the land. All honor to each of our pioneer professional farmers of to-day with the letters to her name! And to yesterday's whole army of pioneer women with their splendid record and their unsurpassable achievement.

"They went their way these women strong and grand,
And as they went, they blazed through this young land
A trail, that half the world will follow still,
To homes by mountain, forest, stream and hill."

Comradeship the Keystone to Happiness

COMRADESHIP is the keystone to happiness in married life.

"What?" you exclaim, "surely you do not put it ahead of love!"

No, not ahead of, but keeping pace with love. Doing team work, so to speak. Two people can love, yet succeed in making each other desperately unhappy. How is it the poet puts it?

"Some loved you not, and words let fall
That must have hurt your gentle breast,
But I, who loved you best of all,
Did hurt you more than all the rest."

There is a world of comfort in that comradeship born of congenial tastes, common interests, deep sympathy, perfect understanding. The couple possessing it can never be poor while they have each other.

"Isn't it enough that your working days are spent side by side?" demanded a friend of one happy pair, "but you must holiday together? Why not try the effect of a little absence?"

Darby and Joan did not answer in words, but the look he flashed her said, "Because I'm happier with you than with anyone in the world," and the answering glance he received said the same—and more.

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OUR SONS

written by W. L. Clarke, is a stirring and successful effort to impress parents with their immediate responsibility. We quote from only one of the many boys Mr. Clarke has saved.

"I had been leading a life at home that would have finished me in a short time. I met Mr. Clarke. He helped me and put me on my feet. He is the best friend I have had and has done more for me than any other person on earth. Anything I am, or ever will be, I owe to him."

Parents, this is *your* opportunity to secure a splendidly clean, virile presentation of facts as your boy should learn them. "OUR SONS" may be procured through the Home Library Association membership or it will be given to you FREE with each new or renewal subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. It is splendidly illustrated and handsomely bound in dark red buckram with gold lettering. $1.05, postage paid.

Home Library Association of Canada
259 Spadina Ave., Toronto

Your Health Problems Solved

Conducted by OSWALD C. J. WITHROW, M.B. (Tor.), M.R.C.S. (Eng.)

Physician, Dept. of Psychiatry, Toronto General Hospital; Secy. for Sex Education, National Council Y.M.C.A.'s of Canada

ON a recent visit to a certain Canadian town, I was made the recipient of a story which is sad in the extreme, but the like of which is unfortunately only too common. A young married couple, in anticipation of the advent of their first baby, were planning to send the mother to the hospital where she might secure the very best of attention and incidentally have some of her ignorance dispelled at the hands of capable and careful nurses. But the husband's mother steps in, insists that the prospective mother stay at home under her care, and the younger woman meekly acquiesces. At first everything goes well with the mother and the babe. Nature, somehow, overcomes many apparently insurmountable obstacles, and mothers come back from the Valley of the Shadow in spite of ignorant nurses and unfavorable conditions. But from that day, the baby experienced that which is most damaging to an infant's constitution, an over-abundance of management from the grandmother, and the aunt, and from sundry other admiring and interested persons. No attention was paid to its sleeping hours, no regularity was arranged. The mite of humanity was taken up, and fondled, and tossed and dandled as occasion presented, and as fond friends desired. Feeding was irregular and artificial. Within a fortnight of the baby's first sight of the world, the proud aunty was trundling it up town in its new and resplendent carriage, uncovering its countenance to the eyes of sundry inquisitive pedestrians. What else could the baby do but develop indigestion, become restless and irritable, and instead of thriving, show itself puny and sickly and weak. The worse the baby, the more medicine was poured down its throat and the family was very much surprised when the baby died. Babies require care, but they should be allowed to grow naturally, quietly and according to certain definite fixed and inexorable laws. Mothers need to be trained properly in the care of children and must be very chary about accepting advice from anyone in the neighborhood who chances along with a new suggestion for treatment. I am not so sure that more babies do not die from over-care than from under-care. There may be some excuse for the latter; for the former there is no pardon.

Adenoids and Tonsils

WHEN I was a student in the Faculty of Medicine, I had my first real lesson in the neglect of the health of children by their parents from a fellow student who was totally deaf in one ear. One day as we were conning our books, he opened a terrific diatribe against his father and mother because they had neglected to have adenoids removed from his throat in his boyhood days. If that small operation had been performed he would never have become deaf. My friend had some right to so arraign his parents, but they were not as well informed as fathers and mothers to-day. Enlarged tonsils and an overgrowth of adenoid tissue in the back of the nose and throat interfere markedly with the breathing of boys and girls. They need the very best pair of lungs possible, and if the breath passages are partly closed, there is a tendency for the chest to become deformed. Children who are not getting along well at school may be backward on account of neglected adenoids and tonsils. Many cases of rheumatic fever in girls and boys are caused by diseased tonsils, through which the germ of rheumatism gains an entrance. There is only one remedy for this condition when it is found to exist—operation. The tonsils and adenoids must be removed and then it is really surprising to see the improvement in the health of a child, who has been anaemic, and far from robust. The improvement is so marked at times, that one wonders how such apparently simple defects could cause so much trouble. Before the school term opens, adenoids and tonsils should be attended to. If your child is not thriving, if there is difficulty in breathing, if there are frequent attacks of ear ache or joint pains, you should seek the advice of your physician at once. Do not have your children speak bitter words about your neglect, when they grow to manhood and womanhood, and learn that proper treatment at the proper time would have prevented serious results.

Scarlet Fever

WHENEVER I walk along a street and see the the placard "Scarlet Fever in this house," I feel that I want to congratulate three people,—the physician for his knowledge of the disease which has come to him through the work and skill of many medical workers extending over many years; the Medical Officer of Health who is carrying out the law as advised by those skilled in prevention of disease and the householder who cheerfully complies with the law, knowing that even if he is inconvenienced and suffers loss numerous persons are kept from scarlet fever and its complications. One of the things that should be constantly kept in mind is that scarlet fever is always scarlet fever—An attack may be mild for one person, but the disease is just as infectious and the next victim may suffer intensely and have serious after effects. Thus, every case of scarlet fever should be reported at once to the Medical Officer of Health.

Questions and Answers

M. E. G. writes asking what is good for catarrh. First of all I should like her and all my readers to know that this is not a disease, but a symptom, which, of course, is an entirely different thing. Long ago the doctor used to treat symptoms. That day is long past. Nowadays the careful physician and surgeon endeavors to find the cause of the disease and remove it if he can. Now what is commonly known as catarrh or more properly as a catarrhal condition may be the result of one of many diseases of the nose and throat. Adenoids, tonsil disease, polypi, growths in the nose, laryngitis, and a dozen others may be the cause of what you call catarrh. It is extremely unsafe to take any so-called catarrh cure. It may relieve temporarily, but it will never cure. If you have any catarrhal symptoms, have your nose and throat examined carefully by a specialist in that department of medicine. He will tell you the cause of your trouble, and can very often remove it completely.

W. A. S. inquires about a remedy for headaches. Here again we have a symptom and not a disease. There are many, many conditions in which headache is a symptom. One of the commonest of these is some trouble with the eye, causing eye strain. If you are subject to frequent headaches by all means have your eyes tested first of all. Be sure that this is done by someone competent. Very often headache results from some error of digestion. Be careful of your diet and above all be sure that the waste materials are properly and regularly eliminated. When you have a headache don't treat the headache, find out the cause of it and have remedies applied to that. This is the more reasonable way.

Let's Help You to Keep Well

SCARLET FEVER is only one of many contagious and infectious diseases that afflict mankind from time to time. It is serious in itself. It is particularly serious in its after effects upon the ears and kidneys. To stamp out this disease completely needs the co-operation of every one who knows of a case anywhere, no matter how mild it may be. The mildest case may infect another with the most virulent type. Think of what you can do to help. This applies also to all other contagious and infectious diseases. Do all you can to see that every such disease is reported at once and quarantined.

Questions concerning sanitation, health and sex will be answered by Dr. Withrow only if a stamped addressed envelope accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. We will publish as many questions and answers as space allows. Prescriptional advice can not be given. Address all enquiries with return postage to Dr. Oswald C. J. Withrow, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Canada.

THE EDITORS.

"Citizens of the World"

The patriarch Abraham and the apostle Paul, John Wycliffe and Christopher Columbus, Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln, Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton, were "citizens of the world."

They thought universally, to some extent saw every man as his brother's keeper, and were prophets of the day when a great contest would be waged to make the world one world, and that one safe for democracy.

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